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MEMOIRS

OF THE

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COUNTESS DE GENLIS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE HISTORY OF THE

EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

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MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME DE GENLIS.

In the winter of 1812 I saw a great deal of company; I had one day in the week on which I received my friends, and my drawing-room was constantly filled from between five and six in the evening till one in the morning. Besides this, I had private parties, in which we had music, and performed proverbs; with all this I had very little time to myself, yet I found leisure to write the novel of *Mademoiselle de Lafayette*. There was the great difficulty in this subject, that of rendering the hero, Louis XIII., interesting, and likewise preserving the truth of history, which should always be preserved in drawing historical characters. I believe I conquered this difficulty, by supposing that Mademoiselle de Lafayette flattered herself with being able to render him by her in-

fluence such as he ought to have been to reign in a heart like hers. At any rate, there are very unjust prejudices prevailing relative to Louis XIII.; that prince was pious, and on that account has been greatly depreciated by the philosophical party, who have taken good care not to render justice to this great age, which is perhaps the period of our history in which civilization has in all respects been carried to its highest degree of perfection; all our great charitable establishments were founded at this epoch: the French language produced its first masterpieces, and the first representation of *the Cid* was seen at the same period, while the glory of our arms was very brillia , chiefly by the exploits of Louis XIII., a monar whose skill in war and whose courage equalle his piety. In this work I think I have also drawn with great truth and discrimination the portrait of Cardinal Richelieu. This novel had a prodigious success; the sale of the first edition proved that years had not diminished my reputatio . The work had been scarcely announced two day when it was published at eight o'clock in t morning, and by ten in the evening not a sing copy remained; I did not even get my ow copies, as they had been sold along with the res of the impression.

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During this winter I often saw Madame de Chastenai, one of the friends of my youth, a lady charming by her graceful manners, sweetness of disposition, and pleasing turn of mind. Before this time I had often seen at the arsenal her daughter, Madame Victorine de Chastenai, whom I had known from my infancy, and who is so dis-guished by her literary talents and the purity her conduct. These two ladies, whom I truly ed, and for whom I shall always feel a lively erest, have completely forgotten me since the cond restoration. At this period M. Pieyre ought to my house an individual in all respects eresting, but who was particularly so to me for ny reasons; this was the Count Amedée de ochefort,* a relation of M. de Genlis, whom I

* His father, the Count de Rochefort, a short time before I en-ed the Palais Royal, married a charming lady, Mademoiselle Provenchére, who was not more than fifteen or sixteen years age, and of uncommon beauty; her decease had just taken ce at the time of my return to France. The Count de Roche- was still alive, and came several times to see me. I always eived him with the emotion we experience in seeing once re those with whom we have passed the happiest years of our . We were never weary of talking about Sillery, of our es, our conversations, of the amusing anecdotes related by adame de Puisieux, by the old Countess d'Egmont, the Princess Ligne, the Marechals de Richelieu, d'Estrées, de Byron, de

had not seen since his early youth, when I got him appointed, (while I was at Belle Chasse,) captain in the regiment of the Duke of Chartres; since that period he had become as distinguished by his excellent conduct as by the profound knowledge he had acquired. He had spent the whole of the reign of terror in France, in an old country-house, which he never once left during the whole time, and there he was absolutely forgotten, notwithstanding his noble birth; he was not exposed to persecution of any kind, and the time that elapsed was not lost by him, for he secluded himself along with a learned ecclesiastic. Young Rochefort was very clever, had received an excellent education, knew Latin well, but was quite ignorant of Greek; he entreated his companion in solitude and misfortune to teach him that lan-

Balincour. I have already quoted a charming saying of Madame de Puisieux, who had been married at twelve years of age, and was only thirteen at the coronation of Louis XV., who from that moment was so much struck with her resplendent beauty, that he never saw her at court for a long time afterwards without exclaiming: "Ah! Madame de Puisieux, how pretty you looked at my coronation! . . . ." At last Madame de Puisieux got tired with this eternal repetition of the same thing, and said to him one day without reflection: "And you, Sire, you were beautiful—as beautiful as *hope*," and hope had never been realized.—*(Note by the Author.)*

guage, and his ardent application soon produced the most rapid and surprising success. Having fortunately some books with him, he became perfectly conversant with English and Italian, and in this profound retreat acquired more knowledge in the space of eighteen months than is commonly acquired by five or six years' study. Thus, while the revolution ruined his fortune, he enriched himself in another way, and acquired those gifts which are beyond the power of fortune—an example of wisdom and courage worthy of notice in a young man not then seventeen years of age. His father, the Count de Rochefort, had been my friend; I had often seen him at Sillery in my youth; he is the only man without exception (so far as I know) who corresponded regularly with Voltaire without becoming impious; he entertained religious sentiments that nothing ever changed, and for this a firm mind was requisite: his excellent principles he transmitted to his son, who has always gloried in following them. Finally, the Count de Rochefort, the father, is the person who was in love with the nun (before she took the vows) whose story I have described in *Adele and Theodore.*

At Casimir's marriage, Messieurs de Cabre and de Rochefort acted as witnesses. At this

period, M. de Charbonnières came often to read some of his poetry to me, amongst the rest a small poem, entitled *A Treatise on the Sublime.* Although Longinus in ancient times wrote a treatise on the sublime, the subject was not a happy one, for rules cannot be given concerning sublimity. Yet there are fine verses in the work of M. de Charbonnières, and very interesting e sodes: the portrait of Pascal is exceedingly bea tiful by its precision and its discrimination of ch racter: it is as follows:—

> " Du sein de l'Eternal il sort, il prend sa course,
> Embrasse l'univers et remonte à sa source."

The shortness of that great man's life, and tl versatility of his talents, cannot be more beau fully expressed. M. de Charbonnières asked me t write some notes to his poem, which I agreed t do, but told him at the same time that the note would indicate a great intimacy between us, an make my own enemies become his, particularl as he displayed in this little work religious senti ments, which he really felt, but which were highl displeasing to certain literary characters of tha period. This he ought to have been prepared for however he obtained more indulgent criticism sin he praised Voltaire to excess, though even the

he did not abandon his principles; (for of that he was incapable;) but there was great want of firmness in saying so much in praise of a writer, whose principles and the greater part of whose works he detested in his own heart. M. de Charbonnières had a noble and pleasing person, was still in the flower of his age, and was most agreeable company. The Abbé Delille was a natural son of his father's brother, so that he was consequently his nephew; from him he derived his taste for poetry, and the talent of reciting verse with singular perfection. M. de Charbonnières was also very obliging and endowed with excellent qualities, and notwithstanding some petty quarrels that his morbid sensibility was wont to produce in his intercourse with his acquaintances, his friendship could be safely relied on: his soul was noble and generous, and this is the source of true friendship.*

* This individual, so interesting by his virtues and talents, died suddenly a few years afterwards: he was in the flower of his age, but the morbid state of his complexion, which was more livid than ever, gave great alarm to his friends; I several times advised him to get bled with leeches, but he would never consent. After dressing himself one morning, he ordered his servant to go to the kitchen to bring him his chocolate, and when the servant came back a few minutes afterwards, he found his unfortunate master lying dead on the floor. Every means were adopted to

Whilst I resided in the Rue Sainte Anne, I had the high satisfaction of seeing my cousin, Vice-Admiral Sercey, settle with his family in Paris. Never was the public or private conduct of any individual more pure and perfect than his. He was in the navy from his infancy, as his relation, M. de Chézac, who was a commodore, had received him as a midshipman at twelve year age; by his merit, services, and gallant acti he was rapidly promoted from rank to rank wi out the aid of patronage; he had been sent every long voyage, and at the age of thirty-t when he was made a captain, he had been sixt years at sea. During the whole of this time, lived on his pay, and never asked for money fr his family, not even for his patrimony; he did share the property of his family with his broth who were then alive, till he was four or five thirty; he never incurred a single debt, and came vice-admiral solely through the reputat he had acquired for his valour and his skill a commander. As he was hostile to every exce and a true and faithful royalist, he was persecut in the time of the republic and thrown into pris His first wife, who was a native of St. Doming

restore him to life, but all was of no avail.—*(Note by Author.)*

was along with him in Paris during the revolution, and it was through her courage and perseverance that he was so fortunate as to be extricated from prison and preserved from death. At this time, M. de Sercey was at sea with a very inferior force, and gained a complete and memorable victory over the English; this engagement, in which he displayed equal talent and bravery, was the only successful one during the course of the war, and succeeded in rendering his name for ever illustrious in the navy. At the death of his wife, feeling disgusted with what was going on in his native country, he went to the Isle of France, where he made a fortunate marriage. The convention sent commissaries to revolutionize the colony, when M. de Sercey conceived the bold idea of saving it by carrying off the commissaries and sending them home, and this daring measure prevented torrents of bloodshed. The island was declared in a state of rebellion by the convention; but M. de Sercey during four or five years continued to sustain the administration by his prudent counsels and by the use of his fortune, the income of which he generously gave up to supply the most pressing demands. Only a part of his advances was paid to him afterwards, but he never regretted his loss, and he has been amply rewarded

by the glory of having been the preserver of this fine colony. Still faithful to his principles, he would not serve under Napoleon, but sent in his resignation; the emperor kept it six weeks to give him time to change his mind, but he remained inflexible. At the restoration, he found in his sentiments and his love of the royal family the recompense of his virtues and of his conduct. By his first marriage, he has a son named Eole, who is now in the navy; and this young man has proved by his courage and activity that he will worthily sustain the honour of his father's name. M. de Sercey has been fortunate in his wives and children; his first wife was an angel, and his second equally distinguished by her virtues; by the latter he has two charming daughters, and two sons, whose early youth announces every quality that a father can desire. Since my childhood I have always tenderly loved M. de Sercey, (who is five years younger than myself,) and I have all my life considered him as a brother.

In the course of this winter, I also saw M. Sabran much more frequently, and the more he is known, the more does one become attached to him; it is impossible to possess a combination of more amiable and solid qualities than he does; he has an original way of his own which produ

in conversation happy sallies of wit, to which his habitual absence of mind gives more piquancy and surprize. His mildness in company has nothing dull or insipid in it, and only seems to increase the pleasure of the ingenious sayings he is in the habit of making. One day that I was telling him he was the only really absent man I ever knew, he answered me: "*How do you* ...*ow?*" This obliging answer reminds one by its ...cision of the witty saying of the Marechal de ...xemburgh, who being told that the prince of ...ange called him the little humpback, replied: ...Humpback! how does he know it." M. de ...bran has been constantly faithful to the royal ...mily and the ties of friendship, and he has ...any true friends attached to him; but notwith... ...nding his honourable name, the services of his ...cestors, an irreproachable conduct, talents, and ...rsonal merit universally acknowledged, notwith... ...ding the persecutions he was exposed to for ...opinions during Napoleon's reign, nothing ...atever has been done for him since the resto... ...on.

...Time as it passes along produces few real plea... ...s, but many grievous losses! Since the year ...ve just mentioned, I have witnessed the death ...our persons younger than myself whom I shall

always regret: Madame de Brosseron, M. de Treneuil, M. de Charbonnières, and M. de Choiseul. The latter had given the royal family constant proofs of the most noble, devoted, and disinterested attachment. Every one knows the great merit of M. de Choiseul as a writer and a man of science, his taste for the arts, and his personal skill as an artist. No one could be more pleasing in society; he was the model of the ancient French graces, as he was of the politeness and *bon ton* of ancient court; he had travelled much, and all interesting things he had seen acquired still m interest in his descriptions by his manner of lating them; lastly, he was the first great lo his time who proved that an individual may sh great talent as a diplomatist, and brilliantly d tinguish himself in the career of science and arts; he was also the first who wrote a *pictures* journey. Many bad imitations of his work h appeared, but no writer has surpassed him.

Meanwhile we were approaching the pe that was to bring about a mighty revolu Napoleon himself prepared it by his mad exp tion to Russia. Before I come to this subj however, I wish to finish my sketch of the sc habits of the time, but only comparatively w those of the *ancien regime*. I shall first notice

of those things that interest me most deeply, public and private education. Both, for the last fifty years, have been subjected to numberless systems of a contrary nature. Young men were first of all educated *à la Jean-Jacques*—no masters, no lessons—the pupils were left from infancy to the *guide of nature*, and as nature does not teach grammar, much less Latin, young men were soon seen in society of most astonishing ignorance. People then rushed into the other extreme; children were overloaded with knowledge and study—they were to be made prodigies of, particularly in scientific knowledge. Geometry, natural philosophy, and chemistry came into fashion. The study of history and morals was much neglected, but the courses of Charles, Mitouard, and Sigaud-Le-Lafond were assiduously attended: people learned to ride in the English manner, called themselves partisans of Gluck or Piccini, talked of experiments with fixed air, &c.—and this was called a good education. At the revolution, people rushed into politics, and all the young men became statesmen. From 1791 till 1796, education of every kind was suspended, children enjoyed some repose, and were allowed to grow up without being troubled with study. At last it was remembered that a great number of young men

could not have had time to learn reading and writing. Professors were appointed who had but one object in view, that of rendering their disciples as eloquent as the orators of our modern tribunes. The pupils were taught to write essays without number, and the most ridiculous always obtained the prize. When these dashing young men left the schools, they betook themselves to literature, and carried into it all the neologism, wordy phraseology and philosophism that had procured them so much success in their college classes. Paris abounded with political pamphlets, *philosophical* novels, pathetic dramas, and melodrames, in which an adulterous wife or an *unmarried mother* was invariably the heroine.

How much reason have we at the present day to excuse those who are thirty or forty years of age without a particle of common sense! How greatly we ought to admire men of that age who possess good principles and sound ideas! . . .

Yet one useful reform was effected in public education. The professors were changed, and at the head of national instruction was placed a director, who by his talents and principles was worthy of raising it to distinction; but the *conscription* came forward to destroy these pleasing hopes. The sword of Bellona cut asunder the

thread of morals and study that had been happily united; youth had no longer the choice of a profession; their tastes were no longer consulted; their predilections for study were no longer a subject of joy to their families; a mother groaned at seeing her son rising to manhood. . . . . The finest developement of the talents of a beloved child could bring nothing but sorrow to a father, who would sadly say to himself: He will never be able to cultivate the talents he evinces! War established a hateful equality of talent and knowledge among young men; it stifled genius for the arts and sciences, or rendered it altogether abortive. . . . . . A new code was forming at the time, and paternal authority was forgotten amongst its enactments.

Of late years it has been asserted both in conversation and in books, that it is ridiculous to attempt to unite amusement with the instruction of children, and that the plan is altogether worthless. Yet is it certain that instruction should be tiresome to be useful, or that fatigue and ennui are the sole bases of knowledge? Our antagonists reply: *That nothing is known well but what is learned with difficulty.* In that case, scholars without memory or intelligence would become the only well informed literary characters; for those who

possess a strong memory, vigorous fancy, and lively talent learn without trouble beautiful pieces of poetry, and also *retain without difficulty* the most remarkable passages of celebrated moralists and orators, as well as the most important historical events. Those who have educated children know that on the contrary they only retain well what they have acquired by close application, that is to say, what they have acquired with pleasure. You may force a child to keep himself quiet on his chair, or to keep his eyes fixed on a book, but attention cannot be commanded; it is produced by curiosity, and fixed by inclination. It was assuredly a bad system not to confine children to fixed rules, and to make their instruction consist only in what they learned under amusing or frivolous forms; yet it is a good plan to remove every useless thorn from the path of study, and every difficulty that is not absolutely requisite. Lastly, the care of instructing them even in their very games, and of rendering their amusements instructive, is so evidently advantageous, that I cannot conceive how it can be neglected, much less ridiculed.

It is said that the method of study in use sixty years ago was infinitely better, because it was avowedly what it ought to be, that is, very

difficult, and that, consequently, there were no *abridgments* in those days, no amusing works on grave and abstruse subjects. They forget that Bossuét made *abridgments;* that Fenelon wrote dialogues, and a fine political poem for his pupil; that Madame de Maintenon wrote charming conversations for Saint-Cyr; that she employed the Abbé Ragois, to make abridgments of history and geography for the Duc du Maine; that Fontenelle wrote pretty dialogues on astronomy, that were full of gallantry; that the Abbé Terrasson put all his learned researches concerning the Egyptians into an interesting romance; that Pluche endeavoured to give a very amusing form to the study of natural history, in his *Spectacle de la Nature;* that Lamothe made excellent historical abridgments in verse, for the use of schools; that the best teachers of that age, perhaps of any age, that the Jesuits made it their particular business to render study agreeable; that they wrote tragedies, comedies, and moral ballets for their pupils.

The education of young ladies has also undergone an infinite number of changes. For a long period, nothing was thought of but teaching them dancing, music, and painting, without paying the smallest attention to the cultivation of their minds.

After spending twelve years in teaching them to dress elegantly, to dance gracefully, to sing and to play on musical instruments in the most dashing manner, they were married from motives of ambition, or suitableness of rank and fortune, and they were then pushed forward into the world, with this grave advice: Go, be modest and unaffected; let your inclinations be always solid and moderate; never fascinate any one—it would be a crime; and above all things, be always insensible to the praise you may receive for your personal beauty and accomplishments. One may easily conceive the effect of such a fine advice on a young lady of sixteen, who, during the intervals of her occupations, has never been able to think of any thing but the happiness and the *glory* of obtaining distinguished success at a ball or a concert. From this system of education, people rushed into the opposite extreme. During a considerable time, they wanted to make their young ladies only *good housewives;* as if ignorance and rudeness were the best guarantees of good conduct, and as if it were impossible to conduct a house well with a cultivated mind. It was settled that women should neither read, write, nor cultivate the fine arts.

Yet would it not be a loss, if Madame de Grol

lier and Madame Le Brun, or Mademoiselle Lescot had never painted; if Madame de Montgeroux had never played on the piano, and if some other ladies had never written? In education above all things, no exclusive system must be adopted; we ought to second the dispositions given by nature, and not pretend to force them. Education gives much to those only who are born rich; to a certain extent, it corrects defects; it guides, developes, and brings to perfection, but has never created any thing. The most skilful gardener can do no more than double the flowers of a beautiful plant, (no other is worth the trouble of careful cultivation,) but it is not in his power to produce a single blade of grass, for nature must supply the seed. If your pupil has neither memory, intelligence, nor application, you will never make him a learned man; if he be not endowed with a certain mental constitution, be assured that he will never become an able artist or a distinguished writer. If the ambition of the teacher for his pupil be either too great, or be wrong directed, his education, however carefully conducted, has failed; a pupil will invariably be disgusted with his studies, when more is required from him than he can furnish.

When all the attempts I have just mentioned

had been made in France, the mistresses of boarding schools had the mania of teaching the sciences, and the very cooks wished to make their daughters learned in grammar. At last, after so many errors, the only constant taste for the last thirty-five years, that of novelty will, perhaps, lead us into the right path; it is to be wished we may remain in it, for education will always exercise the most powerful influence over public morals, and consequently, over public happiness,* since it contributes to prevent selfishness, which is its most fatal enemy.

In the age of Louis XIV., and in that which preceded it, a mother did not require adoration from her daughter, nor the little attentions of passionate affection; she was not jealous of her at-

* In ancient times, when it was asked by what signs a stranger on his arrival in a town could perceive that education was neglected, Plato replied: "If there be great need of judges and physicians." It must be allowed, that the public education of women in France, for the last ten years, has been much superior to that of men. The school of Madame Campan was deservedly celebrated, and several others might be mentioned well worthy of praise; I may notice one amongst the rest at this moment, the establishment of Madame Boucot, (Rue du Roule.) The good sense, merit, and accomplishments of this teacher, are well worthy the confidence of enlightened mothers, and the approbation of every one who has thought much on education.—(*Note by the Author.*)

tachment to her husband, mother-in-law, or sisters-in-law, as we have since seen, and as we see at the present day. The purest of all sentiments was not profaned by being mixed with the imperiousness and personality of love. A mother could love her daughter with undivided affection, but she never required from her the same return of affection, which is in fact impossible, since nature has bestowed this excess of love only where minute cares, benefits, and devotedness, are absolutely necessary. If the heart of a mother be not corrupted by excessive vanity, there is none in which less selfishness exists. Does not a mother know that she brings up her daughter for another family, and that she herself will never enjoy either her virtues or the disposition she delights in forming, by devoting herself to the education of her child? Every thing is a sacrifice in maternal enjoyments, every thing, even the happiness that forms the most endearing and solemn epoch of a mother's life, the marriage of her daughter. She must separate from her, or at any rate, confide her happiness to the care of another! . . .

In former times, parents did not take children of seven or eight years old into company; they very seldom took even a daughter of fifteen or sixteen. Now, they can no longer separate from

their children, and the fonder they are, the more do they become slaves to their caprices; yet this does not prevent widows and widowers from marrying again, and often sinking part of their fortune in life annuities. Formerly, parents often went and secluded themselves for three or four years in an old dilapidated country-house, a hundred leagues from Paris, that they might save wherewithal to form a marriage portion for their daughter, or to collect a sum sufficient to establish their son. At the present day, a tender mother spends only a few months on her estate, because good dancing, and music-masters cannot be obtained in the country. Formerly, when people built a house, they built it to last two or three hundred years; the house was furnished with tapestry as durable as the building; plantations were respected as the inheritance of the children; in fact, they were sacred woods. Now, copses are cut down, and children are left with debts, paper-hangings, and new houses falling to pieces! . . . Formerly, one friend wrote to another:* "I am in want of two thousand crowns; if you have not got them, sell, pledge your goods—I must have them in twenty-four hours." And the friend wor-

* It was Voiture who wrote this letter.—(*Note by the Author.*)

thy of receiving such a letter, *sold and pledged* his goods, and sent the money next day.

In 1707, Du Guay Trouin, after a glorious cruise, refused a pension that was offered him, but asked for and obtained it for Saint-Auban, who commanded under him, and who had his leg shot off in an engagement.

All these modes of acting are very *Gothic.*

Agesilaus, king of Sparta, said, "I cannot conceive how the king of Persia should be greater than myself, if he is not more virtuous." May we not also doubt the superiority of our so much boasted *lights,* if our ancestors surpassed us in disinterestedness, in magnanimity, and in goodness?

In all the important affairs of life, our conduct is so much regulated by the rules of society, that a selfish individual cannot even go astray from them, but in the petty details of life, his conduct becomes insupportable. Every attention towards others, were it but a kind look, is in his eyes an attack upon his independence. Be sure not to ask any attention from him, or give him any commission to perform, for as he forgets nothing that concerns himself, he never recollects what merely concerns other people. You are to be pitied if you are his neighbour, unless you go to bed, and get

up at the same time as he does. He is very imperious with his servants, in obtaining his own comforts, but does not trouble himself the least with those of others. His servants will waken you every morning with their noisy rioting, and he will see nothing amiss, and if he takes a notion of blowing the horn himself at daybreak, all your entreaties could not obtain from him a quarter of an hour's delay. Of all vices, however, selfishness is that which most frequently carries its own punishment along with it. As he considers every thing solely in its relation to himself, the selfish man is ardently desirous that people pay attention to him, and nobody thinks of him. Whatever talent he may possess, he cannot enjoy that of others, through his eagerness to display his own, as admiration is never just in his eyes, but when he is the object of it. As the attentions of society are reciprocal, he never receives any; he is continually offended and irritated by forgetfulness and negligence that is never shown but to him; always discontented, he becomes a grumbler and a misanthrope with the progress of years, and attains old age without the happiness of possessing a single real friend.

In the fifteen years that immediately preceded the revolution, the affected display of friendship,

and the exaggerations of sentiment in society, were altogether unbounded. This species of affectation has been so fully described in *Adèle and Théodore*, that nothing further can be added here, but it may be merely remarked, that if the sentiments expressed were generally unfounded, there existed, at any rate, certain noble and generous modes of acting, with which nothing could dispense. A man was never seen to supplant his friend, or even to accept his place, though he had not solicited it, or to avoid visiting a minister in disgrace. There was at that time a tribunal in society, formed by public opinion, and this tribunal condemned to infamy every mean and base action, and never pardoned the guilty. In good company, men were never seen of such a bad *ton*, as to sport the most depraved sentiments, as they are made to do in the tales of M. Marmontel;* but towards the end of the eighteenth century,

* The author of these memoirs thinks she has demonstrated, in the tale entitled, the *Two Reputations*, the falsehood and ridiculous absurdity of the portraits of society to be found in Marmontel's tales. No complaint was ever made of the injustice of the criticism, and when M. Marmontel published a new edition of his tales some years afterwards, he expunged this phrase from his former preface: *These tales have no merit, if they are not a faithful picture of the manners of society.*—(*Note by the Author.*)

the affectation of sensibility, which every day seemed to increase, became in some respects so excessively ridiculous, that, in spite of the gracefulness and elegance of the persons who had rendered it fashionable, it all at once fell into discredit; it was cleverly and gaily ridiculed, judgment was in harmony with wit, and when this occurs, epigrams and satire become truly formidable, for judgment exercises all its weight and authority, when it assists and amuses the spirit of scandal. An *opposition party* was formed in society, and by its gaiety, light manner, and cutting sarcasm, it constantly disconcerted the serious tone of the *sentimentalists*, and broke up their most pathetic dissertations. While some pretended the most exaggerated sentiments of every kind, others pretended a carelessness and indifference, that were often equally unfounded, and truth was no longer to be found on one side or the other. By constantly ridiculing fictitious virtues, they ended by losing their esteem for those that were real, because they no longer perceived them, and because the habit of satire and unbelief extends itself to all subjects indiscriminately. When people are so unfortunate as to make their vanity consist in affecting to be the dupe of no species of affectation, they lose the happy faculty of admiration,

and are then carried easily along from censure to ridicule, and from habitual scandal to malignant calumny. Hence is the spirit of observation not altogether without danger in society; it doubtless sharpens the intellect, but it may spoil the temper, if the heart be not essentially feeling and kind. The most astonishing contrasts were to be found in society; the most strange discussions went on, and the most singular and opposite topics were handled in the same company. Women, whose conduct was, to say the least of it, imprudent, made long harangues upon the affections of the mind, and the duties of life. Slaves to ambition, and the most unbridled dissipation, they boasted with enthusiasm of the charms of retreat and study, and of the power of friendship; they described love only in the most romantic colours, and conceived it as a mere Platonic affection. While this was going on in one company, in another, or often in the same room, love and friendship were never mentioned but with irony and ridicule, and they gloried in believing in the existence of no sentiment but vanity. In fact, self-love was the real source of the greater part of these connexions; it was requisite that they should be brilliant, the language of sentimental prudery was thought to render concealment and

mystery unnecessary, and it was reckoned besides that the *éclat* of the conquests they made, effaced the shame of their errors.

In fact, there was in every heart (with very few exceptions) a tumultuous combination of pride, high pretensions, and ardent desires of making a distinguished figure, no matter how, which, added to the confusion of moral ideas, and the total want of principle, gradually burst the bonds of society asunder, and withered the soul, by heating the imagination. Vice was not recklessly and shamelessly approached, nor was the mask of virtue pulled off; on the contrary, it was always the subject of conversation, and if not described with the charms of truth and sincerity, it was at least eulogized in the language of enthusiasm. Yet people were not altogether hypocritical in their language; they were more anxious to deceive themselves than to deceive others; they perverted their judgment, by attempting to refine all the affections of the mind, and if design did not always accompany unfounded pretensions, want of sense was universally prevalent. Amidst this moral and intellectual confusion, and this universal selfishness, love was represented with as false colours as every other sentiment. At last it was represented, *in conversation*, as a passion violent

even to madness—while, in real life, its general influence was confined to the formation of intrigues during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

I shall endeavour to enliven this melancholy picture, by noticing the amusements of our own time. The amusements of the greater part of the last century were brilliant and dignified. Great magnificence reigned in the establishments of princes, and even in those of private individuals of wealth; great fêtes were given in them, plays were performed, and the most perfect freedom prevailed. At Paris, a great many houses were open to company. In private parties, music and proverbs were performed, which was somewhat more witty and ingenious than playing *charades*. All at once, the pretensions that were made to talent, rendered the sciences fashionable, and every winter courses of chemistry, natural philosophy, and natural history, were attended; if nothing was learned, a few scientific terms were remembered; the ladies became slightly pedantic; they became less pleasing, and thus prepared themselves for the discussion of politics at a future period.

Women might devote themselves to the study of the sciences, as well as men, were they to renounce a part of the frivolous amusements that

occupy nearly the whole of their time. But when they are merely desirous of possessing the appearance of knowledge, no one is deceived by their pretensions, while they lose all the pleasing characteristics of their sex, for pedantry is peculiarly ridiculous, where claims to knowledge are unfounded.

There is one fashion that has at all times prevailed in France, and which will probably never be out of date:—that of constantly complaining, and of affecting disgust at dissipation and noisy pleasures. Were we to believe men of the world, we should think that they wished for nothing but retirement, and that a simple, rural, solitary life was the sole object of their desires. Women are particularly distinguished for their eternal complaints, and their philosophical and sentimental talk about the happiness of independence and calm tranquillity. To listen to them, one would think they were nothing but unfortunate slaves, forced in all things to act against their own will and inclination. From their conversation, one would suppose that they would be infinitely happier in a cottage, or in the peaceful cell of a hermit. When they go to a theatre, they are disgusted with it; they find the *Théâtre Français* insipid, the Opera tiresome, Brunet and Potier contemptible; and will never

confess that these actors have brought a smile to their cheeks. With all this, they have boxes for the season, or are continually borrowing those of other people. Are they invited to a dinner? What complaints they make of the necessity of dressing themselves, and the mortal ennui of appearing in company!—Yet they spend three or four hours at their toilet every day, and ruin themselves by purchases of shawls, dresses, and trifles. When they come back from a ball or a party, what melancholy is displayed—what depression of heart—what bitter complaints of the pressure, the crowd—the lights and the heat—what depreciation of the fête, and every thing that took place in it! Yet they had been most eager to obtain tickets for this very fête, and would use every effort to obtain them should a similar one occur. When they pay visits, what sorrow they express for the practice, and *the loss of time* it occasions!—Yet they go out regularly every morning, and never return till dinner-time. Lastly, when they hold assemblies, and receive a great deal of company, what bitter complaints they make of their fatigues, what pains and head-aches are the inevitable consequences of the cruel obligation of doing the honours of their mansions! . . . All this discontent is displayed from early youth; they have heard all these things

said, and they repeat them, for they form part of the customary phrases learned during their education. Every well educated young lady learns them by heart, and adopts the practice, while those of mature age, at the present day, carry it to a still greater excess. When they have daughters of fifteen or sixteen, it is for them, forsooth, that they go into company, that they are present at every party, that they attend every ball. *It is for the young ladies* that they dress pretty nearly in the *same style; it is for them* that they make them adopt a mode of life, that renders it impossible for them to acquire real accomplishments, and solid instruction. Twenty-five years ago, young unmarried ladies never appeared in company; during the carnival, they went to children's balls, which commenced at six, and ended at ten o'clock. How is it that those mothers, who are so fond of their homes, do not adopt this ancient custom, which is so well suited to education, and so salutary for health?

Whence spring this spirit of depreciation, and this tone of misanthropy, so prevalent among ladies of all ages? They do not render themselves interesting by affected complaints, imaginary troubles, and an opposition between language and conduct, so evident to every observer; for nothing

is so tiresome as eternal complaints of ennui. Do young women think that this sort of language is any excuse for excessive devotedness to pleasure, and total idleness? They are mistaken; they might have some claim to indulgence, if novelty or amusement were the cause; it might be said, that they would get tired of it in a short time, and would then alter their habits of life. But what can we expect from a young lady of eighteen, who is tired of every thing, misanthropical, disgusted with all the dazzling pleasures of society, and who is seen and met with wherever we go? All that we shall venture to say on this point is, that art is peculiarly worthy of condemnation, when their inclinations might be openly avowed, without danger or the loss of reputation.

Young ladies in former times, even those who had been introduced into society several years before, went very seldom to the theatre, because it was then necessary to hire a whole box, as they would not run the risk of being seated beside a woman of the town. Women, in those days, were of much more sedentary habits; in their youth, they never went out without their *chaperons*, and then it was chiefly to perform their domestic duties. When they reached the age of maturity, if they were of pleasing manners, they collected a choice

party in their own houses, which met solely for the purpose of conversation. They attracted company without expense, and were not obliged to promise music and *charades*. At the present day, what is called a *soirée* is a theatrical performance. Every thing is to be found in it, but ease, confidence, gaiety, conversation, and social habits.

Young women at the present day, attach in general a great deal too much importance to dress and *fashion*; they are by far too fond of *invitations* and the theatre; they are not sufficiently pleased with their own homes; and such inclinations do not promise for mature life, either pleasing, sensible women, or excellent mistresses of a family. Yet no real nor complete praise can be bestowed upon a woman, if it be not asserted, that she preferred her own home to all the pleasures of the world. Hence the ancients thought, that nothing was wanting to the full praise of a virtuous woman, in the following beautiful epitaph:—

Casta vixit,
Lanam fecit,
Domum servavit.*

This ancient epitaph describes the invariable cha-

* "She lived chaste, was industrious, and fond of her home." —(*Note by the Author.*)

racteristics of a virtuous woman. Finally, the interests of health and beauty perfectly agree on this point with the interests of morality.

At this period, likewise, prevailed the sentimental mania which I have exposed in one of the pieces of my *Theatre of Education*.* During the imperial rule, this mania rose to a pitch of great extravagance, for ladies openly wore wigs, belts, bracelets, and presents from their lovers of rings and hair set in jewels. Our grandfathers and grandmothers were very far from employing this affecting prodigality in the use of hair. Yet we find on this subject, in the *Memoirs of D'Aubigné*, an anecdote that is worthy of notice. In a battle that was fought during the wars of Henry IV., D'Aubigné had a personal combat with a captain of the name of Dubourg. During the heat of the action, D'Aubigné perceived that an arquebusade had set fire to a bracelet formed of his mistress's hair, which he wore on his arm; without thinking of the advantage he gave his adversary, he instantly employed himself in extinguishing the fire, and preserving this precious bracelet, which was dearer to him than liberty or life. Captain Dubourg sympathized with and respected the sentiment, suspended his attack, inclined the point

* *The Dangers of Society.*

of his sword, and began to trace on the sand a globe surmounted by a cross.

Pretensions to talent and genius have, likewise, become much more common than formerly, and mental pleasures much more unfrequent.* In former times, proverbs were performed, which required some talent, as these proverbs were little comedies impromptu; this amusement was given up for charades, which most assuredly require no exercise of mind. In the country, works were read aloud for the instruction of all; this was abandoned; even conversation was withdrawn from company, for people entered into discussions, or maintained philosophical arguments, but they no longer conversed; at length, *private plays* came into universal fashion.

These ornaments of hair, worn as *love* presents, present a very striking contrast with the traditions which have come down to us of the period of the greatest decency that ever existed in France, both

* During the true age of genius, that of Louis XIV., the word *genius* was scarcely ever used in praising a work or its author Hence we see from all the memoirs of the time, that Louis XIV., who knew so well the value of words and phrases, never praised the masterpieces of Racine, but in language of this nature: "It must be confessed that Racine is very clever." Praise in those days was never hyperbolical. In this mode only is it flattering and honourable.—(*Note by the Author.*)

at court and in the capital, since the third dynasty. That golden age of civilization was the reign of Louis XIII.; but it is to be remarked, that the French nation was never more religious than at that epoch. How many admirable establishments were founded at that period, the Hotel Dieu, the Foundling Hospital, the Sœurs de la Charité! All these establishments were the work of one man, Vincent de Paul, whose ardent charity extended even to criminals, because they were wretched, and to galley-slaves, whose chaplain he wished to become, that he might soften their lot, attend to their wants, and accomplish their conversion. No single individual has ever had such an influence over the happiness of so many of his fellow-creatures; imagination is lost in wonder, when we reflect on the immeasurable benefits he produced by his sermons, by his devotedness to the cause of humanity, by his charitable missions, by the assistance he procured for those who were the victims of war, and by the journies he made among the infidels, for the ransom of Christian slaves. But how greatly was this hero of Christianity aided by the public spirit of his age! Who would not admire that public spirit, which brought together and rallied round the same

standard all ranks and conditions, which united them in one single object, that of making every sacrifice to aid the unfortunate—that public spirit which influenced all the ladies of the court, young and old, to sell their diamonds and plate, that they might give the amount to the hospitals, and to devote during several years two days of each week to the service of the sick. That public spirit which brought forward young girls and ecclesiastics to encounter fatigue, danger, and death; the former in dressing the wounds of soldiers in the hospitals of the army, or in tending those attacked by contagious diseases; the latter, animated with the hope of delivering their brethren, in traversing the seas to visit barbarous nations:—finally, that public spirit which engaged an infinite number of men of all classes to give up their whole fortune to pious uses.* What pure morals accompanied such noble actions! What peace, what union, what filial respect prevailed; what decency in the families of every rank! Such were the fruits of the public spirit of this pro-

* Amongst others, the Commandeur de Sillery, who gave up a hundred thousand livres a year; M. de Rougemont, who gave sixty thousand; and many others; and, very recently, the late Duc de Richelieu.—*(Note by the Author.)*

foundly religious period. What have been, and what are now the fruits of public spirit since it has become *philosophical?*

Decency was maintained at court till after the regency of Anne of Austria. Women then exposed their bosoms more than formerly; but widows preserved all the rigour of their ancient costume, and other ladies all the modest habits established in the preceding reign. Every lady had either a companion or a seamstress who constantly remained by her side. The object of this practice was to secure themselves from scandal by never admitting a man, whatever his age might be, to a private interview. Thus we see Madame de Maintenon, in her letters to Madame de Caylus, who was then thirty-six years of age, advising her not to leave off this prudent custom, though she was then the mother of a young man who had been introduced into society. It was also an idea springing from decency that established the practice of ladies never going out in a carriage without having two servants at least with them, and in the evening, taking a flambeau. Witnesses and *light* were wanted, and this practice was maintained till the revolution.

In the age of Louis XIII. and in that of Louis XIV., a lady who got her portrait painted, sat

only for the head; the painter drew the breast and shape from models. This refined decency ended with the death of Louis XIV. At the downfall of the throne, every kind of decency was abolished; women dressed like the *Venus de Medicis,* and the men *thou'd* them, which was quite of a piece with the rest. If *Grecians* were seldom seen in these transparent dresses, French women were not seen at all—all the graces that had distinguished them hitherto, abandoned them when they abandoned modesty.

In another work I have long ago asserted that objects of mysterious belief are necessary to the common people, and that when they abandon religion, they invariably become superstitious. This is what the philosophers who declaimed so much against superstition had no idea of: it is they who established it and renewed its influence. We shall prove by the following extract, the extent to which superstition was carried:—

"A short time after my arrival at Versailles, I had an opportunity of learning with certainty that a witch, worthy of the age of Catharine of Medicis, was manufacturing wax models for jealous lovers who were desirous of causing the death of their rivals by driving knives and poniards into the models. I then laid my *first information,*

gave the prefect of Versailles notice of the fact, the correctness of which he ascertained, and the witch was banished. On my return to Paris, I found a female magician in great reputation; she had foretold a high destiny for the *reigning* empress, who openly protected her. The explanation of dreams was announced by public criers in the streets; Paris swarmed with wizards, witches, *tireuses de cartes*, illuminati, prophets, young girls who performed miracles, who with their eyes shut read from the stomach, who told fortunes by the colour of the hair, danced and prophesied in their sleep; all these things were talked of seriously, and even men of science protected them! . . . Would it not be better to believe in the Gospel, and to regulate one's life by this salutary and divine belief?"

The plan of invading Russia displeased every one, even the soldiers who afterwards displayed such courage in this unfortunate campaign. It was generally said that Napoleon, being certain of annihilating Russia, had determined on marching forward into Asia to go to the conquest of China; and as one proof of this, people talked of the immense order that had been given for spectacles, for the use of the army, which, as they said, were to protect their eyes in marching across

sandy deserts:—a supply of fur clothing would have been much more useful during the flight of his scattered army.

It could not be conceived how Napoleon, after reaching such a pitch of power and glory, could have formed such gigantic projects. His court reminded those who liked it least of the finest verses of the first act of *Berenice*. In fact, the courtiers on leaving these splendid public audiences, could mutually say to each other:—

> Tes yeux ne sont-ils pas tout pleins de sa grandeur?
> . . . .
> Ces aigles, ces faisceaux, ce peuple, cette armée,
> Cette foule de rois, ces consuls, ce senat,
> . . . .
> Cette pourpre, cet or, qui rehaussoit sa gloire,
> Et les lauriers encore, témoins de sa victoire;
> Tous ces yeux qu'on voyoit venir de toutes parts
> Confondre sur lui seul leurs avides regards . . . .

All this display and oriental pomp existed at the court of Titus, but there was never seen elsewhere than at Napoleon's court that confusion of etiquette which showed every foreigner some of the usages of his own country, for the spirit of conquest had been extended to such a pitch that the royal customs and ceremonies of other courts had been adopted indiscriminately; and lastly, the

language and manners of some of the great personages of this court presented the most singular contrast with its dazzling magnificence.

During the three months that preceded the departure of Napoleon and his army, my grandson Anatole de Lawoëstine came often to see me, and spent whole mornings at my house; I never tired him, while I, for my part, felt inexpressible charms in talking to him, and even in looking at him, for his charming figure combines the features and the look of his mother and grandfather, M. de Genlis, whose fine person he inherits; he derives from them also the graces of his mind and the gaiety of his disposition; I know no nobler or more feeling heart than his; no act or incident of his conduct from infancy has been in contradiction to the openness and sincerity that from his peculiar characteristics. In one of his moments of gaiety, without giving me the slightest hint of it, he took a fancy to bring me on Shrove Tuesday a great number of persons in masks whom I knew only by name, amongst whom was the Duchess of Bassano; all this company, with Anatole at their head, burst all at once into my room at eleven o'clock at night; I was undressed, and with my night-cap on, busy writing; nobody unmasked but Anatole, who informed me that

there were no *robbers* in the company, as I had been really alarmed when I heard the startling noise they made at their entrance. All the masks came round me to obtain my promise that I should give them a party that day eight days, to which they all engaged to come unmasked: I consented, and they went away without taking off their masks, so that it was a real fact that I did not learn till next morning the names of the parties, who came at the day appointed, with one person additional, the Duke of Bassano. The party was highly pleasing; Casimer was its principal ornament by his skill on the harp, and his performance of proverbs; we had music and played proverbs. This little kind of fête was much talked of in the capital, and in fact it was very brilliant.

My correspondence with the emperor still continued, and I employed my influence in obtaining from him favours for a great many individuals, several of whom have since forgotten him. As I never solicited any thing for myself, I felt more confidence in speaking in favour of others, or in proposing what I thought useful and expedient. While at the Arsenal I had been much pleased with my successful interference in one instance: the prefect of Paris (M. Frochot) appointed for every district in the city *ladies to inspect* the pri-

mary schools and all the establishments for education, and I was appointed the inspector of my own parish in conjunction with Madame Robert, as two *dames d'inspection* were chosen for each *arrondissement*. As the place was honorary and without salary, I thought it my duty to accept it, though it took up a great deal of my time; but this I did not regret, as it was usefully employed. I consequently went to visit all the schools, and discovered an infinite number of pernicious abuses; I drew up a memorial on the subject, and pointed out the means of bringing about a reform; this memorial I sent to the emperor, who was so pleased and struck with its contents, that he ordered M. de Lavalette to tell me that he was extremely well satisfied with it, and that he wished me to write another memorial much longer and more circumstantial, with the plan of a free school for the common people; M. de Lavalette added, that the emperor would certainly offer me the direction of this establishment, and I should have accepted it with pleasure; it was the only place that could suit me. I wrote the memorial I was commanded to do, and to make it more valuable, I spent fifteen days from eight o'clock in the morning till two, in revisiting anew all the schools, large and small, and in examining the

children's attendants, both in my own district and in every one in Paris; and as I had no right to ask questions except in my own division, I visited them under the pretence of having children to place in them. I kept a copy of all the memorials I sent to the emperor, and had the satisfaction immediately after sending the last one, to see imperial decrees in the public papers removing the abuses I had noticed, and ordering for their suppression the very measures I had advised, particularly concerning the *gardeuses d'enfans*. My success in this attempt emboldened me to make another proposal to the emperor, which was also well received: I knew that his passions had made him adopt in his private life the principles of the philosophical party, but this did not prevent me continually addressing him, in my correspondence, against the principles of modern philosophy.

I have already mentioned that my colleague in the business of inspection was Madame Robert, with whom I necessarily made a great many visits: she is a very amiable and interesting lady, and has met with several incidents in her life that are worthy of notice. She has had several children, alternatively bearing a child deaf and dumb, and one perfect in all its organs; I was well acquainted with the eldest, Mademoiselle

Robert, who was then fourteen or fifteen years of age. She was uncommonly fair and very beautiful; to this remarkable fairness she added wonderful intelligence, of which advantage was taken to teach her all sorts of accomplishments; she had all the skill that a woman can desire, painted well, and even played on the piano; I have seen her take her lesson and go through it tolerably well, in the following manner. Her teacher took a seat behind her, and stretched out his arms so as to place his fingers slightly over those of his pupil; he then pointed out the notes by touching the fingers that are to press the instrument. The invention is ingenious, but it does not produce an effect equal to the trouble and study it requires, for what is the measure *without ear?* Mademoiselle Robert was perfectly understood by means of signs, even by those who were ignorant of this mode of communication, which was so well taught by the Abbé de l'Epée and his worthy successor, the Abbé Sicard, from whom Madame Robert had taken a great many lessons for the purpose of conversing with her daughter, and maternal affection soon made her as conversant with the subject as it is possible to become. The look of Mademoiselle Robert was so expressive, and her eyes so piercing, that she could un-

derstand what was said perfectly well without the use of signs. Madame Robert took her one evening to a grand ball given by the city of Paris to the emperor. Mademoiselle Robert was seated on the bench set apart for the ladies that were to dance, when the emperor was struck with her fine figure, stood sometime beside her, and said a great many polite things which she perfectly well understood; she made several modest signs of gratefulness with such a simple and natural expression, that the emperor thought he heard her answer. He went away without suspecting that she was dumb.

It was at the same ball that Madame Cardon made her clever and feeling reply to Napoleon. Napoleon, in general, was not fond of those who enjoyed a large fortune independent of his donations. He had never seen Madame Cardon, had never even heard of her name; he was told that her husband was immensely wealthy; when he approached her with a slight shade of ill-humour, and bluntly said to her: "Are you Madame Cardon?" A profound curtesy was the reply. The emperor again said: "Are you very wealthy?" "Yes, Sire, I have ten children." The emperor felt all the force and charm of the reply, his features relaxed, but he soon hastened away.

Towards the close of the emperor's reign, I proposed to him to print beautiful editions, adorned with fine engravings, of all the pretended philosophical works that enjoy the greatest share of reputation. I advised that a certain number of literary characters should be employed to expunge from these works every thing they contain against religion and morality, and to add critical notes to the remainder. I proposed to aid this undertaking by giving a great number of extracts and reflections I had made long before, and which Providence had permitted I should not lose along with the manuscripts I had given in charge to my daughter. The emperor approved so highly of the idea, that he immediately sent for M. Pierre Didot to ask him how much the undertaking would cost, and to engage him to estimate the amount: this was a short time before the Russian campaign, which put an end to the project. This is what Bonaparte was desirous of doing!

I was still in the Rue Sainte Anne, when the disastrous campaign of Russia began; every one blamed that distant war. Sound politicians foresaw its dangerous consequences, and even men of the smallest sagacity felt a presentiment of its disasters; I was amongst the number, and re-

ceived with profound emotion the adieus of my grandson and of M. Kosakoski. Napoleon came back from this fatal enterprize humiliated, dejected, and irritated. Since this catastrophe he was no longer the same; deep depression of heart in a man of such boldness and enterprize naturally produced confusion in his mental faculties; when he ceased to rule over fortune, he became its sport and victim; irritated against Providence, he gave himself up to the guidance of chance; fearful of seeing new misfortunes in wait for him, he disdained foresight of every kind, and no longer able in fancy to govern future events, he would not even attempt to look forward, but sought for consolation only in the dreams of blind fatality. I shall give no account of the political events that took place; I shall merely state that, with respect to my own situation, for more than a year I was involved in pecuniary difficulties that embarrassed me for a long time afterwards; in the confusion of public business, the pension I held from the emperor, which I was soon to lose for ever, was not paid for six months previous to his downfall; during the whole of this period, I lived on an allowance that Casimir received from his father-in-law. The bookselling business was at a stand, nothing was published but political pamphlets;

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so that I had no longer any resource in this quarter, and my children were absent. My situation, however, was not so painful as might be imagined; I was pleased at being maintained by Casimir, who displayed on this occasion, all the delicacy of his mind and the sensibility of his heart. During these events his situation was very peculiar; he was born in Prussia, and had from inclination adopted France as his country; he had naturally a strong predilection for a military life, and could not fight against the Prussians or French, in arms against each other; yet, as he was determined on seeing a battle, he adopted a singular resolution; he went to the battle that terminated the revolution, and which was fought at the gates of Paris; he went beyond the gates to the field of battle solely to assist the wounded and to remove them from the field of action, and in this occupation he spent nine hours. He told me on his return from this dreadful scene, that "the force of a grateful and affecting look cannot be fully conceived unless by those who have lifted a wounded man and conveyed him from the field of battle." This is one of those scenes that are beyond the reach of the imagination; but the reflections that spring from it are such as could have arisen in none but a feeling heart.

The terror that prevailed in Paris was unbounded, for every one was afraid of the most dreadful scenes of plunder, and it was naturally to be expected for the last eighteen months that such a reign should terminate by a grand catastrophe; but none could have foreseen that the bold and brilliant head of the empire should end his political career by such inconceivable want of firmness and resolution. When we reflect upon all these events, we find in this short period of history the most important lessons that it can present to us. It was the pride and tyranny of the government of England that caused the revolt of its oppressed colonies; yet without the support and assistance of France, the Americans would never have acquired independence; but France was in profound peace with England; nevertheless, contrary to the interests of justice and sound policy, it secretly supplied the Americans with money, arms, warlike stores, the clothing of their troops, even of their officers; the Americans succeeded; their success insured the triumph of all the republican ideas that the philosophers had spread abroad for sixty years before; and Louis XVI. who protected these ideas in America, became their melancholy victim in France! After the most violent commotions and unparalleled

crimes, Providence led to the scaffold all the leaders of the parties which had produced them; anarchy still prevailed, and there was neither government, morals, nor religion; a young warrior, already celebrated for dazzling exploits, who had participated in none of these crimes, fixes upon himself the looks and the hopes of all! . . . Bonaparte rallies all parties round him, and without shedding a drop of blood, without commotion, mounts upon the throne! . . . . What did he then accomplish? He re-established religion and public worship, and was the magnificent protector of arts, literature, and national industry; but all Europe declared war against him; he fought them, because they compelled him to do so, and his success at this period was altogether miraculous; though victorious, he was not a premeditated conqueror, for he had not formed plans of conquest and dominion; he also displayed lofty sentiments of generosity towards the capital cities that fortune delivered up to his arms. After the battle of Jena, he might have annihilated the Prussian monarchy; he did not do so; and this was the greatest and most glorious epoch of his life. But after this he carried every thing to a dangerous and fatal excess, his renown, his victories, his power, and his active and enterprizing

genius. The murder of the Duc d'Enghien was the first crime of his reign; a sincere return to religious feeling could alone obtain his pardon from the Almighty, but nothing could efface it in the eyes of men. Instead of repairing or atoning for what he had done, he heaped fault upon fault. He was so ungrateful as to wish to degrade the pope and to persecute him; yet the holy father had come to France, and had determined to crown Napoleon as emperor solely for the interest of religion: he was certain, as I have already said, that if he did not take this step France would have become Protestant, for Napoleon would have certainly separated from the church. The emperor was recognised by all the Catholic powers of Europe. The enemies of the papal power always maintain that the popes should never in any manner interfere with political affairs; they ought, therefore, to approve of the pope's conduct in acquiescing in the decision of all the sovereigns of Europe; as he recognised Napoleon as emperor like them, he did nothing wrong in coming to his coronation.

Napoleon, corrupted by pride, seemed gradually to lose all his political and military skill, with all his foresight and precaution; his attack upon Spain was equally impolitic and unjust, and the

act of treachery by which it commenced, roused against him the hostile feelings of every one who had a spark of justice in his bosom. At last Providence suddenly overthrew the formidable power which had conquered and humbled to the dust whatever was opposed to its views. But God, willing that this great work should be attributed to himself alone, did not raise up for the the overthrow of Bonaparte, any mighty warrior in the flower of his age; it is true, that it was produced by an august and virtuous prince, who joined to his incontestable rights the most enlarged and cultivated mind; but he was also an infirm old man, of whom a very small number of faithful Frenchmen preserved any recollection; as their enthusiasm was founded upon immutable principles, it was suddenly adopted by those superficial spirits whom dangerous illusions had so long plunged into a sort of madness and intoxication like that which is produced by the poison of opium, which gives rise at one and the same moment to enthusiam, furious ardour, courage, and blind obedience! When truth burst forth in all its splendour these vain phantoms disappeared: the impulse of every French heart raised the cry of *Vive le Roi, vivent les Bourbons*, and the fair surname of *The Desired* was unanimously given to

the sovereign, on whom the love of peace and order, morality and religion placed such well founded hopes.

In fact, when we reflect that with the aid of beaten and conquered troops, Louis XVIII. drove from the throne with inconceivable rapidity the first captain the world ever saw, the captain who had made Europe subject to his rule, we must be blind indeed not to see in all these events the omnipotent hand of the Almighty!

As I put these recollections together just as they rise in my imagination, I often write these Memoirs without order or fixed plan, but they will not on that account be less agreeable to those who love simplicity and truth.

I was present at the entry of Monsieur* into Paris; I went on foot to mingle with the crowds that were waiting on the boulevard to see him pass; he was on horseback, and presented himself in the most graceful manner, with a firm carriage, and most pleasing expression of countenance; there was in his whole person something chivalrous and sincere that reminded one of Henry IV., and which gained every heart. His language and conduct were perfectly in harmony

* Now Charles X.

with this first impression he gave of his character and sentiments.

Madame de Choiseul (by birth, princess of Beaufremont) has written on this part of our modern history, several small pieces of poetry entitled *les Epoques*, which are extremely beautiful and affecting: none of them have been published. The following are some of the lines of the poem she wrote on the return of *Monsieur, Comte d'Artois*:—

. . . .

Un prince, toujours cher, se présente d'bord,
" C'est un Français de plus," dit sa bonté touchante;
Il se montré, on accourt, une jore enivrante
Saisit et se repand sur son front radieux,
Tous semblent des amis! Un geste gracieux
Des serviteurs zélés vient payer la constance,
Il sait les decouvrir! A sa noble présence
On pleure, on rit, on crie, on repete avec lui:
" Vive à jamais le roi qu'on nous rend aujourd'hui!
" D'un regne long, heureux, il confirme l'annonce;
" Rassuré, satisfait, on redit sa response:
" Pour lui nous marcherons, il pensera pour nous."

The author then gives a well merited eulogium of *Madame*, the Duchess of Angoulême, but a mere extract of this fine passage would spoil its effect.

At this period, Napoleon had lost all his parti-

sans; the close of his reign had destroyed the magical influence of his exploits and of his past greatness; while as soon as the universal terror had subsided, people enjoyed with delight the tranquillity and pleasing surprize produced by the moderation and general conduct of the allies, whose soldiers, thanks to their commanders, conducted themselves in the most admirable manner in Paris. Since that time, that moderation has been too much forgotten. Royalist ideas sprung up, as if by a miracle, and almost universally prevailed; for myself, who always felt these ideas, as all my works testify, I saw the return of the august family of the Bourbons with inexpressible joy; it was impossible for me to behold with indifference the descendants of Louis XI., Louis XIV., and Henry the Great.

I at this time witnessed an inconceivable kind of injustice, which, though it was nôt universal, prevailed but too much among those even who were friends to the royal family. People seemed hurt that the Duchess of Angoulême did not display in her countenance the expression of joy and even of gaiety!—Of gaiety! . . . . Can any one conceive that the most observing, most feeling, and most delicate people in the world as to certain rules of propriety, should not have felt how

natural it was for the princess to be painfully affected at her return to a city which recalled such melancholy ideas to her mind, and that the sight of the throne should not efface her recollection of the Temple, or her horror at the prospect of the *Place de la Revolution.** Nothing can be a stronger proof than this fact of the incomprehensible thoughtlessness of the French character, which depriving it of all reflection on the past, leaves it to all the impetuosity of its first movements, and effaces those recollections that might tend to restrain it. Had the Duchess of Angoulême appeared alone for the first time at Paris (after so many crimes) it was not by fêtes, by displays of merriment, by cries of joy, that the august daughter of the unfortunate Louis XVI. could have been worthily received; affection, then allied to melancholy, should have presented to her eyes nothing but deep-felt sympathy; a whole people profoundly affected, and silently advancing to meet her, should have expressed its sentiments only in appearing to feel those of filial piety; the tears of *Madame* would have flowed, but with all the softness of gratitude, and the universal emotion would have been at once an homage to virtue,

* Where Louis XVI. was guillotined; now the *Place Louis XV.*

a triumph for monarchy, and the most solemn atonement for the past.

When the king arrived, he gave notice that he would receive all the ladies who had been formerly presented at court: I had never set foot within Napoleon's court, but I thought it my duty to present myself once at that of our legitimate king; I accordingly went to present him my homage, but never returned afterwards.

This revolution procured me the inexpressible happiness of once more seeing my pupils Mademoiselle and the Duke of Orleans. In our first interviews, they both displayed towards me all the affection, all the emotion and delight that I myself experienced. Alas! how deeply I felt at this interview the absence of three deservedly beloved pupils, the Duke of Montpensier, and his brother the Count de Beaujolais, who both died in exile, and my dear and unfortunate nephew, Cæsar Du Crest!

This interview, which was so deeply affecting to my feelings, had lasted a quarter of an hour, when the Duke of Orleans left us, saying that he was going to bring the Duchess; he came back in a few moments leading her by the hand. The princess advanced, did me the honour to embrace me, and said that she had long been

desirous of knowing me, adding, *for there are two things I passionately love, your pupils and your works.* It was impossible to express in a more able and graceful manner with a single phrase, the due feelings of a wife and a sister, and at the same time display so much kindness for me.

A few days after the king's arrival, I again began to trace out the plan of the history of Henry IV., and to write assiduously without being withdrawn a single moment from my occupation. In proportion as I composed the work, I sent it to Maradan, who printed it with great care and speed; but it was not completely finished till the very moment of the king's departure for Ghent, though I had time before that event to offer him a copy, which I am sure he received. The greater part of this work I wrote at Ecouen, to which I had retired with Casimir and his wife. I wrote without intermission, and amidst all the political changes of the time, in spite of numberless causes of anxiety and emotion, my health remained unimpaired. At Ecouen I saw Madame Campan, who still resided there: she lent me memoirs she had written at court, while first *femme de chambre* to the queen. These memoirs were begun long before the revolution, and terminated with the imprisonment of the royal family; they are written

with great simplicity and feeling. Madame Campan, in every part of them, displays the utmost attachment to the unfortunate queen, and triumphantly refutes the abominable calumnies that were spread concerning her. Madame Campan has always displayed religious sentiments, and a charity that was never inactive; her memory is held in veneration at Ecouen, the poor bless her name; she always gave away whatever she possessed, and with all her means of accumulation, remained poor—these are facts that put calumny to flight. Casimir likewise rendered himself much beloved at Ecouen by every act of charity he had in his power to perform, and by the kind attentions he paid to the sick poor: he spent three summers at this country house. Those whom he attended will never forget him; they are of the most obscure of all classes, and their blessings make no noise in the world, but they are a thousand times more valuable than the praises that are bruited forth by the public voice.

The report of Bonaparte's arrival renewed all my terrors, and created infinite consternation in Paris, for it was generally expected that there would be fighting, bloodshed, and vengeance for the past; but nothing of the kind took place. On his return Bonaparte displayed an intrepidity

that obliterated the remembrance of his disasters in Russia; he entered the towns without attendants, and rushed alone into the very midst of the crowds assembled to see him—yet his head was proscribed! This bold demeanour, this inconceivable success, without an army, without soldiers, the want of foresight and precaution on the part of the government, which was unable to prevent his landing at Cannes, every thing in fact, combined to favour his bold attempt; which was more joyfully hailed because he every where proclaimed sentiments breathing peace and generosity. My *History of Henry IV.* was completely ready, but not published, when this event occurred to render its appearance unfortunate. I had not been able to write it during Napoleon's reign, for he would not have allowed it to appear, and now the publication was about to take place at the moment of his return. But as he proclaimed the liberty of the press, I had the boldness to publish the *History of Henry the Great*. I can truly assert that I had no intention whatever of making allusions in the work; but there happened to be a great many naturally excited by the history itself, all of them offensive to Napoleon, and particularly in the portrait of Philip II.

I was advised to expunge several passages from my work, but I would not consent, and published it immediately without altering a word. I had prepared my mind for all the horrors of a sanguinary reaction, but every thing remained quiet in Paris; every thing in the peaceful and triumphant career that Napoleon had just made, announced magnanimous feelings and heroic actions. At these first moments, it was not easy to refrain from feeling some share of the universal enthusiasm that burst forth at Paris, particularly after having feared all the disasters that might have ensued after such a sudden and astonishing revolution. There is a sort of magical effect produced by daring and extraordinary enterprizes; when they do not wound the feelings of humanity, they irresistibly command the admiration. The victories and conquests of the emperor had not dazzled my imagination, because they had been obtained only at the price of torrents of blood; but all the circumstances that accompanied his return fascinated my mind, and I admired on this occasion both his great character and his splendid triumph.

I never regarded as a usurper the great warrior, the hero, whom the nation placed on the throne without commotion, and without violence; the

hero who had extricated us from anarchy, who had re-established religion, who was crowned by the pope, recognised by all the Catholic sovereigns, and even by all the Protestant powers of Europe, with the exception of England, which, after all, only contested his title, and had already recognised him under another name, as chief of the French government, and whose sovereignty was recognised even at his downfall, since it was thought necessary to make him sign an act of abdication. But while I admired his return, and the sentiments he displayed, I could not but feel that on this occasion he was truly a usurper, since he had abdicated and solemnly renounced all his pretensions to the throne. This idea should have restrained my admiration; it did not do so, and it is a fault I willingly admit.

Yet I can truly say that I had not the less anxiety respecting the dangers incurred by the king and the princes after they quitted Paris. It solely depended on Bonaparte to have arrested the king; some said that he would do so, while others maintained that he would, on the contrary, make it a point of pride to favour his journey. Under the pretext of renewing my correspondence with him, I instantly addressed him on this subject at

the moment of his arrival, not in a sentimental manner, which would have produced no effect, but in a way that might flatter his vanity. I told him *that every one thought he would have the magnanimity to protect the journey of the royal family.* I cannot flatter myself with the persuasion that this letter alone decided his conduct, but I do think that it contributed to confirm the idea in his mind; in the same letter I said, *that every one expected to see him display all the clemency of Henry IV.* This is the only letter I ever wrote in which I employed flattery, but the motive for which it was done is its best excuse. It is certain that in three days afterwards all the shops, by his orders, displayed *busts of himself, and of Henry IV.* To have contributed in making him form such a pretension, at such a period, was certainly a good action. My *history* of Henry IV. was, as I have mentioned, published the evening before his entry into Paris. I knew from undoubted authority that this work was excessively disagreeable to Bonaparte, and it is quite natural that it should have been so; he gave orders to the journalists to criticise it severely, or not to notice it at all. All of them, (with one solitary exception,) adopted the latter alternative, which

was certainly the most polite they could adopt towards me, and the most honourable to themselves.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances that attended the publication of my book, the second edition came out two months afterwards. Bonaparte did not restore me my pension; I ceased altogether to write to him; but I was not exposed to any kind of persecution. *The Hundred Days* were, however, not less disagreeable to me, on account of the total want of money I experienced, the trouble of constantly changing my residence, and the loss of several sums that were due to me. The pension of Casimir still remained my only resource. I was dangerously ill for six weeks, but, thanks to the attentions of Casimir and Alfred, and the skill of M. Carret, (who had been chief surgeon of the grand hospital of Lyons, before he became *Maitre des Comptes,)* my life was preserved. I cannot sufficiently congratulate myself on the affectionate and truly filial attentions lavished upon me on this occasion by Casimir's wife, who was herself very ill at the time, being on the eve of her confinement. My recovery was as rapid as that of a young person could have been, and I have constantly enjoyed the most excellent state of health ever since, with the ex-

ception of the time I passed in the Rue de Vaugirard. What chiefly contributed to produce this illness, was the anxiety I felt on account of the harassing and disagreeable life led by Casimir, and the dangers of all kinds he was at this time constantly exposed to in the national guard. Once every five days he spent the night at the guard-house, without sleeping a moment, because he made all the rounds necessary for the public safety, and visited the taverns to put down the quarrels that occurred; and even during the days, when he was off duty, he could find no time for repose, as he never failed to rise the moment he heard the drum beat to arms, which took place almost every night. No one could fulfil his harassing duties, so long as any danger existed, with more activity, zeal, and precision. I cannot help noticing a little adventure that he met with at the time of the king's return, when he happened to be stationed at the Barrière St. Denis. No person was allowed to go out of Paris; but a young man, whom Casimir supposed to be a *garde du corps*, came up, and desired leave to pass on. Casimir was corporal at the time, and ordered the sentinel to let him pass. The young man came back three different times to obtain permission to take with him a man who was leading some horses,

and another with arms, whispering to Casimir that the whole was going to the Count d'Artois. Casimir went immediately to the two men, who had kept in the rear, and conducted them through the gates. The young man returned once more to ask his name, which he refused to tell, till the young man pressed him so earnestly that he became afraid lest their conversation should be remarked, and he told it to him at last.

My illness had cost a great deal of money, considering our circumstances and we were forced to borrow at exorbitant interest. Casimir had also been obliged to be at unusual expense; the necessity of maintaining a great many soldiers for a length of time, the charitable donations which the public misery rendered indispensable, and, lastly, the high price of provisions, which had become excessive; all these, and many other causes, produced very great disorder in our affairs.

Notwithstanding all the troubles I felt at this period, I wrote the historical romance of *Jane of France*, wife of Louis XII. It is the first and only romance, hitherto, in which a heroine is represented, who is deprived by nature of personal attractions; for it could not be concealed that Jane was neither beautiful nor handsome, and was lame besides. Yet, without departing from the

truth of history, I have found the means of throwing some interest even over her person, by giving her extreme fairness of complexion, charming hands, beautiful hair, and pleasing expression of features. The lethargy of Jane in this work, has been universally praised, as a novel and original incident. This romance is, I believe, among the number of those that may be put, with advantage, into the hands of young ladies. I dedicated it to my daughter.

We were again obliged to be at farther expense by changing our residence, for the purpose of taking a cheaper house; Casimir and his wife went to live at Ecouen. As I had long desired to enter into a convent, I went with Alfred to inhabit an exterior apartment of the convent of *Carmelites*, in the Rue de Vaugirard. The king had now returned: I continued my incessant labours, and at this time published the *Memoirs of Dangeau*. I have already stated, that the emperor would not permit them to be printed, but had accepted them for his private library; and when I sent them, I wrote to him that I had kept no copy of any part, which was the fact. I have also mentioned, that I made the extracts from the work, by marking on the manuscript the passages I wished, and getting them copied as I proceeded. With my facility of

composition, it was easy for me to re-write the work, if I obtained possession of the manuscript again; and I justly imagined that it had remained at the palace of the Tuileries. After the second restoration, I requested M. de Talleyrand to obtain the loan of it for me, but I could not obtain it. I mentioned my chagrin on the subject to M. de Treneuil, and four days afterwards, he brought me all the volumes of the work, a proof of friendship I shall never forget. All that I had marked on the manuscript I got copied immediately, but I was obliged to write all the notes anew, as I had not preserved any of those I had made formerly. Whilst I remained in the Rue de Vaugirard, I also published *The Battuécas*, and the tales of *Inés*, *Zuma*, and *Zeneide*, or *Ideal Perfection;* I was likewise engaged in writing a little journal, entitled *Journal of Youth*.

I have omitted to mention two works, which I finished in the Rue St. Anne; the one was entitled, *Le Journal Imaginaire, où la Feuille des gens du Monde*, and the other, the *Dictionnaire des Etiquettes*, a very improper title, for a thousand other subjects are mentioned in it. This work is now out of print, but a new edition is in preparation, which will contain nothing but the laws of etiquette, and the usages of society; and it is for

this reason, that I have inserted some parts of the old edition in these memoirs. The *Imaginary Journal* was a very novel sort of review of the general literature of the day; it was supposed to have been published weekly, and all the numbers collected into a volume at the end of the year. Every thing was *imaginary* in this supposed journal; the criticisms related to works that had no existence, and the praises awarded, or the discussions maintained, had not a more solid foundation. The extracts that were given from dramatic pieces, from poems, novels, and history, were altogether fictitious, or merely plans of works, in which young authors might find some original ideas. The ludicrous quotations were invented like the rest, and not extracted from any actual work; in fact, every thing in the volume was the offspring of the imagination. I thought that this supposition of a journal already published, presented an interesting and novel form of criticism, and afforded a very natural opportunity for presenting a great variety of portraits and striking situations. The following is the manner in which I noticed a supposed work.

"*Ursula and Julian.*"—2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

"The author of this work announces in his

preface, that there are no great incidents in his novel, that every thing is simple, and that those who wish for action, striking surprises, and strong emotions, should refrain from reading it. We must confess that our taste is very similar, and that a work of imagination, without *imagination*, does not interest us at all. Yet we can be pleased with a novel, without striking incidents, provided it be founded on a new, novel, and well developed idea. None of these conditions is fulfilled in the work before us. Under the pretext of presenting us with *family portraits*, we are introduced into a family circle *full of quarrels*, in which nothing occurs but petty conversations, and petty disputes —and these incidents fill up the two volumes. Lastly, Ursula, (who is an *angelic* woman, married to a brutal husband,) conceives a violent passion for Julian, an impetuous young man, full of heroic qualities. For a long time, Ursula thinks she feels nothing but a tender friendship for Julian, who, on his part, thinks that in adoring Ursula, he is only in love with virtue. This error, and this enthusiasm, lead the lovers such a long way, that Ursula opens her eyes all of a sudden, and becomes mad; and in her madness talks in such an *ingenious* and pathetic manner as to astonish and affect—if not the reader—at least all the per-

sonages of the story, even to the brutal husband, who becomes an enthusiastic admirer of her virtue, her love, and her remorse. Julian becomes raging mad—and every one thinks him sublime. He wishes to poniard himself, which he is prevented from doing—but he takes poison. In order that she may give him her last farewell, and a sermon, Ursula all at once recovers her reason, and after making a most noisy and long-winded discourse upon the reciprocal duties of women and young men, she dies of grief, *pressing to her heart the death-cold hand of the unfortunate Julian*, and pronouncing these last words: 'In making the avowal of my weakness, and the sacrifice of my life, I have given satisfaction to virtue; and now, liberated by death from the bonds of detested existence, I am at last free. We have a right to dispose of ourselves, when on the brink of the grave yawning to receive us; life is now nought but a cloud ready to vanish into the vast fields of eternity, but a vain shadow that cannot be reflected from the depths of the tomb. The devouring flame of the flambeau of love, is purified by mingling with the livid and sombre fire of funeral torches. O, Julian! for one moment awake to life again; thou canst yet, in a few minutes, efface all the horror of a deplorable existence! Why cannot happi-

ness, that fugitive being, still exist for us during this solemn moment? Our two hearts still beat, thy death-cold hand presses mine, thy eyes are fixed on mine—an eternal veil, drawn over the universe, separates us from it for ever! . . . Oh! how grand and beautiful is the solitude of the tomb! . . . I am there with thee! . . . Ah! let our last sighs be mingled together, no human power can prevent them; they are the last oath of an invincible passion, sanctified by death! The grave has become the sublime altar that is to receive them; the angel of death presides over it, a funeral lamp is the sacred flambeau which is to enlighten our immortal union. Thus the agony that is the forerunner of death, shall be for us but the last thrilling impulse of love, and our souls united shall rise together to the bosom of the Divinity!'

"Notwithstanding the extravagance and bad taste of this long rhapsody, we confess that we have seen in other novels things considerably more ridiculous. Yet we must advise the author to give up this mode of writing, and, above all, the idea of rendering mad women and demoniacs sublime. There is, perhaps, some wit in all these fine phrases; but assuredly, there is neither talent, morality, sensibility, nor truth. We have met with several instances of incorrect language in this work, upon

which we do not wish to be severe; but there are other faults, such as the total want of sound sense and feeling, the affectation of the style, the false sentiments, and, above all, the depravity of the principles, which are altogether inexcusable in any writer."

Amidst all these studies, I found time to give Alfred his finishing lessons on the harp. As he was not quite eighteen years of age, he had for eighteen months before felt a very warlike ardour, and had a great desire to enter the army, a contagious disease, which affected all the young men of the time, and which greatly injured the completion of his education; but with his natural talents and disposition, that loss could be easily recovered. He played extremely well on the harp, and had a most extraordinary cleverness in every thing he attempted; he had shown a great taste for mechanics, and had acquired great skill in practice; he made a lathe to turn wood for chairs; he constructed a 'larum clock, and learned to take a harp to pieces, to mend it, to put it together again like a manufacturer of musical instruments. We occasionally read aloud, yet with all my care, I could not prevail on him to cultivate his mind so much as I wished. He read no works with

pleasure but mine, but I was astonished at the account he gave me of what he had read, and the keen and clever way in which he formed his opinion of it. The following incident may give some idea of his intelligence, his talents, and disposition. He was in my room one day whilst I was writing, and remained more than three quarters of an hour by the fireside, without doing any thing, a very extraordinary case with him. I was astonished at his inaction, and asked him what he was thinking about, when he answered me in his usual unaffected way, that he was making verses *on the fireside, and the pleasure of stirring the fire.* I began to laugh, for he had never spoken to me of poetry. I desired him to repeat this piece of verse, expecting to find it very ridiculous; he repeated sixteen or eighteen lines, and to my great surprise they were very pretty, and very well expressed; they did not contain a single fault in the measure, and only two or three hiatus. I desired him to write them down, which something prevented him from doing immediately, and they were afterwards forgotten. I was very sorry for it, and likewise for his not having cultivated an accomplishment for which he had great dispositions. During more than a year that I remained in the Rue de Vaugirard, I constantly suffered from violent nervous attacks that took away my sleep.

At this period, I went to Maupertuis, to see Anatole de Montesquiou; I remained twelve days, which I passed very agreeably; in this little journey I had nobody with me but Anatole, Pamela, and Alfred. The amiableness, sweetness of disposition, and pleasing liveliness of Anatole, charmed me during my whole stay. Pamela had before this time retired to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, a proper and suitable step, that I had not only approved of but advised. I lived adjoining to her; she came often to see me in the Rue de Vaugirard, and as her health was much out of order, I thought that the air of the country might do her good, and took her to the house of M. de Montesquiou, with whom she was not acquainted, but who received her with his usual kindness.

On my return from Maupertuis, I narrowly escaped being killed. The evening that I arrived in the Rue de Vaugirard, my trunk was left in my room, as I wanted to unpack it myself before I went to bed. Alfred began to play on the harp, and as I was fond of making him perform in the dark, I did not ask for a light after night came on. I wished to fetch something at the other end of the room, and in crossing it I fell over the trunk with great violence, and struck my face against the stone floor, which was covered only with a thin carpet; in my fall I scratched my

right leg from the ancle to the knee, I broke two of my teeth, and cut my face in three places, on the forehead, the nose, and the right cheek, while at the same instant I had, for the first time in my life, a violent bleeding at the nose. Alfred rushed in great alarm towards me, placed me in a chair, told me to wait for a moment, and ran out of the room; he instantly came back with a light in one hand, and a glass in the other, into which he had squeezed the juice of a lemon, which he made me take. I was inexpressibly affected at seeing his excessive paleness, and the alarm expressed in his features, and his look was the more remarkable, from his complexion being naturally very florid. As soon as I drank the lemon juice, he left me to the care of the other persons who were with me, and hurried out to fetch a doctor. In about an hour, he returned with an excellent physician, M. Moreau, who found my pulse in good condition, but was alarmed at the wounds on my face; he prescribed leeches for me. I had no doubt but that I should be totally disfigured; but this was not the case. This accident has altogether changed my look; my nose was slightly turned up formerly, and like all noses of that kind, had a small bump, and the point had those little cavities called *meplats* by painters. At the present day, I may be allowed

to say that this nose was very delicate, and very pretty; it has been much celebrated in verse and prose, and I had hitherto preserved it perfect in all its delicacy. Since this accident, it has become neither enlarged, nor in the slightest degree awry, but the little bump has fallen, and the cavities have disappeared. I was so disfigured for a fortnight, that I did not once look at my face in a glass, for I knew how frightful it had become, by observing the looks of the persons who came to see me. After having anointed the wounds with a composition given me by M. Moreau, I put no dressing over them, but merely bathed them constantly for eight days with cold water; they healed perfectly well, and left no scar behind.

Casimir was at Ecouen, but as Alfred sent him instant notice of the accident, he hastened to Paris immediately, and I again felt an indescribable sensation when he entered my room, and my look met his, the melancholy expression of which I shall never forget. He remained several days at Paris, and feeling assured of my recovery, he made me promise to join him immediately at Ecouen. During my solitude in the Rue de Vaugirard, I had the honour of receiving frequent visits from the Duchess of Bourbon. This princess is very amiable and accomplished, and is particularly distinguished by her unbounded cha-

rity towards the poor. She came and spent whole evenings with me; this was after the second restoration, and at that period (1815) it is well known, that the public misery was deplorable; a frightful scarcity was superadded, and the dearness of bread was extreme, while this bread was as bad tasted as it was unwholesome. The poor wandered in crowds through the streets, and one could not go out without being surrounded by them—it was a heart-rending sight! I gave all I could spare to the poor of my own parish, but this kind of aid was of little avail: I then formed the idea of taking for their benefit two young ladies as pupils, whom I should engage to teach to write letters correctly and elegantly in four months. For this purpose, I had invented a very sure, simple, and easy method, and as there were no teachers of the kind worthy of confidence, I was sure of finding more pupils than I wanted, but I required some one to take upon him to select them for me. As I was constantly conversing with the Duchess of Bourbon concerning the public misery, I communicated my plan to her, which she highly approved of, and immediately proposed to me to give the lessons I have mentioned to two young ladies whom she had known from infancy, and whose mother, (Madame Gros,)

she had brought up and established. The princess agreed to the conditions I proposed, which were that each young lady should pay five louis per month for two lessons a week, the first month paid in advance; and it was agreed that the young ladies should themselves take the money to M. Bourgeois, prior of the convent of the Carmelites, who engaged to distribute it to the poor. These young ladies delighted me by the graces of their person, their accomplishments, and agreeable dispositions; they were as grateful for my lessons as if I had known them for years, and merely taught them out of friendship. I became acquainted with Madame Gros, whose merit, and amiable disposition excited my sincere esteem and friendship; I never knew a lady whose conversation was more agreeable and fascinating. Madame Gros has given the Duchess of Bourbon the most disinterested and heroic proofs of attachment during her misfortunes. M. and Madame Gros have an only son, who is worthy by his virtues of belonging to so interesting a family.

At the same period I became acquainted with two persons to whom I am strongly attached, Madame la Marechale Moreau, and Madame Recamier. I had long known the most endearing acts of goodness on the part of both; I shall at

present relate an action of Madame Moreau, that is worthy of being more generally known. During the time I remained at the arsenal, a lady of the name of St. Aulaire, (but who is not of the same family as that with which the Duc de Cazes intermarried,) wrote me to ask my permission to pay me a visit, and to bring her two nieces along with her. Her letter was very polite; I answered it accordingly, and this lady came with her two nieces, whose melancholy story she related to me as follows:—

"These young ladies were born at St. Domingo, and at the time of the revolution, when the negroes were perpetrating their massacres, they were between eleven and twelve years of age, when they were taken with their mother to the public square in a cart, and there, *as a lesson for their youth*, their mother was beheaded, and her head fell into the lap of her eldest daughter; they both swooned away! A charitable negress took them to the black *empress*, who not only had nothing to do with the cruelties that were committed, but who detested them sincerely; the property of the unfortunate children was confiscated; they were orphans, destitute and forlorn; the *empress* took a great interest in their situation, caressed them, treated them with extreme kindness, and took

care of them for more than a year; she then learned that they had relations of some rank in Europe, and resolved on sending them to the United States of North America, thinking that it would be easy for them to find a passage from that country to France. She ordered a very handsome fit-out to be made for each of them, and gave them some very valuable pearls; the value of the whole might amount to fifteen or eighteen thousand francs; this kind and beneficent sovereign of barbarians put them on board a vessel, under the charge of a negro and negress, who were married, and in whom she reposed implicit confidence; their voyage was fortunate, but when they reached Philadelphia, every thing changed its appearance. Those who had charge of the poor orphans took possession of their trousseaux and pearls, dressed them in rags, and reduced them to the rank of servants; as they had nobody to assist them, they resigned themselves to their lot. They were exposed to every sort of indignity, to blows, drudgery of all kinds, and the worst of food; they were in this miserable state for more than eighteen months; they went once a week to market to buy vegetables and fish for their oppressors. They became acquainted with a green-grocer, who was affected by their wretched situa-

tion, and promised to obtain them the protection of a lady, who was occupied solely in doing good, and in assisting the unfortunate; that lady was Madame Moreau. In reality, Madame Moreau became their liberator; she snatched them from the tyrannical hands that oppressed them; but it was not without difficulty; she was exposed to lawsuits and legal persecution, but she was not discouraged; she succeeded in obtaining the liberty of these interesting victims of oppression, took them into her own house, and wrote to France to Madame de St. Aulaire, their aunt, to learn her intentions respecting them. Madame de St. Aulaire, desired them to be sent to her as speedily as possible, and this was done." It was not long after their arrival, when they were brought to see me; at this period they were from fourteen to fifteen years of age. After giving me this authentic statement, with all the particulars, Madame de St. Aulaire told me that she had brought them on purpose to ask me, as a great favour, to write a tale on the subject of their adventures, with the names of her nieces, because that could not fail to obtain them an advantageous establishment in marriage; I endeavoured to show Madame de St. Aulaire, in as polite a way as I could, that young ladies do not obtain an establishment by having their lives

published, how interesting soever they may be, particularly in the form of a novel. Madame de St. Aulaire pressed me to consent, but I remained firm in my own opinion; she left me, and I have never seen her since.*

On her return to France, Madame Moreau received the thanks of Madame de St. Aulaire. It may be well imagined that it was with great pleasure that I yielded to the request of Madame Moreau to pay me a visit. I know many acts of goodness performed by Madame Recamier, that are less extraordinary, but equally affecting; one soon forms acquaintance with persons of such a disposition; I conceived a tender attachment for both of these ladies, which has increased more and more by their friendly attentions, and by many important services which they have rendered

* Yet this singular idea was successful: Madame de St. Aulaire did not give it up; when I refused, she got another person to compose and publish their adventures, which made no noise in society, as the book was limited to a very simple narrative of facts, but which fell into the hands of a wealthy young man of good family, who after reading it, was desirous of seeing the heroines of the story; he became in love with the eldest, and married her. Madame Moreau contributed greatly to bring about this marriage by her care and protection. I did not learn this fact till I met the young lady that was married at the house of Madame Moreau.—(*Note by the Author.*)

me. At this period, both of them gave me further proofs of their kindness; I knew a young lady of fifteen, whose father was in the greatest distress; he applied to me to obtain a situation for his daughter, whom he had brought up, and who was really a prodigy for her age; she was perfectly conversant with Latin and Italian, and consequently, with French grammar; she was pretty well acquainted with history and geography, wrote pretty verses, was acquainted with music, played on the piano, and could draw; her sweetness, modesty, infantine look, and pleasing figure, and above all, her innocence and piety, affected me deeply; I made Madame Recamier interested in her favour, and she supplied the most pressing necessities of her family; as she did not compose well in prose, I gave her lessons three times a-week, during three months, which made her perfect in this department; when she had no longer need of my lessons, we thought only of obtaining a situation for her. Madame Recamier first of all paid her board in a convent; then Madame Moreau obtained for her a most excellent place in the boarding-school of St. Denis, though she was far from being of the age required to perform its duties; she was not quite sixteen. Madame Moreau gave her a *trousseau*, and defrayed all the necessary expenses

upon her entry into that respectable establishment.

At the convent of Carmelites, in an apartment adjoining mine, there resided a lady very celebrated for her intimate connection with M. de Voltaire; this was the Marquise de Villétte, whom M. de Voltaire had established in marriage, and whom he had justly called *the beautiful and the good.* To my great surprize, she wrote me the most polite letter imaginable, to request leave to visit me; but, as I thought our conversation would be very embarrassing, I made use of the pretext of my age and state of health to decline altogether complying with the wish she was pleased to express; she was not discouraged, but wrote me several notes; I gave the same answer; finally, she persisted in her attempt, sent me an invitation to dinner, which I declined, and here our correspondence ended. My numerous occupations and the state of my health were, in fact, the chief causes of my extreme shyness. I knew that Madame de Villette was an example to the whole neighbourhood by her charitable disposition, and that, though a pupil of Voltaire's, she was constant in the performance of her religious duties, and was extremely pious; I also knew that she preserved all the gratitude she owed to the memory

of Voltaire, but I confess that her display of it did not please me; her house was full of busts and portraits of Voltaire, and of *altars*, covered with inscriptions in his praise; hence, I said in sport that she wished to allure me to her house, solely for the purpose of *sacrificing me* on the altar of Voltaire; but in sober truth, I should have made but a sorry figure in such apartments as these.

I ought, in this place, to speak of Lady Morgan. I am delighted at having become acquainted with a person so deservedly celebrated. I confess, however, that she fascinated me by a sort of warmth of heart and good will, that gave infinite value to her praise.

Lady Morgan is not beautiful, but there is something lively and agreeable in her whole person; she is very clever, and seems to have a good heart; it is a pity that, for the sake of popularity, she should have had the mania of meddling with politics. She says gracefully, that her vivacity, and rather springing carriage seemed very strange in Parisian circles, as they offered such a contrast to the manners of French ladies. She adds that, for her own part, the external calmness of Frenchmen gave her great surprize; she soon learned that good taste of itself commands this

kind of demeanour. In fact, gesticulation, and a noisy manner have never been fashionable in France. When people go to the promenade, it is to take a seat. This fact is noticed in Lady Morgan's writings with great talent and correctness. When she came one day to my house, she told me that she had a very interesting lady in her carriage, who was desirous of seeing me; this was Mrs. Paterson, the first wife of Prince Jerome Bonaparte; Lady Morgan pressed me earnestly to receive her, and I consented; I saw a very fine woman, mild, melancholy, and quiet, who was worthy of a better lot.

Madame Recamier was also very constant in paying me visits at this period; every succeeding day increased my attachment to her; she is charming on a slight occasion, and still more charming when intimately known. Notwithstanding all the troubles and misfortunes with which her life has been chequered, there is so much sweetness in her temper, so much calmness in her heart and conscience, that she has preserved nearly all the fairness of her complexion, and all the charming appearance of her early youth. The round of pleasure in which she has lived has rendered her completely unable to apply to serious occupations, which is the more painful in her case, as she is naturally endowed with good talents.

Disgusted with frivolous amusements of every kind, tired of trifling, she now only gives herself up to them through habits of idleness, but she is a proof that it is the most disagreeable situation any one can be placed in who possesses judgment and talents; yet her indolence does not prevent her from showing affectionate attention to two young ladies whom she is bringing up. I was much gratified in assisting her in this object; we agreed that I was to give subjects of composition to these young ladies; that each of them was to write me twice a-week, and that I was to send them back their letters corrected. This was done during six months; both the young ladies were possessed of talents and excellent sentiments, and made rapid improvement from my lessons.

In this convent I spent the whole of that year which certain liberals have called *the period of terror*, although nothing took place but the punishment of a very small number of men who had proved false to their oaths; people were also occasionally pestered with informers and ridiculous examinations, through the fault of those who possessed the confidence of the court, and who performed in a very awkward manner, those sort of secret commissions, which, after all, were not measures of persecution, but which produced

quarrels and ill-will, that diminished the respect that was due to the government; of this I shall give a very singular instance. I was told one morning, that some one wanted to speak to me on the part of the *prevôt* of the department of the Seine; I was much astonished that he should have any thing to say to me, and made the messenger come in; he gave me a note partly printed and partly written, containing a summons to go before the prevôt without delay; my respect for whatever is printed in the name of the government prevented me from making any objections; the bearer of the note said that he had come in a carriage, for the purpose of taking me with him immediately; I hurried a gown on, and followed the stranger, still feeling nothing but surprize and curiosity; I was a little hurt at finding that the carriage was nothing but a hackney coach, but I got in; the stranger ordered the coachman to drive to the house of M. le prevôt, and we set out. As the state of my affairs did not enable me for several months before to keep a servant, I had only a kitchen-maid, and as Alfred was absent, I found myself quite alone, in the power of the stranger, whose countenance I now, for the first time began to examine, and found it at this moment frightful; I then began to reflect, and

repented bitterly for having allowed myself to be taken away in this manner upon the faith of a small scrap of paper; we arrived at the prevôt's house, the appearance of which rather tranquillized me, as it was large and had pillars at the door; but as soon as I entered, I saw that the whole court was full of shops, which told me that the prevôt occupied nothing but an apartment in the house, and that, consequently, he could not be a sort of minister of state, as I had at first imagined. We alighted from the carriage, ascended a staircase, and stopped at a little door on the first floor; my strange guide rang the bell with great violence, when the door was half opened, and an ugly little hump-backed servant appeared; I entered mechanically (for it was with great repugnance) the door closed on me, and I found myself in an antichamber along with the little hump-backed girl, who took me into a large, ugly, wretchedly-furnished room, where she left me alone. As my imagination travels a long way in a very short time, I felt persuaded that I had fallen into a den of robbers, and I had plenty of time to enjoy this agreeable fancy, for I waited more than a quarter of an hour; at last M. le prevôt admitted me into his cabinet, where I saw that I was to undergo an examination; a sort of secretary was seated beside

a desk; the prevôt informed me that this man was about to take down whatever I should say, and he then began to ask me questions of the most singular nature imaginable. He requested, me first of all to recollect all the tapestry I had formerly seen at the Palais Royal, and amongst others, that which represented a king of France with a *red cup*. This question seemed to me so foolish, that I hesitated a moment to answer it; the prevôt, considering my silence to be the embarrassment of a guilty person, told me several times, in the most solemn tone, *that the whole truth must be told;* I then felt a strong inclination to laugh at him, and could no longer reply to him without ridiculing his questions. For instance, I informed him that I was going to relate to him the story of *Daphnis and Chloe*, and assured him that I should compose it so as to form a very pretty tale, which his secretary would write with pleasure, and which he might even get printed. *M. le prevôt* was much offended, and said to me several times, that this *irrelevant* talk would not do; I replied that what I had said was not irrelevant, as the story I was speaking of formed the subject of the tapestry I had formerly seen at the Palais Royal, but that it had been made from the designs of the regent, and that I had never seen any other

kind of tapestry there. He then asked me a great many questions about a game-keeper of *Romainville,* belonging to M. de Valence, and who, he told me, had been using very seditious language. I laughed at this question still more, and *M. le prevôt,* very much dissatisfied, then dismissed me. When I withdrew, I advised him not to bring before his tribunal upon such slight grounds ladies of my age and character. Things of this kind were very frequent this year. This is not a system of terror, but it is supremely ridiculous.

I remained between fourteen and fifteen months in the convent of Carmelites; during my stay, I went to the parlour to pay a visit to the virtuous *superieure,* Madame de Soyecourt; I had seen her in former times at Belle Chasse, where she was for some time a boarder, with the intention of taking the vows there; at that time she had an agreeable figure, a considerable fortune, and was two or three and twenty years of age; notwithstanding the opposition of her relations, and all the allurements of the world, she constantly persevered in her pious call. At Belle Chasse we were separated from the Carmelites only by a small dividing wall; on this of side the garden of our nuns, I had got constructed a pretty hill covered with turf, for the purpose of exercising Made-

moiselle d'Orleans in running up and down it, which proved very advantageous to her health; Mademoiselle de Soyecourt often visited this hill, from which was seen the whole interior of the garden of the Carmelites; a young nun who was walking there made signs of friendship to her, and by this silent means of communication, a great intimacy soon sprung up between them; one day, the young Carmelite stretched her arms out to Mademoiselle de Soyecourt, as if to invite her to come and join her; Mademoiselle de Soyecourt, already deeply affected by what she heard of the holy lives led by the Carmelites, resolved on taking her vows among them, and this she performed, in spite of all the opposition of her family. If I had not got that part of the garden made, which we called the *new grove*, Mademoiselle de Soyecourt would not have climbed the hill which commanded a view of the garden adjoining, and would not have left Belle Chasse for the Carmelite convent. At the revolution, there occurred in France a repetition of what formerly took place at Geneva in the time of Calvin; the philosophers gave all the nuns permission to return into the bosom of society; they declared that they wished to remain in their convents, and they were driven out of them, by being compelled in the name of liberty to break their

vows, and to live contrary to their conscience and inclination. Those who had relations sought shelter with them; those who had none, or who had lost their property by confiscation, and their relations on the scaffold, supported themselves by their manual labour, or by entering into service; many were forced to beg, several were guillotined, and a great number died of chagrin and misery; which was in general the fate of all those who were seventy and eighty years of age. Providence watched over Mademoiselle de Soyecourt, and preserved her virtuous life; but all her family perished on the scaffold. When the confiscations were annulled, her property was restored; and, although the property of her house had been much dilapidated, yet, as it had been very great, and she remained sole heiress, she recovered eighty thousand livres a-year. As convents were abolished, she could not enter into a cloister, but she formed a private establishment without grates, collected together all the nuns of her order that were still surviving, and settled with them in a house in Paris, where they took charge of the education of some young girls. At the restoration, she began to establish her convent anew; but when Bonaparte returned, she escaped from

Paris, and sought shelter in the country with some *sœurs de charité*. On going one morning to offer up her devotions in a chapel, she found a pretty little girl, three years old, and well dressed, seated on the steps of the altar of the holy virgin, where she had fallen asleep; a paper was affixed to her breast, on which these words were written: *I place her under the protection of the holy Virgin.* Mademoiselle de Soyecourt took the child (who has never been claimed) and kept her; she brings her up with great care; she does not intend to influence her to become a nun, but if she feels a call, she will become one; if not, Mademoiselle de Soyecourt will give her a portion and marry her. Acquainted with my great fondness for children, Mademoiselle de Soyecourt sent her several times to me; I gave her some pretty little articles made by Alfred or myself; a small nun's dress had been made for her, in which she was sometimes dressed; she came to see me in this dress; I told her that she looked very well in it, and that she was an interesting little Carmelite, when she instantly pulled up her woollen gown, showed me her little white frock, and said, *Look, I have got my visiting dress here.* Her sparkling and intelligent look, and the lively tone of her voice when she said

these words, made me conclude that she will never become a nun.

The pretty saying of this child reminds me of a very natural one of my cousin, Madame d'Arcamballe, when she was only five years of age. She was one evening in winter, at half past eight o'clock, in her aunt's drawing-room, where there was a great deal of company; when Madame de Bellevau saw that her governess did not come to take her away, she told her to go to the antichamber (where she had no doubt of there being two or three of her servants waiting) and to get herself conducted to her apartment, which was on the second floor; the child left the room, but by a singular chance, there was nobody in the antichamber but a strange servant, who happened to be a negro, and as she had never seen one before, she was greatly terrified at first, but desirous of obeying her aunt, she approached the negro, and said to him with a trembling voice: *Sir, if you would promise not to eat me, I should request you to lead me to my attendant....*

It is extraordinary, that in an age so irreligious as ours, there should have been, even in the most elevated ranks of society, so many remarkable calls to a holy life. Madame Louise, daughter of Louis

XV., in the midst of so much grandeur, had felt from her earliest youth, the desire of becoming a Carmelite, and did not obtain permission to do so till she was thirty-five years of age; for fifteen years before she had secretly practiced at court all the austerities of the profession she wished to embrace. Mademoiselle de Condé, and Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., both of them possessing charming figures, were always models of piety from their infancy. Madame Elizabeth could never obtain permission to become a nun; heaven reserved her for the glory of martyrdom; she perished on the scaffold in 1793.

I had several times the honour of presenting my respects to Mademoiselle de Condé, before the revolution. As soon as she was twenty-five years of age, her household was formed, and every one was charmed by her gracefulness and talent; when I looked at her, I reflected with extreme pleasure that Mademoiselle de Mars, the friend of my youth, had assisted her in her education; she was highly accomplished, was well acquainted with music and composition, was an excellent performer on the piano, sung agreeably, drew well, and wrote very pretty verses. One evening at her house, the company were playing at a game that re-

quired *bouts-rimés* to be filled up; Mademoiselle de Condé received the words, *fantaisie*, *amour*, *folie*, *vautour*, which she filled up in the following manner:

> " Navoir jamais d'amant, telle est ma . . . . . fantaisie,
> Je crains trop les transports du dangereux . amour,
> Et j'évite ce dieu guidé par la . . . . folie,
> Comme l'oiseau timide évite le . . . . vautour."

I do not think that any poet could have filled up those *bouts-rimés* in a more agreeable manner. With all her talents, accomplishments, and powers of fascination, ill-will and envy could never point out the slightest stain upon her character, because her heavenly piety was too well known. At the revolution she sought refuge in Italy, and at Turin became a nun; she found a little orphan girl in the convent she had entered, and she took charge of her education; when she was compelled to escape from Turin, she took the child with her, as she had neither relations nor means of any kind, and this young lady, who is now twenty years of age, still resides with her in the convent of which she is the abbess,* under the name of Madame Louise de Condé; the princess has taught her all her accomplishments. Some months ago, Madame Louise

* This princess was then alive.—*(Note by the Author.)*

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asked her pupil whether she wished to marry or to become a nun, when she replied, that she did not feel a call to engage herself by taking the vows, but that she should always voluntarily prefer a seclusion in which nothing but God was thought of; that she would never marry, because she wished to devote her life to the service of her benefactress, and that she would never leave her; thus she remains in perfect freedom in the convent. She is an excellent performer on the piano, and has a very fine voice, but she never sings anything profane; Madame Louise has composed for her a large volume of hymns, the music of which she has composed as well as the words; she draws, and never employs any but sacred subjects; in a word, her acquirements, as well as those of Madame Louise, are solely devoted to religion.

We even see instances of men displaying this sublime piety; the *Abbé de Janson,* with forty thousand francs a-year, has become a priest at the age of thirty, and leads the life of a saint. The *Duc de Rohan,* of nearly the same age, with a large fortune, a fine person, and one of the most honourable names in the world, has just followed the same example. The Abbé de Janson travelled to Jerusalem in the dress of a pilgrim, solely that he might offer up his devotions at the *holy*

sepulchre. Monsieur,* the Duke and the Duchess of Angoulême offer the court the example and the model of sublime charity, and of the most sincere and perfect piety. A great number of individuals who live in solitude and obscurity, are governed by the same sentiments; let us hope that for the sake of these faithful souls, God, in his mercy, will deign to re-establish moral habits and moral principles in France, and, consequently, peace and happiness.

I should have been perfectly satisfied with my lodging in the Rue de Vaugirard, if I had not been afraid to live there, as the adjoining streets were solitary and dangerous, particularly the Rue d'Assas. Alfred, on coming through it one evening at ten o'clock, on his way home, was attacked by two men; such was his strength and natural courage, that he knocked one of them down, dashed the other against the wall, and then ran off with all speed into our street. The two men pursued, and were on the point of coming up with him when he reached the gate of our court, and rang the bell; the porter opened the door and saw by the reflection of the lamp two men, who, the moment they saw him, turned instantly back to-

* Now Charles X.

wards the Rue d'Assas. A person who lodged in our house, but in a separate pavilion that looked into the street, was attacked by three robbers, who, in the middle of the night, climbed up to his balcony, drove the window in, entered his apartment, robbed it, and left him for dead. He did not die of his wounds. This happened three months before I came to inhabit the house, and it was with horror that I saw this man walking in the grand avenue of acacias in our garden, with his arm in a sling, and a large black bandage round his forehead. Lastly, I found that the walls that separated us from our neighbours were far from being high enough. My little pavilion was situated along the beautiful avenue of acacias I have just mentioned, and formed, with my little garden, a very pleasing walk. There was at the end of this avenue a chapel well known for a most tragical event; at the terrible period of the revolution, eighty-three priests who had sought shelter in it were attacked and put to death by assassins hired by the Jacobins. One of them survived their blows for a long time, by having his breviary concealed in his bosom; the fury of the assassins was such, that they succeeded in piercing the breviary in more than eight or ten places, and reached through the book the heart of the martyr

they wished to murder, and whom they soon deprived of life! After numberless risks and adventures, this book has fallen into the hands of Mademoiselle de Soyecourt, who preserves it like a precious relic; this breviary is every where pierced through with the thrusts of poinards, and every page is stained with blood! Who could read a prayer in it without emotion, and the liveliest fervour of devotion! . . . . . I entered the chapel where this horrible scene occurred; traces of the blood of the victims are still to be seen on the floor and on the walls, and it is not allowed to efface them. There is an annual service performed in the chapel, in honour of the martyrs sacrificed by the sanguinary madness of impiety.

In the avenue of acacias, I became acquainted with the widow of a very celebrated scientific character, M. Duhamel, so well known for his beautiful and curious experiments. It was he who thought of planting a tree upside down, that is, with the top in the ground and the roots in the air; the branches became roots, and the roots became covered with leaves. The widow of M. Duhamel was eighty-six years of age; she lived in the same house as I did, and went every morning to sit on a bench at the end of the avenue; she took a liking to me from seeing me walking

alone. One day, without saying a word, she made me a sign with her hand, for me to come and sit down, in the way one does in calling a lap-dog, by tapping gently on the bench beside her; this singular manner pleased me; I did as she desired me, and we entered into conversation; she was mild and good-humoured, and excited my interest; I never failed to go daily and sit down beside her, and I even paid her several visits in her own apartment. She related to me several interesting particulars of her husband, of whom she preserved a very tender recollection.

I left the Rue de Vaugirard to join Casimir and his family at Ecouen; there I wrote the *Dictionary of Etiquette*. After that work, I published a volume entitled *Eugene et Antoine*, or *Poetic Travels;* I intended it merely as the commencement of an important work which I have wished to write for more than thirty years, and which I have promised in several of my works by the title of *Les Refutations*. My intention was to make it an examination of all the principles of the philosophers, and in the following shape; I told the history of a very intelligent young man, whose passions had made him adopt these principles; he was fond of this false philosophy, and had never read any works but those that maintained it;

but the natural reflections of his own mind gave him a profound contempt for the writers who had propagated it, because he admitted that it was dangerous to publish, and because he considered, and with justice, that these authors have neither displayed wit nor talent in maintaining its principles; and in this he was perfectly correct, for Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot are less than *mediocre* when they write impieties; considering them merely as sophists, they are wretched in their reasonings, and disgusting in their obscenities.

I supposed that this young man had a friend of his own age, perfectly enlightened and virtuous, to whom he wrote during his travels, and whom he informed of his principles by letter. The young infidel, friendly to false philosophy and hostile to the philosophers, wishes to prove by quotations that they had very badly supported their cause; after giving a passage from their works, it is his constant practice to present the argument in a more specious and seductive manner; and this letter is triumphantly refuted by the virtuous friend—a matter which could never have given me any embarrassment, as reason and truth triumph easily over error; and thus I was holding up to scorn both the principles and the talents of the

pretended philosophers. It is pretty generally admitted that their principles are abominable, but a very erroneous opinion prevails concerning the talents they have shown on this subject. On other subjects they have written well, but, and I say it again, whatever they have said against religion is equally absurd in its reasonings, and in its calumnious misrepresentations. My religious hero first of all shows his friend what he is as yet ignorant of, that the whole of this impious edifice is founded upon old lies repeated under a new form; and then all the while admitting that his friend is a more ingenious sophist, he refutes all his arguments, and, as may be well imagined, ends by converting him from his errors. I had prepared the whole of this in my *Poetic Travels*, by introducing into them, under the name of *Auguste*, a young man fascinated by false philosophy. But I have always found some difficulty occur to prevent me following out my own intentions, chiefly by my imagination presenting to me too many ideas at once;—and I have never been able to write this work, because it would require me to read over a great many works anew, and require a great deal of time and careful reflection; if I do not live long enough to write it, I am

desirous that my idea may not be lost;—I know several persons who are more qualified than I am to write this useful work.*

I was highly gratified at Ecouen, by seeing Casimir universally beloved for his kind disposition, his charity, and the constant attentions which he paid to the sick poor. We spent the whole of the following winter in the Rue de Fauburg-Saint-Honoré, where I was extremely busy, and arranged the final plan of the *Parvenus;* I received very little company, but was often visited by the Duchess of Bourbon, Madame Moreau, and Madame Recamier; the Queen of Sweden, whose kindness to me has been invariable, honoured me with several visits. One evening that we were conversing in a very animated manner, the only light I had burning went out, and we were left in total obscurity; I wished to get up to find the bell-pull, but the queen hearing me stirring, said with a quiet and sweet tone of voice, that suits her admirably: *We do not require any lamp to converse, besides, we should be interrupted*

* I am endeavouring to do something towards it in the *Correspondence of two Young Friends,* in the journal *l'Intrepide,* which, if collected at some future time, is to form a continuation of my *Poetic Travels.*—(*Note by the Author.*)

—let us remain as we are. I obeyed, and we tranquilly recommenced our conversation, which lasted an hour and a half longer; I did not ring the bell till it was necessary to light the queen, when she was about to depart.

At this time several persons who were well informed of the fact, and who had spent several months at Coppet, with Madame de Staël, related to me a great number of particulars concerning the mode of life led there. The following is a curious circumstance; the company assembled every evening round a large round table, on which were placed as many inkstands and sheets of paper as there were persons present; profound silence was preserved, and instead of conversing, they occupied themselves in writing; every one chose his *correspondent*, and the notes and answers were thrown across the table to each other, but never read aloud. It may be permitted to believe without forming a rash judgment, that this mysterious table was the scene of many a declaration of love, which, very probably, were nothing but marks of gallantry that were openly invited by such a practice. I promised Madame Recamier to write her life, of which, I have in fact, formed an *historical* tale, rather long, but as I think

very interesting, and I gave it to her in my own handwriting, and I have kept no sort of copy of it whatever.

The greater part of the persons that visited me at this time asked me to give them a party on the anniversary of my birth, (the 25th of January,) and I agreed. At this party, Casimir played on the harp, and in such a manner and with such distinguished success as are worthy of particular notice. A short time before this, I had written the tale of *Zuma, or the Discovery of Peruvian Bark.* This tale is full of theatrical situations and dramatic scenes. Casimir undertook to play a sketch of the story on his harp, and to express all the principal scenes of action as they occurred; in fact, he composed a real *pantomime for the ear*, for no other name can be given to this extraordinary species of composition, of which he was the inventor. At my assembly he asked the company if they had read the tale of *Zuma;* every one knew as much of it as was necessary to understand the music; he then said he was going to perform it, and he did so in such an admirable manner that, in the pathetic passages he affected the company to tears, and praise thus springing from the heart cannot be suspected of flattery or exaggeration. The Duchess of Bourbon honoured this assembly

with her company; Madame de Choiseul and Madame Recamier were likewise present.

During this winter I renewed my intimacy with a person most worthy in all respects, and with whom I had been intimately connected in England, although he was then extremely young; this was Lord Bristol; he was residing at Paris, with the whole of his family, consisting of his charming lady and nine children. Time passed unperceived in our interviews, for I know no individual whose conversation is more agreeable or more instructive. I refused at this time to receive all those foreigners who wanted to visit me, with whom I had no intimacy in former periods, with the exception of the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Bristol's sister, a lady eminently distinguished, (as well as her brother,) for her talents and dispositions.* At the request of the Duke, and Mademoiselle d'Orleans, I also received a visit from His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester; I had several long conversations with this prince, whose sentiments were highly delightful to me; as he is at the head of several hospitals, I asked him, as a great favour, to think of establishing one that is every where wanted, and he gave me his promise; this was

* This interesting lady died in Italy, in the course of the present year, (1824.)—(*Note by the Author.*)

an hospital for ricketty and hump-backed children, because there exist infallible means of curing these deformities. One of the best modes of curing hump-backed children, is one that I discovered, which is to make them draw up a weight fixed to a pulley, precisely in the way that water is drawn up from a well. I have mentioned these exercises in the *Lessons of a Governess.** During the same interview, I also took the liberty of asking his Royal Highness several questions concerning our princes, particularly concerning *Monsieur*. He informed me in reply, that he had never had any intimate connexion with that prince, but that he had had opportunities of ascertaining *that his word was always inviolable*, and that when he had promised any thing, nothing in the world could make him fail to perform it; these were the identical words of the Duke of Gloucester. Finally, I also saw during this winter, a charming foreign lady, of whom I shall preserve the recollection so long as I live; this

* When I went to Belle Chasse, I remembered that I had heard in my youth, that *a scullion* is never hump-backed, on account of her being constantly employed in drawing water from a well, the position and exercise being sufficient to preserve her from becoming deformed, or to cure her if she were so before.—(*Note by the Author.*)

was a Polish lady, named the Countess of Zaleska; she gave me for my *garland* a pretty *bouquet* of pansies, painted by her own hand.

I sent Alfred to Brussels, where his acquirements, and the protection of his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange have obtained for him an honourable situation, and promise him happiness for the future. Anatole, my grandson, has rendered him the most important services, with all the kindness and cordiality for which he is distinguished.

I passed two summers at the château de Villers, with Rosamonde, my grand-daughter, wife of General Gérard. I met there with a lady very remarkable on her own account, and who was peculiarly so to me, by the recollections she brought to my mind; this was Madame de Berenger, daughter of my old friend, the Countess of Lannoy; she has chosen a second husband, worthy of her by his talents and religious principles. At Villers I also became acquainted with the Marquis de Livron,* one of the most obliging men I

* The Marquis de Livron had entered the Neapolitan service, and had attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, when the events of 1815 occurred. After his return to France, it was not till after long delay that his rank was recognised; after which he went to Egypt, along with General Boyer.—*(Note by the Editor.)*

ever knew, with the soundest judgment, and the most agreeable manner in private company. At Villers, I heard M. de Norvins read some fragments of a poem he had written,* and with which I was highly delighted. The author is very pleasing, and there never existed a poet, who is farther distant than he is from pretensions in company, or the slightest particle of pedantry. Finally, there I again met M. de Pontécoulant, who is both very unaffected, and very original, a rare junction of qualities; he is the person whose singular mode of travelling is alluded to in *Petrarque*. The following is the portrait I have given of M. de Pontécoulant, under the name of *Socrates*:—

"Towards the end of this winter, Petrarch received a visit which, far from troubling his solitude, increased its charms. The friend, who was dear to him as Lelius, and to whom he had given

* This poem, so remarkable for its profound ideas, majestic style, and splendid versification, has been published since; it is entitled, *L'Immortalité de l'Ame, òu les Quatre Ages Religieux.* M. de Norvins has distinguished himself as a literary character by several other works; the most eminent is his *Tableau de la Revolution Française*.—(*Editor.*)

[This author is the principal writer of the voluminous and caustic *Biographie des Contemporains*, for writing an article in which Messrs. Jay and Jouy were imprisoned.]

the name of Socrates, came and passed a month with him; this young man, passionately fond of the arts, and enriched by having succeeded to considerable property, determined to devote the first moments of liberty, which his increase of fortune procured him, to make the tour of Italy. Petrarch was astonished at seeing him arrive, according to his old custom, with his dog, alone, and on foot, his whole baggage consisting of an umbrella, and a small knapsack containing three shirts: 'What! my dear Socrates,' said Petrarch to him, 'you are now wealthy, and you do not give up the habits which poverty had forced you to adopt?'—'Yes,' said Socrates, 'because these habits will preserve advantages that riches cannot bestow, health, strength of body, and independence of mind. Fortune is inconstant, I love to defy its caprices; if it take from me what it has just now bestowed, I shall again find the means, without difficulty, of living independent of its favours.'—'But of what use will your wealth then be?'—'To assist the unfortunate, to serve my friends, receive them at my home, to obtain for them in my house all the comforts they can desire, and lastly, to cultivate the fine arts, and to protect talents in obscurity or misfortune.'—'You will have, therefore, a fine house, a number of

servants and horses?'—'Certainly, but without ostentation, merely for the sake of others. For myself, I shall carefully preserve, as long as I live, the simplicity to which I am happily accustomed. I shall enjoy the happiness, of being able at every moment, and in every situation, to be sufficient for my own wants, not to be dependent on any servant, and to do gaily without good shelter, good cheer, a bed of down, a carriage, and all the superfluities, called necessaries, by effeminacy. I shall ennoble my past poverty, by despising all those who have slighted me, and shall strengthen by exercise all the faculties I have received from nature. Thus I am going alone on foot, with my dog and my umbrella, to perform the tour of all Italy; I shall spend money only in the towns, in charity, and in purchasing pictures and statues. In this way I shall double the fortune that has fallen to me, I shall enjoy it with constant satisfaction, for it will not be able to render me effeminate; and if I lose it, I shall feel no regret.' Petrarch admired this species of philosophy, and found that his friend was well worthy of the honourable name he had given him.

"This contempt of luxury is so uncommon, and possesses such moral influence, that it may not be useless for my readers to know that the habits

attributed to Petrarch's friend, are not the offspring of imagination; and that there exists at this moment, a peer of France, who, inheriting from his ancestors a considerable fortune, that was spared by the revolution, has always been distinguished for the sentiments and mode of acting that have now been described."

The first time I went to Villers, I remained five months, and during that time wrote the *Parvenus*, of which I had fully sketched out the plan before; of all my works, it is the one, I believe, that best describes the habits of the revolution, and which offers the greatest number of interesting, natural, and varied characters.

The following winter we still resided in the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, and there I renewed my intimacy with an old friend, Madame de St. Julien, whom I had formerly seen at Ferney, at the house of M. de Voltaire; she was my neighbour, as she resided in the *Champs Elysées;* she is ninety-two years of age, and has preserved all her physical and mental powers; she is not deaf, is upright, and walks as if she were only twenty years of age, and has the capacity, memory, and liveliness that distinguished her youth. She came to see me several times; her conversation is delightful; she gracefully reproached me *for having*

spoken ill of her patron, but she was not the less agreeable towards me; she is the most astonishing old lady I ever saw in my life.* Lastly, during this same winter, I was much pleased with a person I met with at the house of Madame de St. Julien, where Casimir read a comedy, in five acts, he had written, but which he never intended for the theatre, though it is charming, and written with superior talent; he has read it several times before company, by whom it has been universally admired. This evening there were about thirty persons at the house of Madame de St. Julien, amongst whom was the young Comte Astolphe de Custine, nephew of M. de Sabran, and grandson of the old friend of my youth, Madame de Custine. His pleasing figure, his demeanour, and a short conversation I had with him, after the reading of the comedy, gave me a high opinion of him, which his subsequent conduct has fully confirmed. He came to see me some days afterwards, and we had a long conversation together; he spoke to me with a confidence that deeply

* Since this was written, the decease of Madame de St. Julien, has taken place; she preserved all her recollection, asked for and took the sacraments with the most exemplary piety.—(*Note by the Author.*)

affected me; he seemed to be renewing his acquaintance with an old friend, and to be giving me an account of every thing that had happened to him during an absence of several years. With admirable sentiments, and distinguished talents, he has something wild and unsettled in his disposition; his imagination requires a guide; he has chosen me to be that guide, though he had already two, whose excellent counsels will always be dear to him, an affectionate and enlightened mother, and a tutor, still young, full of merit, who has become his best friend. He wished me to aid these two persons in settling his ideas, studies, and plans; I conceived for him a strong friendship; as I was on the eve of setting out for the country, we promised to write to each other regularly, and we kept our word.

Before I took my second journey to Villers, I endeavoured to put in execution a grand idea I had long formed in my mind; a very little time before the Russian campaign, in my correspondence with the emperor, I had proposed to him, as I have already fully stated, to get expurgated editions of several philosophical works published; a still more useful idea occurred to me, which was to do the same service to the *Encyclopédie*, that

heavy mass, and monstrous collection of all the *philosophical* errors; I shall mention this subject again in the sequel.

I had the pleasure of finding all my children assembled at Villers, with the exception of my dear Anatole; some differences about property had taken place between him and M. de Valence, which have caused, and still cause me a great deal of anxiety. From the very first, I made every effort to bring about a reconciliation. On my first arrival at Villers, I wrote to my grandson a very strong and pressing letter on the subject, reminding him that I had told him before this of all these things; I gave the letter open to General Gerard, whom I had found very moderate on this as on all other subjects; he distinctly admitted, that Anatole had very just claims; the general was delighted with my letter, sealed it himself, and gave it to his friend, General Livron, who was going to Brussels. Anatole replied to me in a most satisfactory manner, and I can truly assert, that if this business has not been settled, it has not been either from his fault or mine.

I had not seen my three great-grandchildren since they were in their cradles, and it was delightful to me on seeing them again, to find them

pretty, lovely, well brought up, walking, running, and talking. Pulcherie, the eldest daughter, is eight years of age; Antonine is seven; and Inés, five. I composed a romance in several stanzas, and a pretty long piece of poetry for Cyrus, Madame Gerard's son; I am unable to give them here, as I kept no copy, and Madame Gerard has lost hers. On the child's birthday, I had myself accompanied the romance with my harp, a very remarkable undertaking at my age. Madame de Berenger, who was present at the fête, burst into tears when she heard the verses and my harp. I wrote a great many more small pieces of verse, connected with family incidents, amongst them a romance for the birthday of Rosamonde; I also wrote verses, which I sent to Brussels, for the fête of M. de Celles, and wrote some for my grandson. I proposed to my daughter and General Gerard, to write for my grand-children a little treatise on *Botany, for the amusement of children.* I offered to write the descriptions, in the form of pretty dialogues, and to paint some of the flowers, the remainder of which were to be painted by my grand-daughter and her mother; when I reached Villers, I mentioned the proposal in all its details. About thirty plants only were required, and I said that the descriptions would form a volume; I

described the particulars of my notion, which is certainly amusing; I added, that it was a subject of gratification to me, to compose this work solely for my family, and that I would never print it; the matter was agreed upon, and I gave Rosamonde the first plant I had made, which was the *Baguenaudier*, but here the matter ended, for I was never spoken to about it afterwards. As I never give up an idea that seems pleasing to me, I shall attempt to give this little treatise *on botany* the best way I can, with the assistance of some other persons, in drawing the plants, and may, perhaps, publish it some day.* I likewise offered to write several *inscriptions* for the park of Villers, amongst the rest, for a little tomb that indicates nothing at all. But after all, a taste for the arts and literature is only a matter of accomplishment, to which in the course of my life I have perhaps attached too much value; accomplishments and the graces have had too much influence over my mind. My grand-daughters are distinguished for whatever is really worthy of praise, an irreproachable conduct, the practice of every virtue and every duty, and what ought to gladden a mother's

* I have published this little work since then, under the title of *Jeux Champêtres*, and have dedicated it to his Royal Highness the Duke of Chartres.—(*Note by the Author.*)

heart still more is, that these admirable qualities are united to great judgment and talent; at any rate, they are not destitute of that taste for the arts, which always distinguishes persons of a good mental constitution; they have not that exquisite perception of sense, which lead to eminent acquirements in music, but they love to hear music, and possess very distinguished skill in drawing and painting; Madame de Celles has besides a natural talent for architecture; the old chateau of Skiplacken has been rebuilt according to the plans she gave, and made a charming residence, while in her superintendence of the works, she displayed extraordinary management and intelligence. Rosamonde, constantly busy in making pictures and charming works, has shown the same judgment in a large farm which she has established, and she is deservedly adored at Villers, by her ingenious and unfailing charity to the poor, the aged, children, and the sick; yet I am so childish as to be sorry in my own mind, that they are not passionately fond of music nor of poetry. I offered to teach Rosamonde the rules of versification, not to make a poet of her, but to teach an acquirement necessary to every one who is well educated, and without which we cannot judge or speak even tolerably of poetry, or even read it to

others; my proposal was not accepted, and I mentioned it no more. These are things that wound maternal vanity; but there are good reasons of consolation, when all the important wishes of a mother have in other respects been realized; Rosamond, as well as her sister, may be offered to every young lady as a model of every virtue.

I wrote a great deal at Villers during this last summer; I took with me about sixty pages of *Petrarque*, and finished that work, all but the preface, which I wrote at *Carlepont*, and dated from that place, at the pressing request of my niece, who held it to be a matter of great importance; besides this, I wrote at Villers about *four hundred verses* of my *Saints et Saintes*, and also an *Essay upon the Arts*, which I wrote in a bound volume, ornamented with designs, that was intended for Alfred, and that I since gave him.

During nearly a year I was deprived of one great source of relaxation. I had no harp, for I had given mine to Alfred, that he might have two, because in a country where none are to be got, that number is requisite for an artist, in case any accident should happen to one of them. He sent me a little harp he had made, and which I had invented, the size of a fan, made merely on purpose to exercise the fingers, and I played some

passages on it every day; this was not very amusing, but as soon as my circumstances allowed me to buy a harp, I lost no time in playing as formerly, for I have always thought it senseless to lose voluntarily what has required a great deal of trouble to learn. I remained at Villers three months and a half and thence went to see my niece Henriette, at the château de Carlepont, where I remained two months and a few days. Casimir settled at *Mantes* with all his family, for the purpose of living in a retired situation that well suited his religious sentiments. At Mantes time rolls on with him as happily as it can do in this world; he devotes it to God, to the poor, prisoners, and labour. His virtuous wife participates in his sentiments and mode of life. They had the misfortune last year of losing a little boy who was an angel of beauty, and whom they have most bitterly regretted. Casimir has two daughters, the eldest of whom, Valerie, is a charming child, whose godmother I am. He has also a young lady in his house, Eliza, his wife's niece, very pious and innocent, with talents and a pleasing disposition, that add greatly to the comforts of his home.

At Carlepont I did not write much, but did scarcely any thing but read, think, reflect, and converse. My niece read to me a great many

parts of a private journal she had made of all that had happened to her, and every thing interesting she had seen, for the last fifteen years; nothing could be written with more talent and simplicity. This journal is altogether charming. Her three daughters have been educated in the most religious manner, and they are very pleasing by their innocence, their purity, and goodness of heart. Their charity towards the poor is admirable; their greatest pleasure has always consisted in assisting the poor of the village, and in attending upon the sick. They are all three of a pleasing figure and brilliant complexion; I have always observed the same to be the case with the *sœurs grises*, which seems to prove that the atmosphere of fevers and disease is never contagious for Christian charity. My niece and her three daughters spend whole hours every day in the cottages, shut up with the sick and the dying, and not only is their health not impaired, but the whole four have, as I have already stated, the utmost healthiness of look and complexion. During my stay at Carlepont, I gave lessons daily to the two eldest daughters on the rules of versification, which they learned in perfection. It was the only thing I had not taught Henriette, as she had no inclination to learn it; but what is singular is, that she resolved to learn

it now along with her daughters, and succeeded so well that she wrote very beautiful verses; her two daughters likewise composed well. Emma, the eldest, performed a very affecting action seven or eight months ago; while sitting with her sister Mathilde beside a stove, her sister's clothes took fire; without running off for assistance, Emma threw herself on her to extinguish the flames, and succeeded, but only after burning her hands in such a shocking manner that she was ill for six weeks in consequence, and during eight days it was thought she would lose the use of them altogether; as long as she lives her hands will retain the honourable marks of this action; she saved her sister from being burned in the slightest degree.

Carlepont is a charming situation, by the salubrity of the air, the beautiful prospects round it, the extent of its gardens, the beauties of the château, and the delightful nature of the environs; my niece is adored, and is worthy of it by her unbounded charity. The more M. de Finguerlin is known, the more he is esteemed; I had never seen much of him hitherto, and was delighted with him during my residence here; his sentiments are elevated, and his company mild and interesting. I am fond of conversation when it is

free and agreeable, and in this respect I found great satisfaction at Carlepont; I there spent delightful evenings which I shall not easily forget. I met with a young man of distinguished merit, a Swiss, named M. de Zollikoffer, who has always lived in retirement, yet one would judge by his tact, the charms of his conversation, his language and manners, that he had spent his life in the very best company; without any private fortune, he became director of a woollen manufactory, established at Carlepont by M. de Finguerlin; he is very clever and extremely well informed, and far from looking down upon the occupations of the workmen, he participates in their toils during the greatest part of the day with an assiduity, activity, and intelligence I could not sufficiently admire, when I heard him conversing so sensibly on every subject in the evening, and fancied him busy in the manufactory, animating the workmen by his example, or sitting upon a waggon in the dress of a mechanic driving bags of wool.

I cannot leave Carlepont without noticing a real miracle that took place there. There is nothing to be said concerning facts that no one can possibly deny; I shall state the circumstances without comment: a country girl, about twenty years of age, called Seraphine, had lost the use of her

leg and thigh for five years; she could only walk on crutches, and required besides a person to support her back, as it had become so weak that she could not stand up without assistance; every remedy had been tried in vain, and my niece had brought from Senlis, and even from Paris, all sorts of physicians, who had all declared her incurable; at length she said that she was certain of being cured if she could be taken to *Notre-Dame* de Liesse, fifteen leagues from Carlepont: my niece paid the expences of her journey, and she was put into a cart along with her sister to hold her up, while her father drove the cart; when they reached the end of their journey, she raised a cry of joy on seeing the steeple of Notre-Dame de Liesse, and said that she felt her leg recovering its animation; in short, she came down from the cart *by herself*, took her crutches in her hand, and ran with them to the church, where she offered them up at the altar. On the day that she returned to Carlepont, my niece was at dinner with M. de Finguerlin, Admiral Sercey, her uncle, and his family, when the tocsin was heard all at once; the whole village was in an uproar, for Seraphine was seen coming forward and running to the church; nothing can picture the enthusiasm of the villagers, of my niece, and her daughters, at

seeing this miraculous interposition; next day the priest sung *Te Deum* as a thanksgiving, people from all the surrounding villages assembled, and the priest's confessional was crowded with penitents; he had the consolation of seeing within his confessional men who, perverted by the revolution, had never come near it for more than thirty years. When I arrived at Carlepont, I saw with great interest this young woman (who had been cured for nine months) walking and running in the park. These are facts that are undeniable; infidels have nothing to say in reply but that *she was cured by the force of imagination.*

At Carlepont I reflected deeply upon the state of religion in France: there certainly exists a strong advance towards religious feelings, but there is also a powerful conspiracy against it; in general the journals that are called liberal, repeat anew all the attacks on this subject that were made by the philosophers of the last age; they have neither their talents nor their learning, but they preserve their impiety entire; irreligion has no pillars, but it has *pillories;* it would not be difficult to overthrow them, but the plan adopted is defective; the royalist journals very often contain excellent things that are spoiled by personal scurrility. I have laid out the plan of a journal I

intend to write,* and besides I wish to publish a part of the revised editions which I had proposed to the emperor to print, without giving up my intention relative to the *Encyclopedié;* I am talking of numerous plans and long labours, but if God thinks them fit, in spite of my age, he will give me the time, the means, and the strength to put them in execution.

I never lost sight of the intention I had so long formed of entering into a convent at Paris, but I could find no apartment empty; I hoped to obtain one in a few months, and resolved while at Carlepont to spend in the interval a month or six weeks at Paris to arrange my affairs, and then to enter a convent if I found an opporrtunity, or to go to Mantes and pass the winter.

* This I have done. I had mentioned my intention to seven or eight persons, who, with the best intentions promised to aid me gratuitously, but who could not fulfil their promise from various avocations, so that I was all at once forced to undertake the whole labour myself; but it would not do, I was obliged to give it up, at the very moment it was most successful. Besides this, I ascertained afterwards that no journal, however agreeable it may be, can be permanently successful unless it be published daily: it must become a morning habit for every subscriber. The articles I have written in this journal will be collected amongst my miscellaneous works. I trust that they will not be found either ordinary or tiresome.—*(Note by the Author.)*

Petrarque appeared towards the close of my stay at Carlepont; none of my works have been more successful with the public and in private society. The journals, both liberal and royalist, according to their usual custom, either did not notice it at all, or mentioned it very spitefully, in a very brief manner, and without quoting any part of it; yet those that noticed it (amongst the rest the *Journal des Debats* is an article written by M. Hoffman) whatever their party was, all agreed in saying that I had attained in this work *the highest perfection of style;* this opinion required surely some quotations to be given, but not one was inserted. The writers of the liberal journals are hostile towards me, because I love religion, and am making incessant attacks against pretended philosophers. Petty envy and trifling literary quarrels, old and new, my independence of mind, and the aversion I have always felt from engaging myself in the trammels of party, have also made the royalist journals display constant ill will towards me. They support the cause of religion, and it is astonishing that they should have omitted to notice a work so religious as *Petrarch,* and which has produced so strong a sensation, while they are continually praising works of little or no merit whatever; such are the

marks of injustice I have been constantly exposed to during the whole course of my long literary career; I have had neither *eulogists* nor *defenders;* on the contrary, all parties have at every period been combined against me, and I have been obliged to endure besides a great many private attacks of ill-will and envy; among the persons that loved me, not one single individual has had the courage to take up a pen in my defence. I can truly say, that as an author, I have reason to complain of every one, except the public. This singular phrase is a faithful epitome of my literary life; and I ought to be more grateful for the continued favour of the public, that I am indebted for it to my works alone. I can bear this testimony in my own favour, that I have never written but with a moral and religious end in view, that I have never written a single criticism against my conscience, and that I have never spoken severely but of what I thought pernicious or dangerous. I believe that I am the only author among us, who, after writing so much, and during such a length of time, has never been inconsistent with himself. I am also the first author who conceived the idea of always presenting religious instruction in a dramatic and romantic form. During the period in which I have lived, it was impossible to produce

any effect upon men of the world by books of *morals* or *treatises on morality;* argument, even had it been of the most profound and conclusive nature, would not have produced such a strong impression against false philosophy as the reasoning of my novels and romances; there are assuredly no arguments that can demonstrate the horrible consequences of philosophical principles so well, as the scene (which has been so much noticed) that I have placed in the *Parvenus*, in which my hero, after having been present for the first time at a horrible sitting of the Jacobin club, maintains to his friend that he found them *very moderate*, because, as disciples of the philosophers, they are infinitely more moderate than their masters, which he proves by a great number of quotations that are enough to make one shudder, and that are so undeniable that the modern disciples of Voltaire, Diderot, and Helvetius have never complained of the criticism. Finally, I believe that no literary character has more fully or correctly described the manners of the eighteenth century, and those of the present age; has given a juster idea of the habits of the court, and that of the people in the first ranks of society; or presented more varied and better supported characters.

As to my influence, I firmly believe that it has

been useful to religion, and that by a particular favour of providence, my feeble hand has struck some formidable blows against false philosophy: I flatter myself with having exercised a fortunate influence upon public and private education, more particularly in the study of modern languages, which I rendered fashionable, the use of games and amusements, the exercises of children and youth, of which I gave the first notions in my *Lessons of a Governess*. The public are also indebted to me for the total abolition of the fairy tales that formed part of the works allowed to be read by children and young people growing up to maturity. The tale that is contained in the *Veillées du Château*, and which I entitled (forty years ago) *the magic of art and nature*, has shown that the true *marvellous* which is to be found in the works of the Creator infinitely surpasses all the inventions of the wildest imagination; and this tale has also inspired youth in general with a taste for the most beautiful and most attractive of all sciences, that of natural history, a science in which the most useful, as well as the most brilliant discoveries are founded, and consequently all the magical influence of the fine arts, and even of the arts of common life. In a word, I think I have successfully attacked bad taste of every species,

and in literature, more particularly, affectation, redundancy, neologism, and bombast.

I left Carlepont on the last day of November 1819; as M. de Valence had offered me numberless invitations to reside with him within the last eighteen months, I sought hospitality from him, which he granted with every possible degree of kindness; one reason that determined me to take this step, was the hope of being able to prevent a law-suit between him and my grandson. I had no intention of remaining more than ten or twelve days, but as the business was not making much progress, I staid a much longer time, and settled nothing after all.

At the beginning of the year 1820, the Countess de Choiseul (by birth Princess of Beaufremont) sent me the most ingenious and delightful present I ever received in my life; it was a gilt writing-desk of bronze, of magnificent workmanship, and bearing a little time-piece surmounted by a bronze figure seated and holding *a gold book*, in which were engraved these words *Works of Genlis, Petrarch and Laura.* When the lid is lifted up, is seen a most splendid and most beautiful writing-desk, at the foot of which these pretty verses are inscribed:

La douce utilité d'une telle lecture,
Ainsi que ce cadran qu'elle semble hâter,
Suivra le cours des temps, et d'une gloire pure
Marquera les progrès, sans jamais s'arrêter.

The beautiful form, the fine proportions, the good taste of the ornaments, and the charms and utility of the invention, render this present truly unique, and the ingenious kindness that invented it for me gives it inestimable value in my eyes; I sent her the following lines on the subject:

Dans le tracas du nouvel an,
Je rêve en paix devant mon écritoire,
Les yeux fixés sur mon joli cadran;
Ce don si précieux retrace à ma mémoire
Tout ce qui peut charmer mon esprit et mon cœur;
De la marche du temps la redoutable image
Ne m'offre qu'un cercle enchanteur,
Sans effroi, je songe à mon âge:
La jeunesse est dans le bonheur!
Ah! sur mes derniers jours quel est donc votre empire,
Mes travaux maintenant me paraîtront si doux!
Je ne puis compter l'heure et je ne puis écrire,
Sans désormais penser à vous.

It was also Madame de Choiseul who gave me in the course of the following year a remarkable *fire-screen*, the short history of which I shall give in this place. She had asked me to give her a

hand fire-screen of my own making; I found in an old book what is called the *magic square,* forming the number *fifteen* in every direction; I made the numbers in gold, and surrounded them by crowns of flowers; I adorned the whole with a garland, and on the opposite side of the screen I wrote the following lines:

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

Quinze est un nombre que je hais,
Et cette aversion ne changera jamais;
Ce quarré savant et magique
N'offre rien à l'esprit qui lui plaise, ou le pique.
Il faut convenir qu'à *quinze* ans
On est communément jolie;
Mais toujours la fin du printemps
En est la plus belle partie.
A vingt-cinq ans on aime mieux:
C'est l'âge brillant de la vie,
Lorsqu'il n'est pas trop orageux.

Sur un grand tapis vert, sur une table ronde,
Les cartes attirant et tout fixant tout le monde,
Quinze peut quelquefois paraître un nombre heureux ;
Mais cependant la fortune inhumaine
Rend le *quinze* un jeu désastreux :
Ce nombre encore alors n'excite que ma haine.
D'un quinze-vingt que le sort est affreux !
Souvent dans la vieillesse, hélas ! on doit s'attendre
A ce destin si rigoureux,
Et qui seroit pour moi doublement malheureux ;
J'aime à vous regarder ainsi qu'à vous entendre.
Vous le savez, mon plaisir le plus doux
Est de vous voir chaque semaine :*
Jugez de mon chagrin, figurez-vous ma peine,
Quand je vous donne un rendez-vous,
D'être remise à la *quinzaine !*

After receiving this screen, Madame de Choiseul gave me one, which her kindness made too flattering, but which is so ingenious that I ought to mention it here out of vanity for her ; one side contained the *magic square* and my verses, surrounded by a garland of ever-greens and oak leaves, bearing gall-nuts, with which ink is made ; the other side bore the reply, (which will be seen presently,) surrounded by a garland of small laurel crowns that were *forty* in number, in each crown was written in small letters the titles of one or

* Tous les demanches, au soir.

more of my works, so that the fifty crowns contained the catalogue of them all.

The reply was as follows :

Ce nombre quinze, qui des ans
Est l'époque la plus jolie,
N'est pas non plus l'un des instans
Que je préfère dans ma vie ;
Bien avant je vous admirois
Et c'est aimer quand l'âme est pure ;
Depuis, vous voyant de plus prés,
J'ai reconnu que la nature
S'étoit, en vous formant, pour ne rien oublier,
Soumise à beaucoup plus qu'à trois fois *quintupler*
Les grâces, les droits qu'elle donne,
Et que rarement on pardonne ;
Car, pour mieux vous servir, elle aura morcelés
Ces beaux esprits, peut-être, en un corps rassemblés,
Qu'aprés un triple quinze on comte :
Mais comme vraiment j'aurois honte
D'oser exagérer où tout est vérité,
C'est bien exactement le *tiers de quinze* ôté,
Mille talens divers sont joints à ce génie,
Qui nourrit la jeunesse et consume l'envie ;
Ah ! qu'il est malheureux celui qu'elle poursuit,
Qui, jaloux du plaisir auquel il est réduit,
Repoussant la raison, craignant son assistance,
Vous hait, pour échapper à la reconnoissance !
Oui, plus à plaindre encor qu'un pauvre *quinze-vingt*,
Qui du moins sent, bénit la main qui le soutient,
Il endurcit son cœur, il ferme son oreille !
Que je sais mieux jouir ! heureuse dès la vielle,

Quand accourant chez vous, ainsi qu'il m'est permis,
 Ce jour heureux de la semaine,
Attendu, désiré, hélas! parfois remis
 A l'interminable *quinzaine*.
Qu'avec orgueil je sais que vous daignez compter,
Qu'il m'est plus doux encor de vous voir redouter:
Enfin, bien installée à la place chérie,
De vos soins indulgens, enchantée, enhardie.
 Est-on plus heureuse a *quinzeans?*
 Non, les attraits les plus puissans
Ne pourroient procurer ces heures fortunées,
 Et cet entier obli du temps,
 Qui charment nos longues soirées;
Mais un regret les suit, puisqu'il faut les finir,
On s'arrache, on revient, on se sent retenir;
Je l'éprouve toujours; alors que l'on m'appelle,
Qu'on m'a dit *quinze* fois, dont en vain j'ai frémi:
Partez donc, il est tard, laissez reposer celle
Dont l'esprit seul n'aura jamais dormi.

At the commencement of this year I was very happy in seeing once more Astolphe de Custine; our friendship increased during our separation; he wrote me very charming letters, containing fine verses of his own composition on various subjects, but chiefly religious. I feel a strong interest in the happiness of this young man from the name he bears, from his noble sentiments, the liveliness of his imagination, and the extent and originalty of his understanding. He sent me a charming *blank*

book of recollections, (souvenirs,) the two first pages of which contain a pretty landscape, and some verses of his own that allude to confidential communications which he made to me. The verses are as follows :—

L'amour affronte la tempête,
Et l'insensé, dans son orgueil,
Malgré l'orage qui s'apprête,
Veut encore braver l'écueil.

Crains le doux penchant qui t'entraîne,
Amour, fuis un espoir trompeur ;
Cède à l'amitié qui t'enchaîne,
Pour te rendre le vrai bonheur.

L'amitié, passion du sage,
Résiste au temps qui nous détruit:
C'est un abri pendant l'orage,
C'est un flambeau pendant la nuit.

Elle attend le cœur, qui s'égare :
Corrigeant, mais avec douceur,
Sa main bienfaisante répare
Et les fautes et le malheur.

As I still persevered in my intention of publishing corrected editions, with critical notes, of the *Emile* of Rousseau, the *Siecle de Louis XIV.* and the *Siecle de Louis XV.* of Voltaire, I was ardently occupied in

putting my design in execution since I returned from the country, and had at this period completed my revisal of the *Emile*. That work, which contains so much dangerous sophistry and so many impious passages, mingled with some lofty praises of religion, that work, I say, has corrupted an infinite number of inexperienced fathers and directors of education. More than thirty-five years had elapsed since I had read it; I had forgotten it altogether, and was greatly astonished when I read it again; the experience I had acquired made its extravagance and inconsistency inexcusable in my eyes; it is in every sense a very bad work, is in general badly written, with the exception of a very small number of passages; the style is negligent, incorrect, and diffuse; and in short I do not know a more tiresome book. I have expunged from it every thing that is contrary to religion and morality; and in the notes I continually attack the innumerable inconsistencies it contains, and the system of extravagance and folly he plans out for his chimerical pupil; the work would never have made a noise, had it not been extravagant. But this extravagance, as I have said in another work, thirty-six years ago, was not without design; to great talent Rousseau added profound cunning; he knew and adopted the unfailing

means of obtaining universal success in his own time. Thomas, the academician had put redundancy of style in fashion, and Rousseau carried it to a still greater length, and made it altogether ridiculous in *Emile*, particularly in *the declarations of love of the innocent and modest Sophie;* and the common run of young men call that *elevation* of style, *warmth* of feeling, and *energy* of mind; he showed himself enthusiastic respecting women, and they almost all took him under their protection; religious people pardoned his scepticism and real impiety for the sake of some religious passages they were proud to show. Rousseau would not decidedly join with the philosophical party, because he could not bend to a leader, and because, in his own conscience, he sincerely despised the disgusting cynicism, and the impudence of their dogmatical assertions; but yet, he observed great precautions towards the sect, for independent of the impious passages he wrote, he gave his hero incurable atheism when he held him up as the best, most honourable, and most virtuous of mankind! . . . . . Such is M. de Volmar in the *Nouvelle Heloïse!* yet the same Rousseau has said over and over again in others of his works, that the atheist who should maintain that he could not, if he had it in his power, commit *the most atrocious crimes*

for the smallest object of his desires, would be a *liar!** . . . . . The same Rousseau has also said: *Keep your soul in such a state that you may be desirous of religion proving true, and you will never doubt it.* It was in this way that he pleased every one, and that every party tolerated his boundless inconsistency without complaint. As to the genius he is allowed to have, he has not more than the rest of the infidels; all the best parts of *Emile* are taken servilely from Montaigne and Balzac;† and genius cannot possibly be shown in contact with such innumerable inconsistences, and consequently with the total incapacity of forming a good plan, while the same author has written novels, all equally destitute of imagination and of ingenious and original ideas.

Casimir came to see me twice at the commencement of my stay with M. de Valence in the Rue Pigale. His conduct at Mantes is superior to the utmost of my desires; but it was not from him that I learned the particulars of it. No one can

* Rousseau has stolen from Richardson, in copying the characters of Julie and Claire, from Clarissa and Miss Howe. It is true, however, that in making them his own, he has entirely spoiled their beauty.—(*Note by the Author.*)

† In one of my latest works I have given the whole of this passage.—(*Note by the Author.*)

have a greater aversion to boast of his good actions; and if his diversified occupations did not prevent him reading these memoirs, and if, at any rate I had not ordered that not a word of my writing should be omitted, I am very certain that he would expunge from it almost every thing that relates to himself. I only learned the particulars of his conduct at Mantes from the Duchess of Bourbon, who received her information from a friend of hers residing in that place, (the Countess de la Saumez.) The Duchess of Bourbon felt great interest in Casimir's fortunes, and asked that lady for information respecting him; the answer she received seemed to her so remarkable that she was sure it would afford me pleasure, and sent it to me; the letter contained long details of the exemplary conduct of Casimir and his wife and all that he had done for some criminals, condemned to death; and the courage and humanity he displayed in a fire that took place. After this occurrence, Casimir came twice from Mantes to Paris, and never said a word to me about the matter. As I am bound to respect his modesty, I shall say nothing more on the subject, but merely add that such examples are more particularly useful and praise-worthy in early life.

Notwithstanding my varied labours and occupa-

tions, I found an opportunity of writing a small private work, which I wrote with my own hand, in a book bound in morocco, and ornamented with designs and illustrations of my own. This manuscript consists of one hundred pages in a very small hand, and would form about three hundred duodecimo pages in print; it is entitled, *Essay on the Fine Arts.* I believe that it contains some original ideas, particularly respecting instrumental music; I wrote it off-hand, and kept no copy. The cause of my writing this work was as follows:—A servant girl had broken the fine harp that Alfred had taken with him, and he had sent it to Paris to be mended by M. Errard; I wrote to him that I would pay the repairs and all other expences, when his letter of thanks was so feelingly grateful, that I resolved on making him a very fine present of the same kind, by buying a superb demi-toned harp of the new improvement of Errard, on which every possible kind of modulation can be performed as on the piano. A harp of this kind costs a hundred louis, and as I had them not, I formed the idea of writing the book I have just mentioned, and of offering it to Errard in payment, who accepted it without difficulty; but as Madame de Choiseul thought I could obtain a larger sum for Alfred's advantage, she conceived the idea of proposing it

to the Comte de Sommariva, the well known munificent and enlightened amateur; to make sure of my proposal being accepted, I thought of adding to the book a *picturesque catalogue* of his fine collection of paintings. With her usual affection towards me, Madame de Choiseul engaged to arrange the business for me, through the intermedium of the Marquise de Grollier, a friend of M. de Sommariva, who wrote to him in Italy to make my proposal. I waited for his answer, which was extremely favourable, and I then sent to Alfred the old harp well repaired, and a beautiful semitoned new one, so that as I had formerly given my own harp up to him, he had now three of the first quality, free of every expense. I was very happy in sending him this present, knowing that by his application, and his genius for mechanics, he had acquired skill enough, in a very short time, to make all the most complicated inventions of Errard.

Anatole de Montesquiou had already shown me a great many pretty fables, and in the course of this year he astonished me by reading to me some fragments of a tragedy he had just finished, entitled *Vanda, Queen of Poland.* There is really a great deal of beauty in this piece, and I anticipate with lively satisfaction, the well merited celebrity

that the young author will undoubtedly acquire; my strong friendship for him will make me feel deeply every success he may obtain.

At this period, Madame de Choiseul took me to see Madame Lebrun, whose delightful works I highly admired; I knew that she was about to make a painting of St. Geneviève for a church, and was very anxious that I should give her the verses I had written concerning that saint, which are not to be found in the *Almanack des Saints*, which I published this year; I gave them to her, with the addition of an envoi addressed to her. The verses on St. Geneviève, and the envoi, were as follow:—

SAINTE GENEVIÈVE.

Prier Dieu, garder ses troupeaux,
Filer, rêver, contempler la nature,
Se reposer sur la verdure
Avec sa croix et ses fuseaux:
Tels furent ses plaisirs, tels furent ses travaux!
Innocente et simple bergère,
A l'abri des méchans que ton sort fut heureux!
Combien doit t'envier, à son heure dernière,
Le mondain, ou l'ambitieux!

ENVOI A Mme LEBRUN.

J'ai parlé de ses mœurs, j'ai parlé de sa vie:
Mais pour la peindre il faudroit vos couleurs,

Et de vos pinceaux enchanteurs
La douce et brillante magie;
Ma main n'a pu tracer qu'un dessip imparfait,
Et vous nous offrirez un ravissant portrait.

A few days afterwards, I learned the execrable crime, that deprived France of a prince worthy of being beloved, and the fine arts of a generous protector; his death was sublime! The magnanimity, affecting sensibility, the piety, and unostentatious courage he displayed in his last moments, cannot be inspired, unless by the purest sentiments of religion, which developes and ennobles at this trying moment, every elevated sentiment; for, as one of our most eloquent orators has said, "Great souls seemed formed for religion." This horrid event, and all the circumstances that accompanied it, gave me such a shock, produced such emotion and horror in my mind, that my health was sensibly impaired; General Valence, my children, my pupils, and my friends, all participated in my feelings on this subject, and during more than a fortnight, we could speak of nothing else; every thing we heard increased our regret, our profound sorrow, and our admiration for the august widow of the unfortunate prince. Consternation was general among the lower classes, and indeed in every class; innumerable instances

of goodness, hitherto unknown, were discovered, as well as the most affecting actions of the unfortunate prince; his funeral oration was thus composed of facts and interesting anecdotes, that were in the mouth of every one, and to which eloquence could add nothing; the tears and groans of the crowds of poor that surrounded the Elisée-Bourbon, were more eloquent than the addresses of the greatest orators could have been.

The celebrated Dupuytren, and the other surgeons who opened the body, said, that so far as regarded the *anatomical* effects, it was impossible he could survive the mortal stroke he had received for more than a few minutes. Yet he survived six hours and a half, with his recollection and presence of mind entire, till the very last moment. It was a miracle of divine grace. M. Dupuytren, who has seen an infinite deal of suffering and death, never observed any thing so striking and so sublime, and was so much affected by it, that from that moment his piety has been equally lively and sincere. I was informed of this fact, by a person who sees him almost daily. On this occasion, the Duchess of Berry displayed a sensibility and an elevation of mind, that gained her every heart. The grief of the whole of the royal family was very affecting.

Mademoiselle d'Orleans, whom I had the honour of seeing a few days after this horrible catastrophe, was very deeply affected by it, as well as the Duke of Orleans; they both related to me numberless interesting circumstances of the death and sublime sentiments of the Duke of Berry; his piety was that of a saint, his courage, that of a hero. The ladies of the duchess, who were collected at the fatal moment, were in their court dresses, as they had just left a ball, and covered with flowers and spangles; in these dresses they surrounded the bed of the dying prince, and the white gown of the duchess, adonred with roses, was steeped with blood; and even the princesses had their clothes bespattered. Immediately adjoining this scene of horror, the opera was going on all the while; in the small saloon to which the unfortunate prince was first of all conveyed, when a door was opened for the admission of air, the orchestra and the singing were heard distinctly.

M. de Chateaubriand had the kindness to send me a pamphlet he had made very rapidly after the death of the Duc de Berri. This interesting writing will always remain a valuable document, by the facts it contains, and by the talent and pure principles and intentions, which have already distinguished all the former works of the same

writer; at the time of its publication, I reproached him only with having omitted an admirable occurrence, that took place in the life of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angoulême.*

M. Dupuytren likewise wrote an excellent account of that tragical event, which is highly honourable to his super-eminent skill, his talents, his heart, and even to his literary acquirements, but it has not been published. With the most attentive politeness, M. Dupuytren was so good as to send me two copies of it.

In the course of this year, the poems of M. de

* This incident is of too sublime a character to be omitted here: the Abbé Edgeworth, the virtuous confessor of Louis XVI., after assisting with admirable zeal, some French republican prisoners, in their dying moments, caught the contagious disease with which they were attacked. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angoulême, who was on the spot, asked and obtained permission from the duke to go immediately to attend upon the worthy ecclesiastic, who had risked his life in giving our august and unfortunate king the last consolations of religion; it required great piety and strength of mind not to refuse such a request, but his Royal Highness did not hesitate a moment. Notwithstanding the imminent danger she was exposed to of catching a contagious and mortal disease, the duchess hastened at once to the Abbé Edgeworth, and attended him with all the assiduity and affection that could be inspired by a piety at once angelic and filial. The abbé died, but the duchess preserved her health unimpaired.—(*Note by the Author.*)

Lamartine were published. * That young man was only twenty-six years of age; his conduct is as amiable as his talents are distinguished: he is the grandson of Madame Desrois, formerly under

* Virgil and Racine are, perhaps, the only two poets whose works have not displayed those inequalities, those defective passages, and, if I may so express myself, those indications of fatigue, that seem to show that genius requires repose and tranquillity. "Where I find a great many beauties," says Horace, "I am not offended with some defects." The poetry of M. de Lamartine gives me this happy indifference. In his letter to M. Casimir Delavigne, there is doubtless something that requires correction, but I have forgotten it, while the following verses remain engraved on my memory :—

D'un ton plus familier, d'une voix plus touchante,
Je voulois te parler et voilà que je chante.
Ainsi quand sur les bords du lac qui m'est sacré,
Séduit par la douceur de son flot azuré,
Ouvrant, d'un doigt distrait, l'anneau qui la captive,
J'abandonne ma barque à l'onde qui dérive,
Je ne veux que raser, dans mon timide cours,
De ses golfes rians les flexibles contours,
Et sous le vert rideau des saules du bocage,
Glisser en dérobant quelques fleurs au rivage,
Mais du vent qui s'élève un soufle inaperçu
Badine avec ma voile et l'enfle à mon insu ;
Le flot silencieux, sur la liquide plaine,
Pousse insensiblement la barque qui m'entraîne.
L'onde fuit, le jour tombe ; et, réveillé trop tard,
Je vois le bord lointain fuir devant mon regard.

(*Note by the Editor.*)

governess of my pupils, who were only placed under her care in their infancy.* The old Countess de Rochambeau was their governess; and Madame Desrois was exposed to a great many troubles under her command. She came to relate her chagrin to me, which I was always so fortunate as to remove, by mentioning the subject of it to the Duchess of Chartres. At that time Madame Desrois showed the liveliest gratitude towards me; and I have done nothing since that could have changed her goodwill; private reasons of dissatisfaction have not prevented my feeling strong interest in the fortunes of her grandson. I had even the honour to speak to Mademoiselle D'Orleans concerning him, and to mention that it was worthy of her to protect him by every means in her power: that amiable and feeling princess had already made several efforts to obtain him a place in an embassy.†

* The princes only were put under her care, as Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her twin sister were not a year old when they were put into my hands according to my express desire, though the constant practice hitherto was not to give the princesses a governess till they were fourteen or fifteen years of age.—(*Note by the Author.*)

† M. de Lamartine was afterwards attached to the embassy at Naples; and has been very recently appointed secretary of embassy at Florence.—(*Editor.*)

As to the poetry of M. de Lamartine—it displays wit, talent, fine versification, and religious sentiments; but the subject of his *Meditations* is common and trivial, for we hear of nothing but the regret produced by the death of an *adored mistress;* the regrets of Young, (in his *Night Thoughts,*) for the death of his daughter, are more natural and affecting! Besides this, M. de Lamartine does not belong to a good school; and we find in his *Meditations* too many ambitious verses and improper phrases. It would be desirable that a young man who has shown such happy inclinations, and a soul so full of sensibility, should consider of more importance two things, that are necessary to secure the permanent fame of literary works; correctness of language and perspicuity. In the fine verses of M. de Lamartine, there are unfortunately a great many incorrect expressions, such as this, for instance: *Des pas rêveurs (dreaming steps);* and there is one of his *Meditations,* that is complete in itself, and which is nothing but a horrid blasphemy against Providence: the impious allegations it contains, are triumphantly refuted in the following *Meditation;* but he should have placed the refutation beside the blasphemy, and not in a separate piece of poetry. I am well persuaded that my praise

will not make my critical remarks be forgiven; for they will prove more disagreeable to the author of these beautiful *Meditations*, because they cannot be attributed to ill-will, or be satisfactorily answered.

M. de Lamartine has often read his poems in private company; and the things I condemn have never failed to receive applause, for this always happens in company where obscurity of style, and often the most glaring incorrectness of language are taken for the sublime. This reminds me of what I have already said concerning M. de La Harpe, which I shall once more notice. That author read his *Mélanie* in all companies, and excited universal enthusiasm by the very worst passages it contains, which the ladies recited with delight. While mentioning some nuns, who seclude themselves for ever in a cloister, he says, at the moment of their entry—

"La tombe se referme, et l'on y meurt long-temps."

If he had said that a long agony is suffered, the thought would have been too common to strike any one; but, *they are long dying*, seemed an original expression, because no one had ever been so extravagantly absurd as to say that death, which is but a moment, is of *long duration;* yet the verse

was reckoned admirable. Such were the opinions of society since the publication of the *Eloges* of Thomas, so beautiful in some respects, but often so bombastic, and for that very reason so much eulogised and admired at the time. Complaints were made of neologism and bombast, a few years after the death of Louis XIV; and Fontenelle and Lamothe were justly attacked for this defect. In a very curious old work, entitled *Dictionnaire Neologique*, printed in 1728, I find the following verses, that are equally applicable to the present day:

"Toute langue aujourd'hui devient énigmatique;
On entend peu le grec, assez peu le latin:
Je crains pour le français un semblable destin;
A force de chercher quelque chose qui pique,
Du nouveau, du brillant, ou bien du gracieux,
On donne dans l'obscur, le faux, le précieux:
Et souvent l'orateur, plus souvent le poëte,
Dans son propre pays a besoin d'interprète,
Qui puisse expliquer au lecteur
Ce qu'a voulu dire l'auteur."

Anatole de Montesquiou published a pretty little collection of his poems, and in the copy he sent me wrote the following lines:

"J'ai vu, dans vos écrits charmans,
"Que l'art de vivre heureux est le secret du sage;
"Je leur dois ma raison, mes goûts, mes sentimens:
"Mon cœur vous devoit cet hommage."

Several months before this period I had finished my corrected editions of *Emile*, the *Age of Louis XIV.*, and the *Abridgment of the Age of Louis XV.* by Voltaire. I wished merely to purge these works of their irreligious passages, and to make them fit for the perusal of young directors of education, and young men entering the world without being exposed to have their judgment, heart, and understanding corrupted by the impudent falsehoods, the sophistry, and the impiety they contain: in these revised editions I have not inserted a single phrase of my own in the text, and have taken good care not to expunge their glaring inconsistencies and falsehoods, which can do no harm. I clearly foresaw the renewed animosity that these editions would rouse up against me; but I believed I was performing a useful and religious action, and with this conviction, nothing can discourage me. I likewise made some notes to an admirable work, in a thick octavo volume, containing more than six hundred pages, which had fallen into oblivion for fifty years before. The philosophers crushed it at its birth, and never noticed it in their writings, because they felt its superiority. I had never heard of it myself, and even when I wrote my work on religion, it was the Chevalier d'Harmensen, so well known for his learning and

talent, that made it known to me, and brought me a copy: the book is entitled *Catechisme Philosophique, où Recueil d'Observations propres à defendre la Religion Chretienne contre ses ennemis*, by the Abbé Flexier de Reval.

I intend, with the permission of God, to add the following works to my revised editions:—*Charles XII.* and *Peter the Great*, of Voltaire; the *Essay on the Manners of Nations*, by the same; and the *Political and Philosophical History of the European Settlements in the East and West Indies*, by the Abbé Raynal. I began my task of revision by the *Essay on the Manners of Nations;* but after reading it, I found the work so disagreeable, poor, and heavy from beginning to end, and so full of errors, blunders, and falsehoods, that I gave up for ever the idea of purging it. I thought justly that such a detestable work could never be reprinted unless in a complete edition of the author's works; and that at any rate, no bookseller or speculator would be so mad as to offer it to the public anew. I have not yet had time to write notes to *Charles XII.* and *Peter the Great;* the first of these works is pleasant to read, though the style is often very careless, and the book contains so many contradictory statements, so much incorrectness and falsehood, that

it is in general much more of a romance than a history. As to *Peter the Great*, the partisans even of Voltaire admit that it is a failure; yet no subject could be more happy, for the hero was without a parallel; he was in politics and literature what the great Corneille was in our legislation: the fortunate founder of an immense empire, he secured its glory and prosperity, by rescuing it from barbarism; a wonderful legislator, who gave laws to nations hitherto uncontrolled; he enlightened the minds of his people, plunged in thick darkness; he made industry rise out of the bosom of idleness, and knew at one and the same moment how to teach, to fight, to conquer and to reign. In Voltaire's history, there is neither characteristic features, greatness of soul, pleasing descriptions, nor in fact any thing that it ought to have contained. This work still remains to be written, and every respectable writer may undertake it without the least presumption.

I finished my revision of the Abbé Raynal's history, before the *Journal des Debats* had called upon men of letters to undertake that great and useful work; I have executed it with all the attention and deliberation in my power; I have added an immense number of notes, which I have had time to read over again, and to reflect upon,

and with which I confess that I feel satisfied. I have not published this work; but I will recur to it more fully in the sequel of these memoirs.

During this winter, my *Essay on the Fine Arts* was read at the house of Madame de Grollier, in presence of thirty persons, from the manuscript which M. de Sommariva left in the hands of Madame de Grollier, till he should return to Paris. This work was greatly admired; it was read by M. de Vimeux, who is considered to be an accomplished reader. What is peculiar to this work, is that I not only wrote but one copy, but never made any correction, as I wrote it in a bound blank book; to return the confidence of M. de Sommariva, I could have wished that it had been a masterpiece of talent.

I went with Madame de Choiseul, to pay a visit to Madame de Grollier. It is very afflicting to me that such a charming lady, with such eminent acquirements, should be blind; she is the only painter of flowers, without exception, who has been able to display in her works, talents, feeling, and fancy; there is always an ingenious idea in her paintings; of this I shall give but one instance. There is a very large picture in her drawing-room, done by herself, and representing an eruption of Vesuvius in the distance; several

houses and lofty pillars are seen overthrown by the earthquake, and the destructive torrents of burning lava; and on the fore-ground of the picture, is seen a fine vase of brittle porcelain, softly reclining on the grass unbroken, and the beautiful flowers it held, scattered, but still preserving all their brilliancy and colour. There is something philosophical in this idea, which strikes one at the very first glance; it is a lively image of the great storms of life, and of the revolutions of empires, which commonly overthrow whatever is most elevated.

An accidental circumstance gave rise to a singular notion on the subject of flowers, from which I formed a tale; I had a large vase on my mantel-piece, of violet coloured chrystal, given me by Madame de Chevreuse, and which was full of white roses; some of the roses fell upon the mantel-piece, by the side of the vase, and the light shining upon them through the crystal vase, they seemed of a most beautiful purple colour, and formed a fine contrast with the white roses that remained. Madame de Grollier came to see me the same day, when I told her what I had observed; she was delighted with it, and promised to make a painting of the subject; but, unfortunately, she became blind before she finished the sketch. The

following was the manner in which I composed my tale on the same subject. An historical painter has an only daughter, who is asked in marriage by a flower painter; but as he wishes his son-in-law to be a man of fancy, and wishes to put him to the proof, he proposes to him to make a painting, in which all the flowers are to be white, and yet the half of them are to be of a beautiful colour—red, yellow, or purple; and this, he tells him, can be very easily done. The flower painter cannot guess the enigma, and is in despair; the young lady by whom he is beloved, goes to perform a *neuvaine* (nine days' devotion) for the accomplishment of her marriage, in an old Gothic chapel, the windows of which are of painted glass; she takes a vase full of white flowers, which she places on the altar, and begins to pray; at this moment her lover arrives, and casting his eyes towards the altar, he sees part of the flowers coloured by the reflection of the painted glass; he exclaims that his prayers have been heard; he executes the painting, and marries the young lady. I did not publish this tale till long afterwards; it is not included among my other tales, but is placed at the end of the work entitled *Historical and Literary Botany*. At the house of Madame de Grollier, I again saw M. Briffaut with great

pleasure; I always feel interest in the persons I have formerly loved. The same evening I received a letter from the Duke of Gloucester, which I have kept as a valuable token of remembrance.

I also received a letter from Dresden from that young and charming Polish lady, the Countess de Zaleska, whom I have already mentioned; she sent me a most exquisite miniature representing the virgin and the infant Jesus, taken from one of the finest paintings of the gallery of Dresden, and which I sent to Casimir immediately.

Madame de Choiseul made me acquainted with the Vicomte de Saint-Priest, son of a former ambassador in Turkey; I had often seen his father at the house of Madame de Gourgues, in my youth, and held him in great respect, because he had passed several years at Constantinople; his conversation was pleasing and instructive; I feel great interest in his son's fortunes, from his talents and mildness of disposition, his taste for the arts, and the singular adventures he has met with;* his life is a scene of romance. He has married a Russian lady, and conducts himself the education of his children with the greatest success; his son, who

* I shall notice this subject more fully in the sequel.—*(Note by the Author.)*

was then but a boy, already gave promise of talents which he has since fully realized.

During the course of this winter I often saw the Marquise de Montcalm: she had asked me for a few lines of my writing, and I took her some *reflections on hope* which I had written expressly for her; I wrote them in an extremely fine hand, on a small piece of paper not larger than my finger. This lady, so interesting by her misfortunes, by her conduct, talents, and disposition, is still young, but always ill and languishing, unable to walk, and constantly reclining upon a sofa; her pious resignation has become such a deep rooted and natural feeling that it seems quite easy to her; she has a fine face and an affectionate look that goes at once to the heart; one would think that M. de La Harpe wished to describe the expression of her eyes in his lines on melancholy, when he says:—

Son regard triste et doux implore la pitié!

But her language does not ask for pity; she never speaks of her sufferings, but is always ready to feel for those of others; there is a remarkable quietness in her whole demeanour that forms a singular contrast with her position: this quietness is never insipid, for it is always combined

with sensibility; it is the peace of a good heart, and not the indifference of selfishness; her understanding is sound and discriminating! her conversation is always mild, pleasing, and instructive. I one day saw at her house her brother, the Duke of Richelieu, whom I had never met with; I was delighted with his conversation, which I found simple, natural, and agreeable; I never saw any one with a look at once so mild and so animated; I felt profound admiration for the founder of Odessa, for the individual who acted with so much dignity during the emigration.*

When I reflect on the numberless enemies I have brought down upon my head, I am truly astonished that I am not more intimidated; some hate me on account of old literary disputes, in which I was so *imprudent* as to be always in the right; others, because they will not allow any one to defend religion, or to refuse to bow down and worship Voltaire. I have all the philosophists and their disciples against me; all the *romantic* literati; all the swarm of writers that cannot write; all the women of gallantry who have a natural aversion to sound morality; all those who to talents and good principles add a great deal of

* M. de Richelieu was alive when this was written.—*(Note by the Author.)*

vanity and ambition; all these are excessively tired of the *obstinacy* of an old woman, of the indulgent feeling of the public towards her, and of the success she has constantly obtained in her efforts to support the cause of which they wish to be the only noted defenders; they think it very shameful that a woman should in this branch divide the prize with them. Finally, I have certain *ultras* for my enemies who think one cannot be fond of monarchical principles without loving despotism, *lettres de cachet*, the old rights of the chase, slavery, &c.—things I have always detested.

I have also incurred the hatred of all those whose principles have changed with circumstances, and the number of these is very great, for I believe that I am the only writer who has published works during a period of fifty years, and has always displayed the same principles, shown the same belief, and professed the same opinions, before and after the revolution, during that event, in foreign countries and in France. It is difficult at seventy-four years of age* to hold out against so many enemies and so many parties, particularly for a person who has neither establishment nor

* And still more so on the verge of eighty, which I am at the present day.—(*Note by the Author.*)

fortune, and who has only a very small number of friends who are incapable of intrigue; I have chosen them as a consolation to my heart, not to increase my reputation. To support with serenity so much hostility and injustice, requires, undoubtedly, at my age, a courage more than *human*, and this has been granted to me; I am naturally timid, susceptible, and weak, but when I reflect upon these divine words: *He who has only the Most High for his support shall receive constant marks of the protection of the God of heaven;* I feel that I shall possess the strength to persevere, to triumph, and to close my literary career with honour.

During this winter I did a thing I could not have done for any one but Madame de Choiseul; I went to what at the present day is called *a soirée*, but it was at her own house; I remained till two o'clock in the morning. The party was very pleasant, and very agreeable conversation supplied the place of play and music; I saw for the first time within thirty-five years, Madame de Matignon; she has lost her brilliant complexion, but retained her amiable disposition; she is the grandmother of Madame de Beaufremont, who was married to Théodore de Beaufremont, Madame de Choiseul's nephew; this lady, who is delightful from her

personal beauty and grace, was present along with her husband, who is a most agreeable young man.

At the house of Madame de Choiseul I also saw the Baroness Dubourg, whom I had never met before, but whose talents and pleasing manners I had often heard mentioned with admiration. The good Duc de la Vauguyon was to have been present, but he was unwell; he had been bled with twenty-five leeches that morning. He was desirous of seeing me again, and I should have been delighted at renewing my acquaintance with him, for I had not seen him since my journey to Holland, forty-five years before. I performed this journey along with the Duchess of Orleans and the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe. M. de la Vauguyon was then the French ambassador at the Hague. He was particularly attentive to me, and said so much to the stadtholder in my praise, that when we went to court, he paid attention to none but me; M. de la Vauguyon had spoken highly of my ability in recitation, and the prince, who knew innumerable passages of French poetry, wished to make me acquainted with his own skill. He selected me to play at whist with him, and during the game he recited the part of Orosmane, while I did that of Zaïre; during this time the princesses

played at a round table along with the Princess of Orange, and the rest of the court; but our recitation disturbed them a good deal, though we spoke in a low tone. At supper, the prince made me sit beside him; M. de la Vauguyon had told him that I had never eaten *birds' nests*, an Indian dish, very rare and costly. They are the nests of a species of swallow called *salangane*; a dish of them was placed before me, and the prince made me eat nearly the whole, which I found delicious. The Princess of Orange had a majestic figure, was affable and intelligent: instead of ladies, she had only *maids of honour*, who were all, at this period, remarkably ugly.

I was very much *in fashion* during the last winter (1820), but I had neither the will nor the power of replying to all the friendly invitations that were sent to me. The works I was reprinting took up as much time and labour as would have fully occupied ten ordinary writers, for nobody is industrious at the present day. The immense labour I had engaged to perform rather fatigued me, because I was incessantly interrupted by the arrival of numberless notes that required an answer; by the visits I received, and which were increasing daily; by the enormous length of time we spent at dinner, and by the time I was forced

to devote to M. de Valence; but with perseverance and active habits, all things can be accomplished at last.

I learned from undoubted authority, that the Duchess of Berri, and even the late duke, had condescended to show the desire of seeing me; it would have been easy for me to have taken advantage of this good will, which, in spite of my wild shyness, would have given me great satisfaction; but if I had enjoyed the honour of sometimes seeing the Duchess of Berri, I should have been supposed, notwithstanding my advanced age, to be actuated by ambitious views, which I was altogether incapable of forming when I was no more than thirty. Hence to avoid being exposed to new reports, I was forced to renounce the happiness of seeing and hearing that heroine of sensibility, courage and unparalleled misfortune.

To return to the Rue Pigale, I ought to mention that I always found M. de Valence extremely moderate in his political principles; he was sincerely desirous of internal peace, and the maintenance of the existing institutions; but his acquaintances consisted in general of none but men who were then called *liberals*, while mine were of those called *ultras*. In the midst of all this, I lived without dispute, because I never

spoke concerning politics, and nobody ever said a word to me on the subject. Among the persons who visited at the house of M. de Valence, I particularly remarked M. de Lacépède, a man of a mild and excellent disposition, who was never blamed for any thing, while he enjoyed a high situation, but for being *too polite*, a very novel and honourable reproach for a man in place: this politeness springs from a benevolent and generous heart; when he was *grand chancellor* of the legion of honour he gave large sums out of his own pocket as pensions to the unfortunate officers of the legion, and made them believe that it was granted by the government; lastly, he is a man of great learning and modesty, and what is a further passport to my favour, he is passionately fond of music, and composes with great ability.

M. de Flaugergues is witty, quiet, and moderate. The Comte de Segur, known by his varied accomplishments, is very agreeable and lively in company. M. Lemaire, the great Latin scholar, so far from displaying the pedantry common to learned men who enjoy great reputation, is simple, unaffected, and delightfully gay. As to his opinions on public affairs, I know nothing of them, for he never speaks about politics, which is a proof of an excellent understanding.

M. Villemain, who has written nothing but works of an abstruse nature, and in a severe style, displays a vivacity that forms an agreeable contrast with his profound and philosophical mind. By a singular and romantic chance, and by a confidential communication which he could not properly refrain from giving me afterwards, I had an opportunity of ascertaining that no one can possess a more feeling or disinterested heart. A discovery of this kind will always delight me, when it relates to a man whose talents are worthy of admiration. I shall say no more; I have promised to keep the affecting circumstances of this incident secret.

In the house of M. de Valence, I often dined along with the Duke of Bassano, and being several times seated beside him, we talked a great deal together, and I was highly pleased with his conversation. He followed Napoleon in all his campaigns, and seized every opportunity of seeing whatever was curious and interesting in the countries he traversed; while he followed Napoleon as a minister and a courtier, he sought for instruction as if he had been a man of letters, or an enthusiastic friend of the arts. He describes with great correctness and discrimination all that he has seen; he knows how to give his descriptions

peculiar charms, and we feel satisfied that they are perfectly authentic.

Admiral Truquet was also one of the company that met at the house of M. de Valence; I never had any connexion or private conversation with him; I only know that he is generally esteemed; but I was naturally interested in his young and amiable wife, Madame Truquet. Before she knew me personally, she felt a great affection for me, from reading my works, and from our very first interview, she showed her good will towards me with graceful simplicity and ease. She had already one child, and the affectionate attentions I saw her bestowing upon her little babe added to the lively attachment I felt for her.

During this winter, I met once more with an old emigrant acquaintance, M. Dampmartin, known by several excellent historical works; his conduct in Prussia was very noble and generous; I have already mentioned it; we were delighted with seeing each other again. I do not know any individual whose company is more soothing and agreeable; and this is high praise, when we speak of a man who might so justly display pretensions to wit and talent, that is to say, the unfortunate desire of shining in conversation.

I still resided in the house of M. de Valence, when the work of M. Garat concerning M. Suard was published; it was long since I had read such a singular work; the style, instead of being that of an academician who had more than once shown talent is at almost every page full of incorrectness, blunders, affected and high sounding phrases, which might be easily proved, if necessary, by a vast number of instances; and in this melancholy work, no beauty atones for its affectation and ombast; it is true that the author chose a very poor subject for his panegyric: to think of holding up M. Suard as a great man was a very singular idea. What has he done? Some trifling literary essays, quite forgotten at the present day, and worthy of their fate, and a very middling translation of the History of Charles V. What share has he ever borne in the business of the world? None whatever; hence M. Garat praises him for his *incomparable pleasantness in society, the charms of his conversation, and his prodigious success among people of rank.* M. Suard never lived except with men of letters and in the *bureaux d'esprit,* where discussions were maintained, but no conversation prevailed. M. Garat wishes also to persuade us that Madame Suard, was, like her husband, very much in fashion; he says, " Men

and women were seen running from their hotels and palaces to the door of a literary character and his wife," or as they called it (elegantly says M. Garat) *the little household;* he adds, that the sportsmen of their acquaintance supplied the table of *the little household with partridges, pheasants, and game of all kinds;* that the Marquis de Chastellux sent hares and rabbits, which he called *his fugitive pieces.* The fact is that M. Suard never mixed in refined society, and this is easily seen by the tone of his works. The second volume of this work is beyond all expression abominable; to give an idea of it, it is enough to state that the author compares Robespierre to *Jesus Christ!* . . . . The pen falls from my hand in writing down such blasphemous language. . . . . In the first volume the author had already dared to praise the *Epître à Uranie* of Voltaire, an infamous work which even the philosophers of the last century considered as altogether contemptible. In the same volume, the author notices as a very affecting and religious circumstance the letter of a married woman who writes to M. Suard, her lover, in coming from church: "I bend at the foot of the altar, and exclaim, *My God who hast given me my heart and my lover, I love you and adore you.*"

The most singular feature in this work, is that

the author, while displaying all this extravagance, has no intention whatever of being impious; he even thinks that he respects religion in general—he is a simple infidel. This sort of openness in regard to irreligion, can only be compared to that in regard to the corruption of morals to be found in the *Memoirs of Madame d'Epinay;* at any rate, there is nothing more laughable than the philosophical importance the author attaches to all the *sayings* of M. Suard during the space of sixty years, to all his conversations with his friends, of which M. Garat has given a very circumstantial account; he believed, he says, that he was listening to Tacitus; he is constantly in rapture with his *inimitable gracefulness,* with the ascendancy which his *genius,* united to his *polite manners and unequalled accomplishments,* gave him in refined society of which he was the *idol and the model.* What I can very truly assert is, that I spent thirty years in the very highest circles without ever meeting with Suard, or without ever hearing him spoken of, except at the period of the great successes of Gluck. Literary men were then divided into *Gluckists* and *Piccinists,* and without any knowledge of music, began to write nonsense in support of their opinions. M. Suard was one of those writers; their writings made them all ridiculous;

every one acquainted with music laughed at them, and I was among the number. Finally, there is in M. Garat's work a nameless sort of philosophical *gossip,* which I have never seen in any other, and which is truly comical. It is useless to say that one meets in this wretched work with happy sallies of wit and interesting incidents; an author like M. Garat could have easily written it so from beginning to end. I cannot conceive how he should have allowed such a work to have come from his pen, after the talents, judgment, and dignified sentiments he has always displayed.

My friend, Lord Bristol, returned to Paris, which gave me great pleasure; I found inexpressible charms in his conversation, for no one can feel a stronger interest than he does in the re-establishment of religion and morality.

Besides the revised editions of philosophical works I have already mentioned, I then formed the idea of re-writing, in alphabetical order, the *Encyclopedie,* a work that will always be in request; and so long as a good one is wanting, the one already existing will be always kept and consulted in large libraries, notwithstanding its errors, its blunders, its omissions, and various modes of increasing its volumes, its abominations of all kinds, and its ignorance of the numerous fine discoveries

that have, in our own time, been made in the arts and sciences. In some work or other I have very justly called this vast and monstrous production *the Briareus* of libraries, a title that suits it to perfection, since this colossal book incessantly raises itself in insolent rebellion against heaven. It is much to be wished that an association of really estimable literary men should undertake to form anew, to purge, and to abridge this incoherent and dangerous compilation; I could offer some useful papers in furtherance of this object, as I have read the *Encyclopedie* twice over, from beginning to end, with the exception of the articles on astronomy and mathematics; this I can easily prove, for I have kept two volumes of extracts. Were this great undertaking put in execution, it would be an inestimable benefit to the public. I have likewise written critical notes to the work, entitled *Considerations sur les Mœurs*, by Duclos, but they remain in manuscript; I shall publish them when I find a favourable opportunity, as well as my edition of Raynal.

Since the years 1820 and 1821 open impiety was no longer fashionable; people dared no longer declaim against religion; but infidelity made alarming progress amongst young men, and inspired them with a seditious spirit that gave rise to a sort of secret conspiracy not yet fully or-

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ganized, but actually existing, the object of which was to destroy the Christian religion and turn every government into a republic. What seemed to furnish aliment to this spirit of sedition and impiety, were the works of the pretended philosophers of the last century; their pamphlets and little journals have fallen into contempt and oblivion; but they have written about fifty volumes, which, though less esteemed than formerly, contain good things mixed with very dangerous errors. If it were proved that these works have a very unmerited character for style, that their boundless inconsistency is demonstrative proof that their systems are false, and if means were found of destroying all their dangerous contents, a most incalculable service would be rendered to religion and established governments.

Separate refutations of these works, how good soever they may be, will not attain this object; the evil cannot, I believe, be remedied except by the means I have proposed, the corrected editions of their works and the undertaking of a new Encyclopedia. I communicated all my ideas on this subject to three men of eminent merit, who find these means certain and infallible. I thought of adding to my reprints of old works, prefaces written with great care, stating that the dangerous things con-

tained in these works were so inconsistent, that, in expunging them I was never obliged to add a a single word of connection. I never inserted in these works a single syllable of my own, which shows how greatly defective they are in method, order, and logic. Hence, no one can say that I have re-written them, for the whole contents are entirely of their own writing. I have a right to believe, from the admission even of my enemies, that my critical observations ought to have some weight. M. Suard has written that I have no superior talents except as *a critic*, and in this he has shown great candour and impartiality, for I have often been severe upon him. In the singularly incorrect and uncandid account given by M. Hoffman of *Petrarque et Laure* in the *Journal des Debats*, he says, at the end of his article, that I had attained in *Petrarque* the utmost perfection *of style* and that *my works could, in this respect, be classed with those of the literary and classic authors of the age of Louis XIV.*; and this opinion of a very uncandid but very clever writer, who has great literary talents, this honourable testimony has never been contested. I shall only add that it is extraordinary, that after the critic had given such an opinion, and in so positive a manner, he should not have quoted a single line

of a work which is admitted to display a kind of merit certainly not very common, particularly at the present day.

Every father of a family, and every honest man will applaud, I am certain, the plans I have just mentioned. It is very certain, that if all the mercantile classes have shown a great many seditious young men, it must be chiefly attributed to the work of Raynal on the East and West Indies, which all those brought up to trade are almost forced to read, because this book, so infamous in many of its contents, gives a great deal of interesting and curious information respecting commerce, which is not to be found in any other work. But even in respect to this kind of instruction, it would be much more useful were the reader not continually led astray by the most licentious descriptions, and by impious and revolutionary declamation; the author has written these words; *Nations of the earth, do you wish for happiness? overthrow every altar and every throne* . . . . . His work is, in fact, but a lengthened commentary upon these execrable words.

Whilst I still remained in the house of M. de Valence, I became acquainted with two charming foreign ladies; the one was the Countess de Potocki, wife of the Count Francis Potocki, and

the other a Polish lady, the Countess d'Orlofka. The former is a grand-daughter of the Prince de Ligne; the name alone was sufficient to excite my interest, but she is very clever in addition, and like Madame Orlofka, has an excellent disposition; it must be admitted that great frankness of mind is very pleasing only when it is conjoined with a great deal of intelligence and delicacy, which prevent it falling into folly or rudeness. M. Potocki is one of the best informed foreigners I have ever known, and not the least pedantic; I spent very agreeable hours with these three persons. I also saw two English ladies, who came to see me without letters of introduction,* and whom I received solely from their pleasing countenances; they are sisters, and are called Clorinda and Georgiana Byrne; they told me a great many particulars concerning my friends of Langollen, Eleonora Butler and Miss Ponsonby, who still remain on the top of their mountain, but they were menaced with a great misfortune, Miss Ponsonby has the dropsy, so that one of them will survive the other. These heroines of friendship, who have

* They were afterwards strongly recommended to me by the Papal nuncio, who, at that time, honoured me with several visits. —(*Note by the Author.*)

lived for thirty years in this secluded spot, have never slept out of it a single time. I learned with pleasure that they had not forgotten me; they always kept in their drawing-room a small miniature of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, which I had given them, along with my profile in miniature, given them by my niece Henriette, and they showed these ladies all my works in their library, magnificently bound.

I saw the Mesdames de Chastenai again with inexpressible pleasure; it is so delightful to find one's old friends again! Victorine is still pretty and extraordinary by the gravity of her studies, and the serious use she makes of her literary talents. I found her charming mother possessing the same graces and the same sweetness of disposition; she was accompanied by her husband, who is very worthy by his excellent qualities, of being the head of this respectable family. He spoke to me of my *Parvenus* with enthusiasm, and I never heard them praised with more taste and discrimination; the ladies informed me that they had spent nearly four years on their estate, where M. de Chastenai had erected forges; thus has almost all our nobility become commercial; this is what Duclos foretold in his *Considerations sur les Mœurs*. I always thought that there was a great deal of

folly in not making use of this honourable means, and great inconsistency in disdaining it, when the same parties were continually making mean marriages for the sake of money.

Anatole de Montesquiou made me a charming present; it was a carpet, to place in front of a bed; this splendid carpet is a peacock stuffed, with its neck, wings, and beautiful tail; it is splendid to the sight, and very comfortable for use. As it is near half a century since I have renounced luxury, this fine carpet would be unsuitable in my chamber; I have written to Mademoiselle d'Orleans to offer it to her, informing her that this offer was a preference and not a sacrifice; for, in fact, if she had not accepted it, I should assuredly have given it to another; but this homage could not be more worthily addressed than to Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who has always been distinguished for her modesty and simplicity, though she possesses all those advantages that usually give rise to vanity; I loved to reflect that she would daily tread under foot the symbol and the attribute of pride.

Pamela came to Paris, and on her arrival wrote me a very pleasing and affecting letter, desiring to see me; I answered her that she had acted wrong in departing without bidding me farewell,

and still more in not writing to me afterwards; but that if I wished to close my door upon her, the door would open of itself at her approach; she came several times to see me. Trifling explanations seemed perfectly satisfactory in her mouth; she is so amiable, has naturally such an excellent disposition and so much talent, that it is impossible to feel resentment against her; it required all the revolutions of nations to make her sometimes a little different from what she announced in her infancy and early youth.

Madame de Choiseul told me that M. de Sommariva had arrived from Italy, and that she would bring him to see me; I was delighted with forming an acquaintance with an individual of such a dignified and noble character, and who is also such an enlightened friend of talents and the arts; he visited me, and I was charmed with his conversation, which is equally witty and instructive.

My first intention was only to remain three weeks in the house of M. de Valence, solely for the purpose of being useful to my grandson, by bringing about a reconciliation between him and M. de Valence; the business remaining unsettled, I remained a much longer time than I had anticipated; moreover, M. de Valence felt for me that passionate attachment which persons dangerously

ill have always felt for me; it was in the same way that the Marquise de l'Aubépine, who had never shown me any thing but ill-will, became unwell, and made her father-in-law write a pathetic letter, requesting me earnestly to go and see her, for the purpose, as she said, of affording her the consolation of expressing all her feelings to me before her death; struck with surprise at this singular conduct, I thought however it was my duty to yield to a sick person's fancy, because she was in a very dangerous state; she received me with unbounded transports of joy, and said she had always loved me in preference to every one else; as I did not wish to contradict her, I feigned to believe what she said, and during two months lavished upon her the most affectionate care; she recovered her health, returned into society, and forgot me so completely, that she did not even leave her card at my house. Afterwards, during the time of the emigration, Madame Cohen was very ill with an incurable dropsy, and conceived the same affection for me, and offered me, as I have already stated, a magnificent necklace of precious stones to prevail on me to remain at Berlin. I could mention a great many other instances of my *influence* over the sick, but I shall now confine myself to M. de Valence; he told me continually

that if *I abandoned him* he should die: Bourdois, his physician, told me that he was in a dangerous state, and I remained; but as I did not wish to cause him any expense, I discharged my waiting-maid; I was attended only by the servants of the house, who all obeyed my orders with constant and unwearied zeal, for M. de Valence had told them that the first of them who should give me the smallest cause of dissatisfaction should be instantly discharged; I caused none of them to be dismissed, but on the contrary, prevented several from being so by my interference; I had a female companion, whom I sent every day to take her meals at a *table d' hôte* in an adjoining house, kept by very genteel people, who had been ruined by the revolution. As to my own board, the most expensive part of it consisted of my breakfast, and that I always supplied myself. During three months, M. de Valence was so ill, as to restrict himself to a very rigorous regimen, and to refrain from table, and as I did not wish the latter to be served for me alone, I went with my companion to the *table d'hôte* of our neighbours, where I found very good company, agreeable conversation, and a fine garden, which we had the use of before and after dinner; I never saw a *table d'hôte* so well kept, and so genteel in Germany, and the

mistresses of the house did the honours of their table with great dignity and polite attention; this establishment still continues, and is well worthy of being recommended to foreigners.

I had selected my own apartment in the house of M. de Valence; an admirable prospect, a fine balcony, and a very large chamber tempted me; but the chamber was on the fifth floor, which was a matter of great trouble to those who came to see me; but for my own part, on account of the fresh air I always prefer the highest floors, which I climb up to without panting. Poor M. de Monthyon came to see me in this apartment, he was eighty-eight years of age, and was asthmatical; he was in such a terrible state when he reached my room, that I thought he would have died on the spot; I was so much alarmed at this time that I became disgusted with my room, and went down to the first floor, where I had several pretty rooms well fitted up, but with such low roofs that I could scarcely breathe; besides this, the bed room was directly over the archway, and at the head of my bed there was a pump, which wakened me every morning at day-break; the wall was so much shaken by this pump and by the rattling of the carriages that drove under the archway, that my nerves were dangerously attacked, and I was

unable to sleep. I spent the greater part of the day in the room of M. de Valence, the doors and windows of which were constantly kept closed; I could scarcely breathe, and my health was getting visibly worse, while M. de Valence got better for a considerable time, thanks to the skill of M. Bourdois, and my superintendence of his regimen; he again sat down to dinner, and very soon went out to spend his evenings at *Robert's*, where there was good cheer and deep play, and these things soon did him a great deal of harm.

I got a large portrait of myself taken in oil by Madame Chéradame, who possesses great talents. I am drawn as engaged in writing during the night, with a candle beside me nearly extinguished, and leaving off my occupation when I see the approach of day. It was Pamela who conceived the idea: on the table beside the candle, I caused a vase of flowers to be put, and only one book, on the back of which is written—*The Gospel;* because in fact, the principles of all my works have been invariably founded on the sacred precepts of that divine book. There is a harp behind me in the shade: I felt a great deal of repugnance to get my portrait taken at my age; but M. de Valence desired it, and I complied more willingly with his request, as I was desirous of offering him some-

thing that would please him before I left his house, and I added to it a beautiful miniature I had still preserved, and which he was desirous of possessing.

Towards the end of this winter, I finished the *Picturesque Catalogue of the Paintings* belonging to M. de Sommariva, which I wrote in my finest hand, and adorned with illustrations. This catalogue contains a preliminary discourse on magnificence, and I believe, it is one of the prettiest works I have written: it is in the possession of the most magnificent and enlightened amateur that ever existed. I kept no kind of copy of it; I did not even make a first copy, but wrote it all off-hand on the book. Amongst other things in this work, there is a passage that pleases me on the old age of women; and which I have given in speaking of a picture of *Roman Charity*. I have said, that the painter has done rightly to prefer a father to a mother, for our grey hairs do not produce respect; and the idea seems to me to be illustrated in a very novel manner. I think the passage is worthy of quotation; but I shall only notice one single phrase, as the idea it suggests seems to me ingenious in showing the superior importance of old men to old women; I have said—

"When age dries up an oak, it is said *to have*

its crown formed; when it begins to destroy the colour of a rose, it is said to be withered."

The following is what I call a picturesque catalogue. To give some interest to a description of paintings, I have put it in the form of a dialogue, and have supposed that a young widow lady, and a well-informed young amateur come to visit together the fine collection of M. de Sommariva: from the beginning of the dialogue it is easily seen that the young man has some well-founded claims to the heart of the young widow, though he has not yet dared to ask her in marriage; these two characters in conversing on the subject of the pictures, describe them and give their opinions.

M. de Valence did, in spite of all my remonstrances, a thing which proved how extremely anxious he was that I should be comfortable in his house: when he saw that my health was affected on the first floor by the noise and want of air, he would absolutely force me to accept his apartment, the only good one in the house; and which I had already refused several times. He took it into his head, without giving me any notice, to remove into the large room I had formerly occupied on the fifth floor; he then pressed me with great kindness and civility to take possession of his empty apartment, but this I refused

with inflexible firmness. He remained more than six weeks on the fifth floor, notwithstanding all my entreaties, and this was very hurtful to his health, for he had one foot very badly, and was much fatigued by going up so many stairs; at last, when he saw that I was determined on not leaving the first floor, he again came down to his own apartment.

One day, when returning from a sitting I had given to Madame Chéradame, I entered the apartment of M. de Valence, where I found a man of most respectable appearance, who, on hearing my name pronounced, came forwards to me, and thanked me in the most feeling manner for the praise I had bestowed upon him in the *Parvenus*. This man is now the richest saddler in Paris, his name is Garnier; it was he who, in the reign of terror, became a director of the prisons, and saved the life of Madame de Valence by three times risking his own, and displayed unexampled courage and talent: he had accepted that situation merely to assist the unfortunate persons who were proscribed; he had never the slightest share, not merely in the cruelties, but even in the unjust and rigorous acts of the time. I saw him with equal respect and emotion.

Before I went to Tivoli, there was continual

confusion at the close of the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, and there was even some bloodshed. It was believed that no regular conspiracy had been formed, but that the disturbance had arisen from the hot-headed violence of some young men of both parties. Some journals were blameable for having excited this violence, by continually praising the young men for being actuated by it; they ought on the contrary, to have blamed them for meddling with political affairs, which distract their attention from their studies and their duties.

Some days afterwards, a proclamation was fixed up at the corners of the streets, forbidding people to assemble in crowds: the *gens d'armes* had orders to prevent three persons stopping to talk together.

M. de Valence, though still unwell, went regularly to the Chamber of Peers to hear the trial of Louvel. I was extremely irritated when I heard a great number of persons, who felt, as every one did, the greatest horror for this villain's crime, yet admire his replies and his fearlessness. The fashion of being in raptures at the brutal debasement of wretched beings, has become very common; for my own part, I consider it very natural that an atheist of the lower orders, tired of labour, misery, and his own existence—incapable besides of participating in the feelings of others, should see his

end approach with indifference, or should even be satisfied with returning, as he believes, to non-existence. Besides, that infamous assassin found a sort of pleasure in the astonishment he excited; there was a great deal of display in his silly indifference: the idea of creating surprise in all that surrounded him, gave him in its highest extravagance, the stoicism of atheism and stupidity.

Notwithstanding the order in council which forbid people assembling in crowds, there were several more riots, not of the lower classes, but of almost all the students and scholars in Paris: the contempt of royal authority seemed to me a very bad omen. In the midst of all this, my health became much impaired, but I was still as busy as ever. I felt much chagrin at the departure of Madame de Choiseul, who was to be absent three months: I was afraid lest her stay in Franche-Comté should be prolonged still more, and unfortunately I was not mistaken.

Louvel was condemned to death: he allowed his counsel to defend him without interruption. He had some slight hopes of being pardoned; people spoke in raptures of his firmness, and endeavoured to make his replies seem beautiful: they would have liked to attribute to him the *replies of a Roman;* and all this without evil intention, but

merely from the taste that has long existed for every thing extraordinary. For my own part, I never saw any thing in this assassin but brutal indifference, mixed with a great deal of impudent boasting. After hearing his sentence, he asked for *fine sheets, as he wished to spend his last night well, and to sleep soundly.* I am firmly persuaded that he had hopes that an insurrection would have rescued him while on his way to the place of execution; and that if he had been asked any questions when on the scaffold, he would have held very different sort of language. I was astonished, that at his examination, he was not asked if he had been made a member of some secret society, as he had travelled in Germany, and it is well known that there are mysterious societies in that country, from which have sprung several assassins, *Sand* amongst others.

Louvel was executed at six o'clock in the evening. Notwithstanding all his boasting, he was excessively pale and greatly depressed. There was an immense crowd assembled to see him pass by; every one looked at him with horror. When he reached the foot of the scaffold, he was very near fainting; it required two men to support him in going up the ladder. In the evening every thing was quiet in Paris.

I received a charming letter from the Princess of Salm, who writes such beautiful poetry: she sent me an epistle she had written, entitled, *A un honnête homme qui veut devenir intrigant*. She desired me to notice it in my little journal called *l'Intripide*, which I was forced to give up a short time afterwards, at the moment it was becoming most successful, because my partners broke their engagements with me and left me all the work to do, which, along with my other occupations, would not have left me a moment of repose. I shall collect among my miscellaneous pieces every article I inserted in this journal, and I hope the public will think that it was worthy of being continued; but I have been since convinced that no journal can be very successful unless it is published every day. I adopted a form of criticism for this paper that seemed original; I wished to notice the innumerable faults of style; the vitious phraseology, the dangerous principles, and the inconsistency that are to be found in the public papers, and I formed the idea of a novel sort of irony. In a short introduction I said, that the morning papers were forced to insert articles in great haste, and had not time to correct all the errors of the press, and that *to oblige them*, I took upon myself to offer the public an *officious errata* every month; this I actually

put in execution, and my satire was very successful, and has been several times imitated. In this journal I gave an account of the epistle *à un honnête homme*, of the Princess of Salm, and praised it very conscientiously, for this piece of poetry is truly delightful.

The Bishop of Boulogne made such a beautiful funeral sermon on the Duke of Berri, that I cannot help giving in this place the following passage:

"Wretched sophists, congratulate yourselves on your success; you would have the principles—you have their consequences: you would have every thing sacrificed to your vain theories—you see their application; and that from your monstrous systems spring monsters of crime. You would have nothing to exist but opinions—and there was for a time nothing but opinions, of which each individual was the supreme judge; and the regicide has given you his opinions as his only rule, and has defended murder by murder. No; this is not a case of resentment, it is not a case of personal hatred nor revenge for an injury; *it is his opinion*, his *feelings*; so that in this case it is much less passion that excites to crime, than crime which is become a passion. You would have no religion, except perhaps its vain shadow; and far from call-

ing upon its authority, you only seek to oppose your own to it; and the guilty likewise seeks to oppose his own authority to religion, and in the liberty of thought, sees only the liberty of doing as he wills. You wish for atheist laws—and you have atheist assassins, in whose eyes vice and virtue are alike, and for whom there is no other crime than that of missing their aim. You would have no sacrilege—and there is no longer any sacrilege except the law that recognises it not; and the murder of the heir of the monarchy, or the vilest of men, is no longer but one and the same crime. Lastly, you persecute the missionaries of eternal life—and you have missionaries of the doctrine of annihilation: is not all that in its natural order? Of what would you complain? Must not the masters be responsible for their disciples? must not each tree bear its own fruit? After sowing the whirlwind, must you not reap the tempest? And since you would have no hell in the other world, must you not, in the mean time, transport it into this?"

At our *table d'hôte*, I became acquainted with a very learned Greek from Athens, called M. Codrika; he always seated himself beside me at table; his conversation was original and greatly pleased me; he was well acquainted with Madame

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SA...

de Staël; he told me that she called him *my Turk*; I told him that I should have called him my Athenian.

I suffered a great deal during this summer from the excessive heat; what I felt from time to time did not seem to me such as to affect the stamina of my constitution, yet it was violent suffering, of a nature I cannot express; it was not pains nor fatigue, but an inexpressible feeling of uneasiness: I thought there was something extraordinary and dangerous in the case, and I am of the same opinion still. For the last two years, the beating of my heart has become less and less perceptible; at length, it does not seem to beat at all, (apparently, because it has beat too much in the course of my life.) I did not consult a physician for a long time on the subject, because I think diseases of the heart are incurable; but this is a singular fact I never heard spoken of. I imagine that my heart has become ossified, and that I may be suddenly called from life at any moment. I have preserved all my faculties unimpaired: at any rate, I fully believe that I am ready to render up to God the loving soul he gave me; and it would be with pleasure, were I not still useful to those whom I love.

The Marquise de Grollier made me a delightful

present, a picture she had painted herself, containing such flattering allusions to me, that I cannot mention them here. It was the last picture she painted before the accident so unfortunate both for her and for us, that deprived her of sight. I considered this pledge of friendship so valuable, that I have given it to Anatole de Montesquiou. In return, I have given Madame de Grollier a work of my own invention and manufacture: it is the top of a table representing on black paper a bunch of flowers surrounded by a garland; the flowers are of mother of pearl, and the leaves and stems of fine burnished gold. The work is not pasted over the paper: I cut out the whole design, except the stems, and joined the gold and mother of pearl under the edges, and painted the stems in gold, so that the whole work holds together and is very solid: it has been much admired, and is really charming, but it would have been still better if I could have got pieces of mother of pearl as thin as those that a workman who is now dead used to procure me some years ago, in any quantity I desired: since that time I never could find any artisan capable of making them of the same kind, that is, as thin as paper, which has given me no small distaste to the boasted perfection which the arts of common life are said to have attained. Ma-

dame de Grollier fixed my work over a beautiful table of ebony. I had already covered it with glass, and avow, that this little article is one of the prettiest pieces of furniture I have ever seen.

One morning, Anatole brought me his charming child, who the same day sent me a beautiful fire-screen, representing a lyre and flowers, because, (as he said,) he had noticed that I had none, and thought I must have scorched my face in warming myself the winter before. I wrote him with my own hand, (which is certainly a great mark of honour,) to thank him for it.

Rosamonde came to reside some days with M. de Valence: I had taken care to inform her secretly of the state of her father's health: she is equally excellent as a daughter, a wife, a sister, and a mother; and the same may be said of Madame de Celles. Some time before this, Rosamonde had paid a short visit to Paris, along with her children; when I found my great grandson Cyrus delightful for his spirit and intelligence; I gave him a chain, which pleased him in the highest degree.

The newspaper called the *Renommée*, the worst of all the liberal journals, for its irreligious and bad style, was altogether discontinued at this time: it had the most ridiculous frontispiece I

ever saw, which put into my head the following impromptu, which I never made use of, and which appears here for the first time :—

> Quelle est cette devergondée,
> Si laide et si degingandée,
> Dans cet indecent abandon?
> Bon Dieu ! quelle etrange figure !
> —Mais, c'est la Renommeé—Oh! non,
> Ce n'est que sa caricature.

M. Bourdois, the physician of M. de Valence, came to see me ; I asked his opinion concerning the beating of my heart ; he told me that the beating always diminished with the approach of age, unless the heart was diseased ; that the entire cessation of the beating of the heart was not a common occurrence, but that there was nothing alarming in it. M. Bourdois is a very skilful physician and a clever man, and made me very excellent illustrations of the subject, but I still persist in believing that there is something uncommon in the state of my heart.

In gratitude for my reply, Leon de Montesquiou wrote me a charming letter, consisting of four or five lines only, informing me that his mother had forbidden him from writing a longer one ; in this letter he sent me a fable entitled *le Rossignol et la Fauvette*, written by his father, and adds in a

note, that I may make no mistake, *Madame, the nightingale is intended for you.* Leon has no other teachers than his father and mother, and is educated in a manner infinitely superior to what any one can be in an academy; with charming openness and modesty, he is astonishingly well informed for his age; I hope that he will prove a blessing to his parents, who are so highly worthy of it.

The fable I have alluded to is so pretty, that I shall insert it in these *Memoirs:* it is as follows:—

LE ROSSIGNOL ET LA FAUVETTE.

Un rossignol harmonieux,
Chantre favorisé des dieux,
Miracle du printemps, charme de la nature,
Moduloit ses accords pendant la nuit obscure;
Surpris, on admiroit dans mille accens divers
Cette voix éclatante et pure:
Un calme approbateur protégeoit ses concerts.
Près de là, dans un nid prospère,
Vivoit un jeune oiseau sous l'aile de sa mère;
Il étoit loin des jours où l'on prend son essor,
Il n'étoit pas habile encor;
Et d'ailleurs ce n'étoit qu'une simple fauvette.
Ce naissant mélomane, au fond de sa retraite,
De tant d'accens heureux muet admirateur,
Ecoutoit l'improvisateur.
L'audace est quelquefois compagne du jeune âge.

Ne voilà-t-il pas l'imprudent
Qu'un si bel exemple encourage ;
Il veut au rossignol charmant
Répondre en son foible langage ;
Mais sa mère le lui défend,
Et dit au jeune téméraire :
Une fauvette, mon enfant,
Près du rossignol doit se taire.

Madame Moreau, who came often to see me, told me that she had read in the *Journal de Paris* a notice of a work entitled *Genlisiana, or a Collection of anecdotes, bons-mots and repartees of Madame de Genlis, with an account of her life and writings*. I justly supposed that it was a libellous publication, or at any rate a mass of lies; it would have been most extraordinary if the work had been written without malevolent intentions, for nothing similar has ever been written concerning a person actually alive, from whom they had received neither notes nor permission, and whom they do not know even by sight. I began by publicly disavowing the work; I did not conceive what *bons-mots* and repartees could be collected of mine; I never liked to be talked of for this habit, for I have known too early all its inconveniences; one of the smallest is that of having attributed to oneself a thousand follies which one has never thought of, and what is much more disagreeable

of often obtaining without cause the reputation of great maliciousness, for all these kinds of *bons-mots* are invariably epigrams more or less sarcastic and cutting; moreover, I have never shown the smallest pretension or the slightest desire of shining in company and general conversation; I have always from natural inclination been more desirous of enjoying and profiting by the talents of others than of displaying my own; and there is every thing to be gained by this mode of acting: my ruling passion has at all times been that of gaining information, and I am indebted to conversation almost as much as to reading; for the same reason, I was always desirous of making my observations upon society, to see the causes why men made themselves ridiculous, to observe foibles, and all these things require calm and concentrated attention, at least for the moment; my own vanity I reserved for the future. I never was such a dupe as to make great efforts to obtain short lived and childish success, and if I have been reckoned agreeable in society, it was not by what I said, but by the simplicity and attention with which I listened to others.

The title of the work I have just mentioned was given that it might be bought by friends as well as enemies; it was a libel full of atrocious,

contradictory, and stupid calumnies. This further burst of resentment against me was chiefly produced by my expurgated reprints of philosophical writings, from which I had suppressed many passages and added notes. However, I did not relax in my zeal in making this atonement for the *entire works* of the authors, in which have been collected all the impiety and blasphemy, all the *philosophical* filth and obscenity scattered through an infinite mass of pamphlets long since forgotten. . . . . . Yet these infamous editions have been published in such a cheap form, as to put them within the reach of every one . . . . . . There never was any thing so shameful and so scandalous as this; not only would they not have dared to do it in Napoleon's time, but the very republicans of the reign of terror would not have permitted these obscenities to be reprinted, and yet this shameful impudence was shown in the reign of the most Christian king!

As to the *Emilius* of Rousseau, as it does not contain indecent and blasphemous passages, (at least against religion,) I ought to have expunged nothing from it, but only have increased the number of my critical notes: though Rousseau has stolen a great many of his ideas (as I have proved in my earlier writings) from Seneca, Mon-

taigne, Balzac, Locke, and others; yet he is much more original than the rest of the philosophers. This originality, which generally springs from the desire of appearing singular, is commonly nothing but a strange mode of expression, yet it is sometimes happy and striking. The ordinary mass of readers still persist in believing that Rousseau was a *profound thinker*, and a sublime genius, for common minds maintain an ill founded admiration much longer than minds of a higher order, whom one sound argument easily extricates from error. Hence *Emilius* ought to have been left with all its errors, which it is so easy to refute triumphantly, since the inconceivable inconsistency of the author would thereby appear a thousand times more singular, when the connexion between the different subjects was shown in the notes. Hence, when I publish another edition of this work, I shall restore all that I have suppressed, and add a great many notes, which will not be less striking, for by making the suppressions I was prevented from employing the most brilliant branch of criticism.

Not a soul gave me any encouragement in my revised editions; I was told again and again that this would not prevent them from being reprinted with all the passages I had expunged. I still believe, that if they be reprinted, it will at any

rate be much less frequently, and that what I have retained as instructive and useful, will certainly be of use to every young man desirous of instruction; I was told that studious young men would not be corrupted by all these sophisms and impieties, by all the obscene remarks I had expunged, because they could have looked into these works only for what could be of use to them; for my own part, I think it right to spare them the trouble of ascertaining the truth, and the danger of being perhaps shaken in their faith by specious reasonings founded on statements that might lead them astray; for it requires time, experience, and a great deal of study to ascertain the extent to which the philosophers have falsified matters of fact, and have brought to their aid old and oft refuted arguments; finally, by bringing into five or six volumes the contents of ten, and from which I suppress nothing but extravagant and dangerous passages, I thus saved the valuable time of men of sense, and this is certainly a great advantage to society. I shall add further, that by leaving in these works the whole of their nonsense and inconsistency, (which can do no harm,) I refute them in the notes, which may be of use in forming the taste and judgment of youth. In the notes I also take notice of a great many faults in style;

and this also is not without use, for all these critical remarks, which spring from no sort of ill-will, and the justice of which cannot be denied, ought to diminish the extravagant admiration which so many people feel for the authors; and this is a matter of much more importance than is commonly imagined: as I do not insert a single word of my own in the body of the work, no one can say that I have meddled with or rewritten these works: all that can be said, is that these editions are very correct copies of the original, without any addition, and with the suppression of nothing but dangerous passages; and this I cannot help thinking must always be a most useful work. I still maintain the same opinion concerning all these works, with the single exception of the *Emilius*, for the reasons I have already noticed.

Those who interested themselves in my fortunes told me that I was raising up a host of enemies, but this did not alarm me at all. I should have wished to have been fifty years younger that I might devote more years to persecutions of the kind; to expose oneself usefully, and to face them courageously, to devote to this noble cause all the mental and bodily powers one possesses, is really to enjoy life; to do the reverse is a silly and guilty

vegetation. I shall still persevere in my career, nothing can discourage me; I am assisted by no living soul, but to the man who says so I shall only reply,—

"Et, comptez vous pour rien Dieu qui combat pour nous!"

At this period Anatole de Montesquiou requested me to put down in writing my ideas concerning politics, which were not to be found in my works, nor in a separate treatise; I engaged to write for him alone, a small *Treatise on Politics,* to be divided into three letters; the first was to contain an examination of all the means that can aid in forming the happiness of a nation; the second was to ascertain if the governments in existence attain this object; and in the third letter, I was to show the means of reaching happiness. I believe that without being a writer on politics, a person may write very correct reflections on the subject, if he have good principles, a sound judgment, a feeling heart, and some knowledge of history and the human mind. The heat affected me so severely, and I was so much occupied besides, that I found it out of my power to continue this little work.* Anatole, who was at his estate

* I have written it since.

of *Bligny*, wrote me a charming letter of complaint for my silence, which I cannot help giving in these memoirs :—

"*Bligny*, 30*th July*, 1820.

"Your silence begins to be very alarming, my dearest friend ; too profoundly occupied with your chimerical heroes and heroines you neglect matters of fact and your real friends : with all this I am very ill off; permit me to complain of it to yourself, and believe that all my rural or literary occupations, or even your marks of indifference cannot weaken the constant feeling I have towards you, or in any way seduce my affections. I offered myself as a disciple to your universal talents, and you maintain a silence I ought to understand ; is not this what is meant by a refusal ? I am sorry for it. I had need of a guide, of some one to lead me through this labyrinth of new systems and new principles, mingled with a great deal of error ; I shall soon lose my way, and become the prey of some monster, or the victim of some storm ;—I put this to your conscience. Naples, with its inventions and its imitations of the Greeks, was an excellent subject for instructive remarks ; why would you not promulgate the splendid ideas with which such a novel subject would have inspired

you; and above all, why reject from the bosom of plenty the humble prayer of the poor? Here is a new fable on the subject:—

LE MOINEAU.

Un moineau débutant, bien foible, bien fragile,
S'égara dans des bois déserts,
Loin de son petit domicile,
A l'âge où la gent volatile
N'a pas encor vaincu les airs:
De ses ailes parfois il essayoit l'usage,
Et sautilloit sur le feuillage
De branche en branche, ayant grand soin
De ne pas s'avancer plus loin.
Mais qui sait s'arrêter? souvent même le sage
Va plus loin qu'il ne veut. Notre petit moineau,
Tout en craignant le vent, le froid, le chaud, l'orage,
La sécheresse et même l'eau,
Enfin tout, se trouva sans guide et sans asile
Dans un lieu sauvage et stérile;
Pour chercher du secours il erroit au hasard,
Lorsqu'il apperçut à l'écart
Un oiseau protecteur dont l'aile ingénieuse
Voiloit avec constance une tribu nombreuse
D'oisillons craintifs et fuyards,
Qui sous cet abri sûr échappoient aux regards
Comme à tous les dangers; à la poule couveuse
Le petit égaré, d'un air respectueux,
Exposa ses besoins et l'objet de ses vœux;
" Pour mon âge, dit-il, la nuit est dangereuse:
Que faire seul errant dans la noire vapeur?
Ayez pitié de moi, j'ai faim, j'ai froid, j'ai peur;
Au grê de mes souhaits montrez-vous généreuse,

En daignant m'accueillir dessous l'ample manteau,
Où l'on voit prospérer votre léger troupeau;
Je n'abuserai pas de votre bienfaisance:
Il faut si peu pour un moineau;
Tolérez cette nuit ma débile existence
Auprès de vous; et puis demain,
Guidé par votre expérience,
Je trouverai le bon chemin:
Comptez sur ma reconnoissance."
Hélas! il pria vainement;
Le lendemain, le pauvre enfant
Fut pris par des filets dans la forêt prochaine.
On dit que la poule inhumaine
Se repentit de ses refus;
Mais le moineau n'existoit plus.
Le ciel vous envoya pour éclairer la terre:
Parcourez la noble carriére
Qui vous conduit à l'immortalité;
Mais répandez sur tous, vos torrens de lumière;
Le passereau le plus vulgaire
Ne doit pas être rejeté.

"Are you of my opinion, my dear friend, or are you going to persist in that terrible silence that reduces me to despair! Adieu! My sad poverty bows down before your fertile and sublime universality.

"*A poor Bird.*"

There are certainly several features in this fable which remind one of the gracefulness, naïveté,

and talents of La Fontaine. I should have been very ungrateful if, after such a pretty letter, I had not instantly begun my *Treatise on Politics;* I gave it to him immediately, and kept no copy. Anatole had certainly no need of my ideas on this subject; but as he asked me, I thought it my duty to give them to him.

At the period I have just noticed, I read a thing that struck me with infinite surprise—a very favourable article concerning myself in a journal, and that journal the *Journal des Debats!* . . . . The article related to the libel written on me by M. *Cousin d'Avallon;* among other remarks, there is one that I think worthy of notice, even if I had not been the object of it; in speaking of the parallel made by M. Cousin between me and Madam de Staël, the writer says that he can give no opinion concerning the comparative merits of the author of *Mademoiselle de la Vallière* and the author of *Corinna,* and he makes a parody of the well-known verse—

> "Je ne decide point entre Genève et Rome,"

by saying,

> "Je ne decide point entre Genève et Paris."

A woman and an author could not help perceiving at once all the wit and politeness of this allusion; it must be admitted that if any rivalship should

spring up between these two cities, Paris must always have the advantage over Geneva.

I was, and still am, in one sense, like the misanthrope, who said that he should be delighted with losing his law-suit, because he should have an additional act of injustice to complain of; I also console myself for acts of injustice that present some striking and singular features, by the pleasure of inserting them in these memoirs. I learned the following unaccountable circumstance: M. Chéradame, who was the publisher of part of my works, went to request one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats* to give a review of my revised editions of *Emile* and the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*; M. Chéradame told him, which was a fact, that he had come to make this request at my desire, which I never made, and never will make for works of my own; but as those in question were only reprints of works hostile to religion, from which I had expunged the obnoxious passages, and given nothing of my own but critical notes, I thought that a work so useful to morality required me to make use of every possible means in making it known, and that religious editors ought to have been very favourable to it. M. Chéradame was told in reply that the undertaking was meritorious, and the execution excellent, and that it was perfectly agree-

able to the principles and opinions of the editors; but that out of interest for the work itself and for me, it could not be noticed in the *Journal des Debats*, because they had formed an inflexible resolution that whenever they noticed my works, M. Hoffman was the person to write the article; and that as M. Hoffman would never agree to speak favourably of my works, all that the journal could do for me was to maintain profound silence. Few things in my life have ever caused me so much astonishment; is it not wonderful that a journal that is not ill disposed towards an author, should form the inflexible resolution of giving him up to the hatred of one of their partners; that religious editors should thus sacrifice their principles and the interests of the good cause to the enmity of one of their coadjutors? I was perfectly convinced, in other respects, by the favourable article I have just noticed, that the editors of that respectable journal are by no means my enemies; while the ill-will of M. Hoffman shall never prevent me doing justice to his talents and learning. Since I learned the resolution made concerning me, I have seen in the *Journal des Debats* several very agreeable articles by M. Hoffman, and I have yielded with great satisfaction to the pleasant vengeance of speaking well of them in company. How de-

sirable it would be that literary men who profess sound principles should understand their real interests so far, and love literature so much, as to form the resolution of being invariably just! . . . . How greatly would uprightness, good faith, and candour ennoble their talents, and from how many disagreeable discussions and personal quarrels would they be preserved! . . . .

The party called *liberal* should naturally have the advantage of the royalists, not assuredly by the goodness of their cause, but because they support each other on all occasions, notwithstanding their private differences; every private interest is in this party sacrificed to that of the whole body; and this is the way to succeed.

No opposition or difficulty of any kind shall prevent me continuing my career with the same ardour, or from making use of all the strength I have remaining; when I think upon my enemies and all their intrigues against me, I console myself with saying,—

Que Dieu voie et nous juge.

At this period I made a literary effort worthy of notice; I was engaged in writing five different works in one morning; I dictated part of an article on the censorship; I began to write out with my

own hand the first letter of the last novel I intended to write,* *Palmyre et Flaminie, où la Dupe et la Victime de son siecle,* which is in two volumes;—next day I dictated a very full plan of the work, the story of which is moral and original; in the two heroines I was desirous of showing the difference of worldly perfection, and of perfection purely religious. As the worldly heroine is the dupe of almost all the sentiments displayed towards her, I have written the novel in an epistolary form, for the purpose of describing in a more natural manner the dissimulation and duplicity which had made such rapid progress among the higher ranks of society during the ten or twelve years that immediately preceded the revolution; I was an eye-witness of these scenes, and believe that I have described them correctly; letters of the same date, addressed to various individuals, will assuredly attain that end. The letters of Voltaire gave me this idea a long while ago, when I read the hypocritical ones he wrote to King Stanislaus, Calmet, and others; and the impious letters of the same date he sent to his friends; his letters to the Maréchal de Richelieu, whom he calls his *hero,* and his letters of the same date addressed to his confidents,

* I have written others since, which I did not think of when I began *Flaminie.*

in which he calls him the *keeper of the bagnio* (that is the French theatre), or sometimes the *tripotier*. This specimen of duplicity in a work of imagination may be very interesting and useful, provided it be given with a moral purpose.

The third work I was engaged in was a tale for Alfred Lemaire, entitled *Fredal, or the Artist*. I wrote it with as much care as if I had intended it for publication; I wrote it for his own use, sent it to him, and kept no copy; it seems to me to display fancy and interesting scenes. The fourth work was a *Treatise on Sympathy*, which I wrote for two English ladies in a blank book. These ladies are the Misses Byrne; they are extremely amiable, and I feel great affection for them. Lastly, the fifth work was that part of these memoirs that have just been perused.

It must be admitted that the period at which I performed this literary effort * was far from being favourable to literature, and consequently to all the varied labours I undertook with so much spirit.

After the assassination of the Duke of Berri, came the law relative to the elections, and then a new conspiracy against the royal family, which gave rise to important trials that occupied the

* In 1820.

minds of all to the exclusion of every thing else; all this, added to the Spanish revolution, that of Naples, and the one that seemed to threaten every kingdom with convulsion, completely succeeded in extinguishing every spark of taste for literature. All my undertakings at this period were affected in consequence, and I was not surprised at it.

I still went to visit Madame de Montcalm as often as my numerous occupations allowed me: one day I took for her amusement a large volume of drawings of plants done by myself, and which I had just finished. This precious manuscript is the result of thirty years' study; it is a large quarto volume, containing coloured drawings of all the plants mentioned in *the Bible*, and in the lives of the saints, which I have divided into four sections, *the Sacred Herbal, the Herbal of Gratitude and Friendship;* containing the plants that bear the names of historical characters; *Herbal of Heraldry*, containing all the armorial bearings of the French nobility that show one or more plants; and the *Golden Herbal*, containing all the golden plants mentioned in history or mythology. I have not inserted in this book any thing I had written in my *Historical and Literary Botany*, which has been already published: the labour of this work is a very different thing; I drew and coloured with-

out the smallest assistance every plant it contains, and adorned it besides with illustrations. I ought to mention that I put on the back of the pages of my *Herbal of Heraldry* a great number of old mottos taken from the vegetable kingdom, and the ornaments of old orders that are also taken from it. I believe that this book is worth, for any large library, at least fifteen thousand francs; it has delighted all those who have seen it, even professional painters. The Duke of Richelieu saw it at Madame de Montcalm's, and was enchanted with it; he even engaged to propose it to the king for his private library; I asked only eight thousand francs. I was infinitely more desirous of its remaining in the hands of the King of France, than of sending it to foreign countries (which would have been so easy for me to have done) and obtaining a much larger sum. I had not received the smallest mark of protection or good will from the court; yet the author of *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, of *An Incident in the Life of Henry IV.*, *The Life of Henry IV.*, three historical romances, translated into all languages, in which, during the reign of Napoleon, I delighted in showing in the most favourable colours, and with all the share of talent bestowed upon me by heaven, the family of the Bourbons; the author of more than thirty-five

volumes on education that have acquired a constant reputation during nearly forty years; the author who has constantly fought for the cause of religion; and lastly, the editor of the *Memoirs of Dangeau*, and of the new revised editions I then published; this champion of the good cause, so weak perhaps, but so bold and persevering even in the debility of old age, and who has so successfully educated three princes and one princess of the blood; this author, I say, also merited from government some mark of protection, which so many others obtained with facility. The king deigned to accept this homage; I know that he has read the volume with pleasure, that he kept the manuscript several days on his table, and that he made it then be put into his private library, which no one can visit without a ticket, and the librarian of which is M. Valery, a very eminent literary character.

On looking among my papers, I found the first copy of my reflections on *hope*, which I had written for Madame de Montcalm; and as they are of a very religious tendency, I think it right to insert them in these memoirs. They are as follows:—

"M. de Chateaubriand had happily said, that *it is a very divine religion which makes a virtue of hope.*

"In fact, it belongs only to the Sovereign Dispenser of all gifts, to the Being supremely powerful and good to forbid and condemn despair. This is the reason why suicide was not a crime among the Pagans, and why it is without remission among Christians.

"What goodness and profound feeling there is in the sublime union of the three theological virtues, *Faith, Hope, and Charity!* Faith, which owns the supreme and protecting hand of God; Charity, which includes love, and rouses us to adoration; Hope, which trusts in Him, and awaits from Him the softening of its woes!

"Religion commands us to be resigned in the most dreadful misfortunes; and has it not a just claim, when it also holds forth hope to us? . . . .

"Who can fail to see the true God in this commandment full of love, in this commandment so soothing and so majestic? . . . . .

"The just man who is resigned, is merely patient of his lot, he knows that he will have the strength to endure all; knows that his evils will have an end, and that he will receive his reward.

"Alas! in the course of life, even of the life that seems most happy in the eyes of the world, who has not need of hope?—who suffers not occa-

sionally, either from his affections or his imagination?—even the person who is most an object of envy!

"There are sorrows, which no assistance, no friend on the earth can cure! How soothing then it is to yield to hope, which the omnipotent Friend can bestow, without the aid of dazzling miracles, which it would be presumptuous to ask from him, for he can give every effect the most simple and natural appearance! How many wonders under the name of time and chance, does he not perform for the just! It is he, who consoles for the loss of a beloved object; it is he, who gives the strength of supporting with calmness, injustice, calumny, and ingratitude; it is he, who discovers a new remedy to the sick man, who hopes, or who all at once makes it strike the mind of the physician. Hope that is purely human, is false and deceitful, like the passions from which it springs; it is nothing but illusion and madness But religious hope is founded upon eternal truth; far from leading the imagination astray, and giving birth to monsters, it elevates and purifies the soul, and pours over it delicious security: the more it is trusted to, the more it is exalted, the more merit do we acquire in the eyes of him who has said—

"I will deliver him and save him, *because he trusted in me.*

"The following thought is soothing and consolatory :—'God cannot be in error; he sees my future lot, which I am ignorant of; and he orders me to hope. . . . . .'"

It was with great sorrow that I learned the loss of some more unpublished manuscripts; there was one that I intended to add to my *Theatre of Education;* in that part where the subjects are taken from the Holy Scripture. I had written it twenty-three years before, while in my cottage at *Brevel,* and I had always kept it for a complete edition of all my works; it was entitled *David.* It was truly theatrical and interesting in its scenes: I represented David at the age of sixteen, conquering Goliath, and after his victory, withdrawing without making himself known, as is stated in Scripture. I supposed him come home again to his father's house; and his father Isaiah absent. When the curtain rises, David is seen asleep at day-break under a shadowy bower, because he had given up his own dwelling to some strangers who sought hospitality: his harp is at his side, and his sling at his feet. During his sleep, the orchestra plays a warlike and triumphant symphony; there

are two pauses, during which David cries out in his sleep—*I have conquered Goliath!* This idea seems to be beautiful and original, and I think it would have produced a great effect. When David wakens from sleep, he expresses joy for his victory, and says that he is waiting for his father, and that he will keep his triumph secret till he hears of it from himself. David then takes his harp, and sings a hymn, of which I wrote the words. At Isaiah's return, a troop of men is seen marching by, which consists of his servants: in the course of the piece there is also seen a fine ancient ceremony, that of offering to God the first fruits of the harvest. Jonathan and Saul are distinguished personages in the play: Saul is brought by Jonathan, who had received hospitality from David one day that he lost his way in the chase. David calms Saul's fits of madness by playing on the harp. There was, in my opinion, a very fine scene in this play, where David tells his father the secret of his victory, and in which Isaiah makes him engage never to reveal it, that he may preserve the whole merit of his action in the eyes of God and of paternal affection; and also that he may avoid the danger of renown, ambition, and the persecutions of envy and malice. At length David is recognised by some deputies who were

spectators of the combat, who had caused the youthful conqueror to be followed, and ascertained that he lived in the house of Isaiah. There were some fine contrasts presented by the profound wisdom of Isaiah, his domestic happiness, and the turbulence, pride, and madness of Saul; there was some interest felt in the scenes of paternal and filial love, and in the friendship of David and Jonathan; and in short, there was a very striking and variegated drama. At the time I saw M. Briffaut often, he told me that he wished to write a tragedy entitled *Saul*. I read my *David* to him, with permission for him to take from it whatever he thought fit. He was much pleased with my little piece, (which was in three acts,) and I believe, that he took from it the idea of making Saul's jealousy of David be restrained, by his admiration and natural inclination towards him.

I had left this piece to Casimir, which he put among his own writings, and, as he wished, in his religious fervour, to burn all his comedies, my poor piece was enveloped in the proscription, with several pretty pieces of verse I had written. I had left him a great number of letters from Madame de Brady, M. de Tréneuil, M. Briffaut, M. de Millevoye, Anatole de Montesquiou, and of several other persons: he had mixed these letters with his

own, and burned the whole. I did not consider this loss of much importance, but I regretted very much a fine melo-drame, and a charming comedy of his own composition, which he sacrificed without pity, notwithstanding the admiration they had created when read in private company, as I have already stated. This was assuredly a clear proof of the most sincere piety, and the satisfaction I felt in seeing him governed by such feelings was an ample recompense for the sacrifice he made. I have also burned all my earlier writings, which would have formed at least three large volumes; but I do not regret them, for they were of little value. I had kept only one small manuscript that might have made a duodecimo volume of one hundred and fifty pages; it was entitled *The Dangers of Celebrity;* I had preserved it, because I had not put into it the extravagant theatrical strokes of surprise that distinguished the other works I wrote at the same period; and also, if the truth must be told, because I had written it with great care on paper *à vignettes.* I showed it at Belle-Chasse one day to M. de Valence, who requested me so earnestly to give it to him, that I consented. A long time afterwards, I asked him what he had done with the manuscript, but as he seemed embarrassed what answer to give, I did not urge the matter,

and it was not found among his papers at his death. Lastly, besides the manuscripts my daughter lost, (as I have stated elsewhere,) I lost also a journal which I have greatly regretted, and which I had written for my mother in a large folio blank volume, during the time I resided at Genlis; I believe I have already mentioned it, as well as several other manuscripts I have lost.

While speaking of the manuscripts I have lost, I forgot to mention a comedy in five acts, entitled *La Fausse Antipathie.* This was the title of a play written by Destouches, but mine had no resemblance to his; I had read it to my niece Henriette and several other persons; and I thought it so pretty that becoming afraid of yielding to the temptation of making it be performed, (which I never would permit to be done with my dramatic pieces,) I burned it while at the Arsenal; my god-daughter Stephanie Alyon, now Madame Javary, was present at this execution, which she fruitlessly endeavoured to prevent. At the beginning of the revolution, I also wrote a play in five acts in prose, of a very singular kind; it was wholly taken from the works of Rousseau, and entitled *L'Isle de Saint-Pierre;* I had taken nothing but his fine passages and those of a religious nature; I had connected all this by a simple and lively

plot; but there were not two pages of my own in the play, it was altogether Rousseau's, and was really charming. When I set out for England, I left it with a lady of my acquaintance who made it be performed: it was exceedingly admired, and the day after it was performed for the second time, the statue of Rousseau was borne in procession to the Pantheon. But after it had been performed several times, it was found too religious; abominable plays were acted of quite an opposite tendency, and it was performed no more. I never could obtain the manuscript again; it was not in my own writing, for the whole play was a mere compilation; I was told that it had been given to Molé, who would never give it up, and as I had no copy of it, it was irrecoverably lost.

In the course of this year there was an eclipse of the sun; it was merely a partial one, but the darkness was very perceptible, and presented a striking appearance in a fine sky without a cloud. There is something indescribably solemn in these phenomena of nature, which leads to meditation that may easily change into fear and consternation. The sight of this created a lively emotion within me; it is very natural to think that since the Creator suspends the laws of nature, he could also dissolve them by his fiat; faith teaches us that

such an event is inevitable; but we know not when it will occur, though, for myself, I do not think it is far distant at the present day. My idea on the subject is as follows.

The Creator has made nothing in vain; hence the world will not end before the whole globe become known, before all the vegetable and mineral substances it contains be employed, and finally, before mankind have acquired all the industry and all the knowledge of the arts and sciences which they can possibly obtain in their present state of intelligence. Since the invention of printing, mankind are advancing in this career of improvement with gigantic steps; every thing they acquire is safe from the injury of time and fortune, and is fixed for ever by the aid of printing. The progress of navigation has given rise to immense discoveries within the last century; we have gained an infinite number of new plants, and of metals and semi-metals, that were unknown fifty years ago; fewer things remain to be discovered than have been discovered or brought to perfection within one hundred years. Mechanics, natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, and natural history have made the same progress. Anatomy, which was unknown to the ancients, has carried surgery to a pitch of perfection that

can scarcely be exceeded. In one hundred and fifty, or in two hundred years at the utmost, every thing will be known to perfection. As to morality, it reached its highest degree of perfection when the gospel was preached; but vices and human passions, by producing an almost universal corruption, have filled Europe with errors and false and contradictory principles; every thing in moral science is confounded at the present day, and by a necessary consequence, every thing will become so in government; a universal system of disorder will be the natural result of philosophism. Anarchy, revolutions, foreign and civil wars, will in their turns spread devastation throughout Europe; but the monuments of the arts and sciences, the artists and the scientific men who cultivate them, the immense libraries established in the towns, will still preserve the acquired stock of human knowledge;—after suffering all the evils that spring from impiety and unbridled passions, good will arise out of evil, the spirit of party will be worn out and will die away from need of repose; men will make use of the lessons of experience that have been hitherto neglected, and return to reason and religion; they will renounce the fatal prejudices that have so long prevailed; governments will no longer be so shamelessly immoral

as to establish lotteries and levy infamous taxes on gaming houses and resorts of debauchery; duels and offensive wars will be held in horror; then will arise the most brilliant golden age ever known: it will be that of the perfection of civilization; the world will be old enough to be converted, and will be prepared to give its final account; at this memorable epoch, when all the destiny of man shall be fulfilled, when all his faculties shall have been put in operation, and all the treasures of nature and of creation fully known, time will finish and be lost in the bosom of eternity. I believe that five or six hundred years will be sufficient to bring all these things about.

The female companion I had, left me on account of some family circumstances of her own, but not from any sort of dissatisfaction. I was thus left without companion, without secretary or amanuensis, and with a large work before me! . . . . . I had nobody to assist me but a waiting maid twenty-two years of age, whom I was then forced to engage, whose writing was very rude and illegible, and who did not know one single word of grammar. Yet I could not write for any length of time without being extremely fatigued, so that I had to make this servant girl write at

my dictation; to be sure I had a singular sort of secretary, since I was forced to teach her the spelling of every word as I went on; but I had several times taught orthography successfully to persons of her rank without any motive of personal advantage. As the individual in this case displayed intelligence and was disposed to learn, I felt interest in improving her. Nothing is more tiresome than teaching the elements of any branch of knowledge; I have always found it so, and it is peculiarly disagreeable when a person has by his habits and acquirements the means of passing his time agreeably. This is what I always thought; yet I have given, during the whole course of my life, an immense number of lessons, because I have always been convinced that feelings of religion or even of humanity make it one's bounden duty to do all the good one can at all times and in all situations; this reminds me not only of the sacred precepts of the gospel, but of the old line that has such a profound meaning:—

"Qui ne vit que pour soi, n'est pas digne de vivre."

I could not employ my new secretary in making extracts, even by marking in the book the passages I wished to take, for she was not qualified

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SA...

to copy them: but I did not read less notwithstanding: and all the follies and political puerility I read of reminded me of follies of another kind, of the extravagance of the partisans of Gluck and Piccini, and the madness of party spirit, that is always desirous of holding out as *sublime writers* those who support the same opinions, and all this without understanding the subject in question. I remember that at the time when Gluck came often to see me, I told him one evening that I was much less sorry for the injustice of his enemies, than for the ignorance of the partisans who wrote in his favour; he said in reply: *If I were to explain to them what they ought to say, they would not understand my meaning.*

One of the prevailing follies of the present age is, that of putting in the rank of *great men* all those with whom the writers have had intimate acquaintance, or all those of the party they have adopted. The consequence of this is, that in a number of *historical memoirs* of our own times, funeral orations, biographical works and pamphlets, we find numberless discoveries that teach us the names of the most *famous* personages whose celebrity we never heard of before. We discover nurseries of warriors distinguished by unknown exploits, that have never been heard of;

innumerable sublime orators and men of genius, not a single work of whom can be quoted. It is true that in the same works, and in numberless libels, honoured with the name of *dictionaries*, histories, &c. we also find discoveries of another kind; we find in them the overthrow of the best established reputations, proofs of the utter worthlessness of works translated into all the languages of Europe; they accomplish what an ancient philosopher (by Bayle's account) attributed to Jupiter, *they bring down whatever is exalted, and exalt whatever is abased.* All this is very ingenious, and doubtless, very instructive; and this is the way in which our legions of modern authors write books! . . . . .

Our profound *thinkers*, our great statesmen, are continually talking with contempt of the *frivolity* of the seventeenth, and first half of the eighteenth century. It is true that lofty pretensions and ambition are not at all frivolous, for we have seen in times not far distant, a vast number of *men of genius* pretend to the most elevated situations, to noble rank, and kingdoms . . . . . It is said again and again, that society is no longer frivolous; alas! it is true, and it is a great misfortune in my opinion. I wrote to Anatole de Montesquiou a

letter on this subject in verse and prose, which I think right to insert in this place, because it describes the manners of late times:—

"There is great pleasure in being able to argue well in a serious conversation, or to talk trifles gracefully in a select and private party; and the French in former times seemed to have the exclusive privilege of wielding this double power with success.

"Il est une déesse inconstante et légère,
Badinant, folâtrant avec aménité,
Et jadis à Paris toujours sûre de plaire,
Sous les aimables traits d'une douce gaîté
Réunie à l'esprit, surtout à l'élégance:
Son nom est la frivolité.
Fruit du luxe et de la beauté,
Elle naquit au sein de l'heureuse abondance,
De la paix ; de l'oisiveté,
On la vit accourir en France,
Avec les grâces et l'amour.
Ce qui brille un moment, ce qui ne plaît qu'un jour,
Est, en tout pays, son domaine ;
Mais elle transporta, sur les bords de la Seine,
Son trône aérien, et sa volage cour.
Des fêtes et des jeux brillante souveraine,
Durant nos anciens jours de splendeur et de paix,
Elle eut le don charmant de plaire et de seduire ;

Mais elle sut aussi restreindre son empire,
Et sans blesser jamais la décence et le goût,
Elle avoit alors en partage
Un ton si piquant et si doux,
Que la raison souvent emprunta son language.

Previous to this horrid period, when impiety, licentiousness, and pride run mad, combined to give birth to all the scenes we have witnessed, the frivolity of the French was not a national defect; it was, on the contrary, the preserver against pedantry, affectation, and a thousand ridiculous and dangerous pretensions. It was found where it ought to be to form the charm of society, in the conversations of men of the world, in epistolary communications and the gayest amusements. It excluded from our parties a positive and dogmatical spirit, metaphysical discussions, politics, and dissertations; and it was in its turn excluded from important affairs and serious works. Men never thought more profoundly or wrote more elegantly and correctly than at the period when society was adorned by the most amiable frivolity, which was nothing else but a relaxation of mind and a gaiety full of wit, feeling, and grace. Were we to expunge from the letters of Madame de Sevigné every thing that is frivolous, we should

take away their principal charm. Such was frivolity amongst us in the times of old; but,

" Du fond d'un autre affreux, creusé dans un abîme,
S'élance et paroît tout à coup
Un monstre audacieux, enfanté par le crime,
Bouleversant, ravageant tout;
Ce monstre forcené, cette horrible mégère,
Sortant du gouffre et de l'obscurité,
Dechire avec fureur les voiles du mystère,
Qui cachoient aux yeux du vulgaire
Son effrayante nudité.
Des devoirs et des lois franchissant la barrière,
Un poignard à la main, et triomphante et fiére,
Elle se nomme enfin, c'étoit l'impiété;
A son aspect hideux, reculant en arrière,
L'innocente frivolité,
Jura d'abandonner la France;
Mais, soit paresse, ou soit reconnoissance,
Et souvenir des beaux jours écoulés,
Elle resta dans ces lieux désolés."

" The muses, the graces, and the god of taste took flight in search of more peaceful retreats. This charming company long sought in vain; perhaps they are still on their wanderings; let us hope that they will return and fix their abode in France.

"En attendant, nous étions moins aimables,
Sans devenir plus raisonnables;
Parmi nous, la frivolité,
Sans grâce, sans légèreté,
Et de ses attraits depourvue,
Ne pouvant eviter les pedans et les sots,
Redoute à tort d'être aperçue,
Ou se montre mal à propos;
Elle n'est plus un doux moyen de plaire;
Du siècle où nous vivons prenant le caractère,
Ellé a changé de ton, de manière, de goût;
Vainement la pédanterie
Se vante de l'avoir bannie;
Sous une lourde forme on la trouve partout.
A la fausse science elle est toujours unie;
Couverte du manteau de la philosophie,
Elle ose se mêler aux plus graves travaux;
Elle a, dans sa folle manie,
Corrompu Melpomène et dédaigné Thalie;
Elle est dans les salons, elle est dans les bureaux;
Dans nos livres savans, dans nos pamphlets nouveaux,
Et parfois à l'Académie."

Can any thing, in fact, be more frivolous than all those improbable and surprising incidents that form our modern tragedies; than this metaphysical jargon and farcical style which in our comedies fill up the place of the gaiety of Molière? What can be more frivolous than the ridiculous and wearisome pretensions of certain writers of putting in every line some striking word or philosophical thought, an infallible method of writing

without intelligence and feeling, and consequently without taste and judgment. The desire of putting wit or pretty phrases into scientific works or medical books is not less frivolous. Let us admit then, that frivolity free from malignity, frivolity that wishes to examine deeply into nothing, but touches gracefully upon every thing, which rallies without ill-will, which judges in sportive language, and relates an anecdote without the show of reflection, ever ready to laugh even at its own judgments—let us admit that this amiable frivolity forms all the charm of society and conversation, and that it is a necessary relaxation after important affairs and harassing occupation. Its thoughtlessness resembles candour, and its sort of childishness resembles innocence; but how insipid and ridiculous does it become, when forgetting itself, it assumes an air of importance and a tone of learning, and begins to make grave dissertations on trifles, or to preach common-place nonsense and fallacious maxims! . . . . ."

I took a small apartments at the baths of Tivoli; I was in need of a change of air, a fine garden, and profound retirement, and I went accordingly to the great dissatisfaction of M. de Valence. I could find nothing empty but a wretched apartment, but it looked into the garden, commanded

a fine prospect, and I should have been perfectly satisfied with it had not my chimney smoked.

I invented a new game of cards altogether in flowers, and I thought the idea ingenious, because it is so extremely simple that a child of seven or eight years old may understand it in a quarter of an hour, and play with these cards immediately afterwards. I believe no person has ever bestowed the same attention upon flowers as I have done; one or more flowers produce effects of importance in each of my novels, and in almost all my tales; I have even written one entitled *The Flowers*, and another entitled *Les Fleurs Funeraires*. In my youth, I caused the rose of Salency to rise from obscurity; I made it the subject of a play in the *Theatre of Education*, and my little comedy has been imitated in after times, and transformed into an opera, while I have also been the first cause of the establishment of all the rose-prizes (*rosieres*) that have been founded in France since that period. To me is the public indebted for the first moss rose ever seen in France. My work, entitled *Historical and Literary Botany*, contains immense researches concerning the events brought about by the influence of flowers, the worship which several nations have paid to them, and the characteristics of these charming productions of nature, as attri-

butes of the mind and emblems of the virtues. I have also written on this subject, the manuscript work I have already spoken of, and which is in the king's private library; mythological arabesques, painted by myself, and engraved and adorned with all the flowers consecrated to the gods of antiquity, drawings of all the plants mentioned in mythology, as large as nature; and this is, I believe, the best thing I have done of the kind. Prince Jerôme Bonaparte, whom I had not then the honour of knowing personally, bought this work for six thousand francs; the collection of drawings was presented to him without mentioning the name of the author; he was delighted with the plan and its execution, and purchased it without hesitation. I have also written *alphabets* of flowers, and a manuscript work entirely filled with mottos taken from the vegetable kingdom, all the flowers of which I painted myself; I added a few notes; this manuscript has not been printed, and I have kept no copy of it; I have neither given separately or ever quoted in my works a single motto it contains; whilst I resided with M. de Valence, I sold it for four thousand francs, to a very amiable and well informed English lady, Lady Guildford. My other works on flowers are four paintings of the flowers of each season of the

year, accompanied with verses which I shall notice in the sequel; a work entitled *Moral Herbal*, consisting of fables, the subjects of which are drawn from the vegetable kingdom; of these the *Deux Cerisiers, la Feuille detachée d'un grand arbre*, and the *Lierre*, have been particularly remarked; my *Plantes Usuelles*, for the use of young ladies, a work that has long been in the hands of M. Barrois, but which has not yet been published. My last work was the *Rural Games*, dedicated to his Royal Highness the Duke of Chartres. I am forgetting my greatest title of glory in this kind of composition, and one of the earliest I ever made, my *Collection of Artificial Flowers*, consisting of field plants, that I formed at Belle Chasse, which was so much admired by M. de Buffon, and which was perfectly sold off for *the benefit of the nation*, along with the boxes and pots that held it, when an inventory was taken at Belle Chasse of every thing belonging to me, during my absence abroad; of all the things that I irrecoverably lost, this, along with my *Historical Magic Lantern*, was what I chiefly regretted.

I was perfectly happy at Tivoli, where I finished without interruption my novel of *Flaminia;* nothing was wanting to my happiness but a piano and a harp; but I daily exercised my fingers on a

harp made by Alfred for this purpose, and was thus certain of losing nothing of my skill in practice, while I dictated all the time. To preserve my habits of performing on the piano, I daily played with my fingers on the table. I had a guitar and played upon it seriously; besides this, I painted a little, read a little, walked a great deal in the garden, from time to time paid visits to two or three friends, and my time rolled on very agreeably.

The persons at the head of this establishment are very obliging and very amiable. In an adjoining apartment there was a very unfortunate and interesting young lady, Mademoiselle Clémence Gabarus. Six months before this, on rising one night in the dark to catch a parrot that had escaped from its cage, she fell and broke her knee and thigh; she had been confined to her bed ever since the accident, and suffered excruciating pain. She had been on the eve of being married, and a few days after her accident, her lover was thrown from his horse and broke his leg—this was a melancholy coincidence! This young lady sent me word that she was desirous of seeing me, and I went instantly to her apartment. I hate visits, and never make any; time is very valuable in my eyes, but it is not a loss of time to devote a part

of it in giving consolation to those who are confined to the bed of sickness. Mademoiselle Gabarus is very beautiful and extremely interesting; her patience amidst all her trials was truly admirable.

The Duchess of Berri came to Tivoli to take the baths; she delighted the whole establishment by her goodness and affability. Never was any princess more universally beloved, or the object of more affectionate admiration.

M. de Valence requested me to return to his house in so friendly and pressing a manner, that I gave him my promise, and I did this more willingly as he solemnly declared in one of his letters, *that if I did not yield to his request, he was certain that he should relapse and die.* He had already said the same thing when he wished to detain me in his house, and I could never resist language of this kind. Hence I did not think I could rightly dispense with taking possession anew of my little apartment in the Rue Pigale; however I did not give up the firm resolution I had so long entertained of retiring into a convent; but nothing is more difficult than to find an apartment in those at Paris, for they are all taken or engaged beforehand.

I still saw the Chevalier d'Harmensen from time

to time; I know no individual whose conversation is more interesting and instructive. The Comte de Rochefort, who made me acquainted with him, told me a charming anecdote of him, which I cannot help giving in this place. In one of our political changes, M. de Rochefort was much embarrassed in his circumstances. He was dining one day with two or three persons at the house of the Chevalier d'Harmensen, when he was asked some questions concerning his situation; he replied in a brief and careless manner, that he had instructed a broker to procure a loan for him, and as he did not want a large sum, that he had no anxiety about the matter; after saying this, he immediately began talking of other subjects. When he rose next morning, he was told that the valet of the Chevalier d'Harmensen wished to speak to him; he made him come in, when the servant told him that his master had ordered him *to return the four thousand francs he owed him.* This kind and generous manner of conferring an obligation greatly affected M. de Rochefort; he accepted two thousand francs only, which he absolutely required, and in his letter of thanks he promised to repay the money at a certain day, which he had the happiness of doing at a much earlier period; but he did not think himself exonerated

from the obligation on this account, for there are debts which cannot be discharged by payments in money, and the kind memory of M. de Rochefort will ever preserve the recollection of this noble conduct.

I left Tivoli after a residence of five months; towards the close of my stay, I became acquainted with an amiable and intelligent lady, who bears a name I have long revered: this was the Marquise de Becdelièvre, whose husband is a grand nephew of the virtuous bishop of Nismes, who was deservedly adored in his diocese, where he had established manufactures to furnish employment to the poor, hospitals for the sick, and other beneficent establishments. On our journey to Italy, we became acquainted with the immense good he did to the province, and felt extreme satisfaction in seeing and admiring this pious benefactor of mankind.

I went accordingly to take up my residence anew in the noisy first floor I had already occupied in the house of M. de Valence; but I took care this time to fit up the little drawing-room to my mind: it contained every thing I care about, a table for writing and painting upon, a fine harp of Errard's construction, which I had just purchased, my guitar, and a piano which M. de Valence had the goodness to place in my apartment.

I intended at this period to write a work that had been suggested to me, and that was much wished for by several persons; this was a series of tales, each of which was to contain the life of a modern poet, to form a continuation of my work on Petrarch. I was to write eight tales, the subjects of which were *Camoëns*, *Cervantes*, *Tasso*, *Milton*, *Savage*, *Corneille*, *La Fontaine*, and *Jean-Baptiste Rousseau;* I was desirous of writing this work, and also of adding another large duodecimo volume to my *Annals of Virtue*, for the purpose of completing a work that has gone through so many editions: I likewise wished to write the *La Bruyere of Antichambers*, for the use of servants, a work that is much wanted, and would be of great advantage to them. Besides, according to the plan I had formed, persons of the highest classes would have perused it with pleasure. My situation was very melancholy during the middle and close of this winter; I saw M. de Valence becoming worse every day: I attempted in our private conversations to bring him round to religious sentiments, which the edifying examples of his wife and daughters should naturally have inspired him with; but during the whole course of his life he had never read any thing but the works of our pretended philosophers. I made every exertion

to demonstrate to him that these unbelievers had written as many falsehoods as blasphemies; he listened to me with a calmness and attention that encouraged me to persevere; and these discussions, so new to him, never seemed to irritate or weary him; I even prevailed on him to go regularly to mass, to which he accompanied me every Sunday and holiday.

Almost all my old friends were absent. Madame de Choiseul, who had promised me that she would not stay more than three months in Franche Comté, was forced by her affairs, to remain fourteen mortal months, which seemed to me of immeasurable length; Adolphe de Custine was at his estate of Ferragues, near Lisieux; and Madame Moreau was very ill and confined to her room.

I became acquainted with an English lady, Mrs. Canning, the lady of the English minister; she has a daughter as beautiful as an angel.

I often saw M. de Saulty and his amiable family. Though continually occupied with business, M. de Saulty is, notwithstanding, most agreeable company. I have seen him at his country house at Baville, playing every evening at childish games with a gaiety and liveliness that delighted me, when I reflected that he was often obliged to rise at day-break, to devote his whole attention to the

most laborious studies. I remember that, in my youth, I occasionally supped with judges and financiers, and had observed that they became singularly grave towards the close of the evening. The end of all their amusements was spoiled by the idea of the morrow. M. de Saulty is well informed on subjects quite foreign from his usual occupations; he is an excellent classical scholar; his knowledge of history and literature is extensive, and that nothing may be wanting in the acquirements requisite to please and interest me, he writes very pretty verses, and is a most kind and faithful friend.

At this time, I saw almost every day M. Gerono, the interesting young man I have already mentioned. He came out of friendship to visit me, and wrote whole hours to my dictation.

I continued to pay my respects to Her Royal Highness Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who is still as kind and affectionate towards me as ever; I saw the young prince de Joinville, who was only two years old, but who spoke as distinctly as a child of six or seven; he was also as polite as he was handsome and intelligent; in fact, the whole family of the Duke of Orleans is truly the most interesting I ever knew; the members of it are charming by their personal attractions, their na-

tural qualities, and education, and the reciprocal attachment of parents and children. I am greatly pleased with having proposed Madame Mallet to the Duke of Orleans, as a teacher to the young princesses his daughters. Madame Mallet is well worthy by her virtues and accomplishments, of being under the superintendence of a princess of such uncommon merit as Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans; she possesses every qualification to comprehend fully the orders she receives, and to fulfil them with extreme exactness. It is Mademoiselle d'Orleans who teaches the eldest of her nieces, the princess Louise, to play on the harp; she thought it due to her old teacher of the harp to invite her to hear her young pupil, and I was delighted with one of her lessons, at which I was present.

The day after my visit to the Palais Royal, I wrote off, at a single effort, a poetical epistle to my old watch; and as it has been greatly admired, I shall insert it in these memoirs.

ÉPITRE.

A ma vieille montre usée et n'allant plus.

16 Décembre 1820.

Durant un demi-siècle, attachée à mon sort,
Tu fus ma compagne fidèle,
Et je me flattois que ton zéle
Se soutiendroit jusqu'à la mort!

Tu réglois mes trauvaux, mes veilles et mes muses;
Au lieu de me guider, maintenant tu m'abuses;
Tous tes avis, hors de saison,
Pressent, retardent, sans raison,
Et trop souvent, pour me confondre,
Tu refuses de me répondre!
A ta solide et brillante beauté
Le temps n'a fait aucun outrage,
Tandis qu'il épuisa toute sa cruanté
Sur ma force et sur mon visage!
Mais je suis plus vieille que toi,
Car tu recevois la naissance,
Lorsque nous fîmes connoissance.
Et tu radotes avant moi! . . .
Est-ce folie, est-ce vengeance?
Quand tu parois être en enfance,
Dois-je croire à ta bonne foi?
Il est vrai, dans ma solitude,
Quelquefois, j'en conviens, me laissant emporter
Par l'attrait si puissant des arts et de l'etude,
J'oubliai de te consulter;
Tu ne me'n ètois pas moins chère,
Et ce tort fut involontaire;
Eh quoi! prétends-tu m'en punir.
Par tes écarts et ton morne silence?
Ou plutôt veux-tu m'avertir
Que pour moi le temps va finir,
Et que sa voix s'éteint dans cet espace immense
Que je dois bientôt parcourir? . . . .
Faite pour me survivre, ô mon ancienne amie,
Toi qui marquas presque tous les instans
De mes jours orageux et de ma longue vie,
Ne m'abandonne point dans mes derniers momens!
Et, pour me préserver de tout penser frivole,

Fixe-toi-là si près de môn tombeau ;
Parmi tous ces papiers, reste sur mon bureau,
Sans mouvement et sans parole ?
Et que ton immobilité,
En frappant mes regards, soit pour eux le symbole
De l'immobile éternité ! . . . .

The Countess d'Hautpoul sent me a collection of her poems, forming an octavo volume, dedicated to the king. There are several charming pieces of poetry in the work ; but there are some by far too free to be placed in a collection dedicated to the king, and containing an elegy on the Duke of Berri. What is particularly astonishing, is that the author, through inadvertence doubtless, has inserted a burlesque and licentious tale, entitled the *Savonnette,* which has not even the merit of being ludicrous. With a little reflection, the author would have felt that there is great want of taste in inserting a tale of this kind in a book full of elegies, and dedicated to the king. Madame d'Hautpoul had the goodness to come and see me : she is extremely amiable ; she was then busy in making historical abridgements for the use of schools. She asked me to make out for her a plan of reading in collecting her materials ; I told her that I had given one in *Adele and Theodore ;* she said she would read and profit by it, which made me smile, as I fancied the

plan would be copied without acknowledgment. This is an honour that has constantly been paid me for forty years.

The following are the lines I wrote on the four seasons of flowers, which I described in four separate pictures:—

PRINTEMPS.

Filles aimables du printemps,
Ces belles fleurs, de la jeunesse
Ont la légèreté, l'éclat et la souplesse,
La brillante fraîcheur et tous les agrémens;
Mais de leur beauté fugitive
Nous verrons bientôt le déclin:
Sous peu de jours et peut-être demain,
Sur ces coteaux et sur la rive,
Nos yeux chercheront en vain!
Et néanmoins ce n'est qu'en apparence
Que ces fleurs reçoivent la mort;
Elles conservent l'existence,
Et pour subir le même sort,
En dépit de l'expérience,
Si quelquefois l'haleine du zéphir,
Par sa bienfaisante influence,
Vient ranimir et rafraîchir
Leurs attraits prêts à se flétrir,
Elles sont toujours sans défense
Contre l'orage, et la grêle, et les vents,
Et pour orner les bois, les champs et la prairie,
Elles renaissent tous les ans.
Je ne leur porte point envie;

Plaire et briller quelques instans,
Craindre toujours, souffrir long-temps,
Hélas! telle est pour nous la vie!
Oh! qui pourroit supporter ses tourmens,
Ses revers, ses peines cruelles,
Ses inquiétudes mortelles
Sur son incertain avenir,
Sans l'espoir de la voir finir! . .

L'ÉTÉ.

Saisons des doux plaisirs, des jeux de l'innocence,
A ton éclatante beauté
Tu réunis l'utilité;
Tu réalises l'espérance
Du citadin et de l'homme des champs,
Tu leur donnes la jouissance
Des biens promis par le printemps.
Le riche, au sein de l'abondance,
Le cénobite et le voluptueux,
Ne peuvent se passer de des fruits savoureux.
Que tes jours sont brillans, que tes nuits sont charmantes!
Mais à ton soleil radieux,
J'ai toujours préféré les clartés vacillantes
De ces étoiles scintillantes
Qui parent la voûte des cieux.
Combien j'ai consacré de veilles
A contempler tes touchantes marveilles
Dans les vallons silencieux,
Quand l'astre de la nuit jette sur la nature
Son voile transparent, mais si mystérieux!
Laissons le fol amour, égaré dans ses vœux,
Vanter cette lumière et si douce et si pure;
Un sentiment religieux,

Une céleste, une divine flamme,
Peuvent seuls en goûter l'attrait délicieux !
Oui, c'est vers toi que s'élance mon âme,
O Créateur de l'univers,
En admirant de tant d'objets divers
L'ordre, les beautés, l'harmonie ;
Reçois, au déclin de ma vie,
Mes derniers chants, mes derniers vers.

L'AUTOMNE.

Déjà la rose a perdu ses couleurs,
Déjà la feuille jaunissante
Du sombre hiver annonce les rigueurs ;
Le temps semble hâter sa course menaçante,
La nuit s'approche, le jour fuit,
Le rossignol se tait, et le soleil pâlit !
La nature, ainsi défaillante,
En présentant à nos regards,
Une si triste décadence,
Nous invite de toutes parts
A ne fonder notre espérance,
Nos vœux, nos désirs, nos projets,
Que sur des biens de notre essence,
Et qui ne périssent jamais.

L'HIVER.

Sans fruits, sans fleurs, et sans verdure,
Ennemi de toute culture,
Parmi la neige et les frimas,
Le triste hiver désole nos climats,
Et désenchante la nature.
Mais nous supportons sa rigueur,
Sans en éprouver de douleur,

Sans en gémir, et sans murmure.
On ne pense qu'au doux printemps
Qui doit terminer ses ravages ;
Et vous, vieillards impatiens,
Vous osez vous plaindre du temps,
De son poids et de ses outrages !
Pour se soumettre, sans souffrir,
A tous les maux de cette vie,
Retraçons-nous le souvenir
De la véritable patrie,
Et de l'immortel avenir.

Mademosielle d'Orleans did me the honour to write me a charming letter, and along with it sent me a very fine time-piece, which she called *a substitute for my old watch*, as I had presented her with the manuscript *Epistle* I have already mentioned. My great grand-daughters admired this time-piece so highly, that I could not refuse myself the satisfaction of giving it to them. Madame Moreau gave me a magnificent *benitier* of chrystal, covered with gilding, amethysts, and other ornaments.

I was obliged to dismiss an incorrigible waiting maid. I was served very indifferently by the servants of the house, who had many other duties to perform, and were continually forgetting me. One evening I was locked in without a light for three hours and a quarter. I rung the bell four times in vain: finding how things stood, I remained pa-

tiently, formed plans of works in my own fancy, prayed, meditated, and the time passed on without ennui: I was released by a visit at last. I did not relate this circumstance to M. de Valence, to save his servants from a scolding, but he was informed of it in a few days afterwards, and nothing of the kind took place again. I was served with constant and unwearied zeal by all the servants from this period till my departure; but it is also true, that I knew how to recompense this conduct in such a way, as if possible to render it more remarkable; for M. de Valence, so easy and good-tempered in company, was an imperious and violent master to his servants; he very often changed them, which was a source of great expense to me, by the continual presents I was forced to give at every change; hence, I made every effort to make him milder towards his servants, so that there was some little private interest in this apparent *good temper*.

At the house of M. de Valence, I dined with the princess of Wagram, whom I found very amiable, and who was exceedingly affable to me; she did me the honour of visiting me. I am always grateful for these honourable marks of goodwill; but at the age I have reached, I resemble those travellers who find that it is not worth their while to cultivate the kindness displayed

towards them in places they are on the eve of leaving and which they are never more to see.

M. de Custine returned; I was delighted with seeing him again. He wrote some verses on my epistle to my watch, which I shall quote here, out of vanity for him, and not because they were addressed to me; it is known that poetry and friendship have the privilege and the right of unmeasured exaggeration. His lines may be truly called impromptu, for he left me at eleven o'clock at night to read my epistle (which I had just given him) to the Princess de Vaudemont, and the next morning, sent me the following verses:—

> Vous avez arraché, de son aile légère,
> Une plume immortelle, et vous bravez ses coups,
> En versant comme lui la vie et la lumière.
> Jouissez ici-bas de l'immortalité,
> Que le temps même vous assure;
> Songez qu'il est pour vous, comme l'éternité;
> Une source abondante et pure
> De lumière et de vérité.

In the course of this year, M. de Custine brought a very amiable young man to my house, a relation of the late M. de Genlis, called the Marquis de La Grange; he has an agreeable person, thinks justly and expresses himself correctly, two

things that please me particularly in young men who may exercise an important influence over public morals. I became acquainted with another young man, M. de Bouillé, grand-nephew of the celebrated Marquis de Bouillé, whom I was well acquainted with in my youth, and who played such a noble and bold part at the commencement of the revolution. His grand-nephew seemed to me worthy of bearing his name, he is young, handsome, intelligent, and actuated by the most religious sentiments; he also seemed to me, as far as I could judge in an hour and a half's conversation, to be much better informed than the generality of young men of his own age, even those who have received the best education. I can truly say that I have a right not to be *ashamed* of my enemies, and to be truly *proud of my friends.*

My *Palmyra* was published; one journal absolutely refused to notice it at all: I was accustomed to this polite behaviour of the journals, and was neither surprised nor irritated by it; but the public, who have always shown themselves so indulgent towards me, went in crowds, in spite of the journals, to Maradan's shop, to buy this new novel. I had written this work in a singular manner; I had not been three months in dictating

it, while I was forced to instruct my amanuensis in the spelling of every word I pronounced; yet in spite of this precaution, my waiting maid made great blunders at almost every page, for she was extremely thoughtless as well as ignorant, and had such a superabundance of *h*'s, *i*'s, and *o*'s in her fancy, that nothing could restrain her from giving them on all occasions; besides this, she adopted three or four hands in writing one line, hurrying, with marvellous facility, not from the "*grave au doux*," but from the largest text to the finest print. The consequence of all this was that I was unable to calculate (which I usually did with ease) what would be the size of the work, and it was printed without knowing whether it would form one or two volumes. By dictating to my amanuensis of a waiting-woman, I had contracted such a habit of saying aloud all the letters of the words I pronounced, that it has happened to me several times to do the same thing in private conversation without being aware of it, when I had only a few words to say. I had considerable difficulty in getting rid of this habit.

The day on which I attained my seventy-fifth year, while returning my acknowledgements to God for having so long continued my existence, and for having preserved me in excellent health,

with sight that had hitherto required no glasses,* hearing such as it was at twenty years of age, the use of all my limbs, my recollection, and all my mental faculties; I reflected upon all the past scenes of my life, and became confirmed in the opinion I had so long held, that, with the exception of the loss of those whom we love, almost all our misfortunes and sorrows arise in part from our own fault.

I can bear this firm testimony in my own behalf, that I never had bad intentions in any thing I did, that I was incapable of feelings of hatred and revenge; but I have been so little selfish, that this virtue has become in my conduct a capital defect, for I not only never gave myself the least concern about my fortune, but I never reflected upon my conduct, which has been the cause of an infinite number of thoughtless and ill-considered actions. I have been very attentive to the interests of the objects of my affection, but I have never taken the trouble of thinking upon my own; so that, if I had my career to go over anew, with my remembrance of the past, I would do scarcely any thing of what I have actually done, with the exception of

* And I can say the same thing at the close of the year 1825, when I am entering upon my eightieth year.—*(Note by the Author.)*

my literary efforts; for I do not believe, in my own conscience, that more than ten pages can be justly expunged from all my numerous works. In these I have displayed courage, perseverance, and the purest intentions, and I flatter myself that they have been useful and will always remain so.

But the greater part of my actions have been uncommonly imprudent. If I had planned out my life better, I should have spared myself cruel sorrows, and should have been very happy at the present day. May God grant me the grace to employ well the time that remains to me; I desire to live a few years longer, only that I may fully repair and atone for my past errors. I shall leave this subject by giving a useful advice to studious and intelligent youth; they ought to distrust two good things whose excess is pernicious; disinterestedness carried so far as to make one the dupe of others, and the spirit of observation that produces a habit of curiosity leading easily to thoughtless conduct. Every excess is dangerous; wisdom founded on religion, and distrust of one's self, can alone preserve from it. People do not learn, or they learn only to their cost, when they volunluntarily place themselves in dangerous situations. Judgment ought to set bounds to disinterestedness; when it becomes romantic, it is nothing but

a madness springing from pride, and not from delicacy of heart and principles. For instance, why should we refuse to receive our just debts from people who can pay them without inconvenience? Would it not be better to receive them that we may assist those who are in want? It is praiseworthy to give up our property out of charity, but it is absurd to reject payment of a debt out of vanity; yet this is what I have done a thousand times. These kinds of actions are always punished, for they never give rise to gratitude. It is praiseworthy to pardon, when it is in one's power, a debt which cannot be paid without ruining the debtor, but there is great folly in not accepting payment of a debt which can produce him no sort of inconvenience.

At the house of M. de Valence I found a secretary who amply compensated me for all the blunders of my waiting-maid; this was a young woman, the daughter of M. de Valence's housekeeper, who had no sort of employment in the house; her mother, (who was not brought up in the rank of a servant,) as a reward for her valuable cares, obtained permission to keep her in the house, with the condition annexed that she should have nothing to do with M. de Valence, and should never go into his room, which he highly

approved of, as a measure required by decency for so young and handsome a girl. This young woman, who is called Julie, is charming by her person, modesty, and sentiments; she made a very pious and industrious application of her time; she is very skillful in all sorts of needle-work, writes well, and is well acquainted with grammar. I made her perfect in this branch in a very short time; and taught her, particularly, how to write letters and notes with perfect propriety, and with all the customary forms varying according to the age, the sex, and the rank of the persons addressed. I do not know any woman who writes a letter or a note with more taste or in a better style. She recompensed me for my cares with the liveliest zeal and the strongest affection; she came regularly every day to write to my dictation. Without her I could never have decyphered the almost illegible papers that were put into my hands for the purpose of writing the memoirs of Madame de Bonchamp; I shall mention her again while noticing this subject in the sequel.

M. de Valence, notwithstanding the wretched state of his health, went regularly to the Chamber of Peers; he performed this duty, which was so fatiguing to him, with a most praise-worthy courage, but he could scarcely devote any attention

to his speeches. Hitherto he had merely read them to me, and asked me some trifling advice respecting the style; but when he was desirous of bringing in a bill of a very interesting kind,* he requested me to write it for him, which I told him I would do with pleasure, but that as I could not write myself without great fatigue, I could not promise him secrecy on the subject, as I should be obliged to dictate it to Julie. He replied that he cared nothing for that, and that he would never conceal the real author's name. I accordingly dictated the whole of this article to Julie; it is to be found among the printed speeches of M. de Valence, who read it with great success to the chambers, which ordered it to be printed. This is all the share that I had in his speeches, though it has been said that I wrote them all; he never consulted me concerning them except as to their literary merits, and that but rarely, in fact only respecting some unconnected phrases that he thought might be objected to.

Palmyra was well received by the public, like

* A short time before this, an unfortunate man (Lesargues) had been falsely accused of a crime, condemned and executed; his innocence had just been fully ascertained. M. de Valence wished a law to be made that not only removed the stain of crime from the innocent man's name, but gave compensation to his unfortunate family.—(*Note by the Author.*)

my other works; and in addition, the journals that noticed it gave it great praise, particularly the *Journal des Debats*, which made an exception, on this occasion, to their customary practice of engaging M. Hoffman to write every article that related to me; it was M. Dussault who reviewed *Palmyra*, and he did so with extreme good-will and all the ability for which he is distinguished; all the liberal journals refused to notice the work. It is assuredly neither intrigue, favour, nor party spirit that has obtained me success; I have neither the genius nor the talents of the great Corneille, but like him, I can say,—

"Je ne dois qu'à moi seule toute ma renommée."

It is amusing to see with how little modesty the authors of our times intrigue for praise; it is an art that is carried to high perfection at the present day; but that of writing well is still better. It is still more remarkable to observe with what barefaced impudence my works have been plundered for the last fifteen years. If I were to enumerate all that has been stolen from me, I should find no leisure to compose. My *Theatre of Education* has formed materials for thousands of dialogues written for youth; a play of mine entitled *La Curieuse* has even been performed at the Theatre Français

by another name. Every woman who has written novels for the last twenty years has, without exception, put my works under contribution to furnish materials for her own.

All my historical researches, almost without exception, have been plundered in the same manner, without acknowledgment. Whole articles from my works on mythology have been copied into Dictionaries. It is fifteen years since I published them, and since that time, a great many small Dictionaries have been published for the purpose of inserting the greater part of my researches on the subject. A great many Almanacks have been published on the subject of flowers, and all the descriptions are almost wholly taken from my *Historical and Literary Botany*, a work which I can truly assert to be very curious and amusing by the immensity and singular nature of its researches. My works have also given rise to innumerable theatrical pieces, ballets, and melodrames. Hence I can flatter myself with having been of great use to all the writers of my own time who were deficient in imagination.

The anniversary of the tragical and affecting death of the unfortunate Duke of Berri visibly renewed the terrible impression of that fatal event; that unfortunate day very naturally gave rise to

melancholy reflections : thecrime it called to mind roused up the recollection of so many others! . . . . How many crimes it recalled to mind, how many murders, unjust wars, infamous transactions, monstrous impieties and excesses, that have been committed within the last thirty years! . . . . When the new opinions produce nothing but revolutions, crimes, the loss of public morality, errors, sophistry, the decline of literature, and the mental degradation of the great body of a nation, surely these opinions cannot be good. No one knows his own will; no party knows precisely what they would be at; political speeches generally want frankness and probity; we every where see secret and concealed views; we see nothing clear and certain but the efforts of private interest. The true love of glory exists no longer; its place has been usurped by the need and the desire of wealth. Political writings no longer give information; they are without plan, and their barbarous style is almost always unintelligible; they present the moral confusion of tongues. We may sometimes find in them a few good maxims, or an interesting paragraph; but the whole composition is generally worthless, for want of useful objects and a satisfactory result. It is true that the sciences have made great progress; but it is absurd to think

that had it not been for wars, conscriptions, national guards, and the interruption of studies, we should not have carried to perfection agriculture, chemistry, mechanics, and all other branches of science; and that it required the overthrow of European governments to produce in medicine and surgery such men as Alibert, Moreau, (de la Sarthe,) Dupuytren, Richerand, and many others; and if we had not lost millions of men by war, agriculture would be much more flourishing. But the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux opens up an unlimited field to the most consolatory hopes, and seems to foretel and to assure us of a better order of things.

The anniversary of the death of the unfortunate Duke of Berri was celebrated at St. Denis, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was an enormous crowd present. The enemies of the monarchy will struggle in vain, for the great body of the nation have a strong feeling of attachment to the royal family. It would be extremely difficult to find in any private family more virtues and good examples than the royal family have displayed since the restoration. The Duchess of Angouleme, and the Duchess of Berri are admirable from the purity of their life and conduct; the Duke of Orleans is the model of husbands and

fathers; the Duchess dowager of Orleans was generally admired; Her Royal Highness the Duchess, and Mademoiselle d'Orleans, are revered and beloved by all who approach them. Every one does justice to the affability, feeling heart, and excellent qualities of the Duke of Bourbon. The Duchess deprived herself of every personal comfort to assist the poor, and to support the charitable establishments she had founded. The highest perfection of virtue has at no time been disputed as the incontestable claim of the Princess of Conti.* If men were just, they would universally bless heaven for having restored to its rights such a family, whose ancestors have rendered France illustrious by making it the first nation in Europe.

M. Fievée published a small pamphlet entitled, *What every one thinks, what no one says.* This title might be objected to for several reasons, but a title is scarcely worth the trouble of criticism. In this work there is to be admired what is found in all the author's works, great superiority of learning and talents. I cannot help quoting a passage of this pamphlet.

"The habit that has been adopted in France of founding politics upon opinions has necessarily led men to separate facts from their consequences.

* Abbess of the Temple.—*(Note by the Author.)*

The minds of men are weary of vain conjecture in trying to understand the principle of each event, without connecting events with those that have gone before them.

"The world has never been governed but by principles and talents.

"In proportion as civilization advances, history is no longer exclusively occupied with the interests of the governing party; it is seen that nations have a strength within themselves that is not confined to the administration. . . . .

"To renounce the principles of the government one is called upon to defend, and to support oneself in public opinion at the same time, is altogether impossible.

"Every one aims at notoriety, in whatever station he may be placed. Shut up three deputies in the same room, and you will find one of them at least to be an orator." . . . .

The author makes these well-founded remarks while speaking of the dangers of private meetings where the discussions of the legislature are prepared beforehand. These dangers are explained in the pamphlet with much sagacity.

"Since every public service is paid for, whoever solicits a place, asks for money.

"When you shall have given every place to one

party, from the *directions generales* down to the lottery and tobacco offices, those who have obtained none (and that will be nine out of every ten) will remain behind to cry out that every thing is lost, and that the government neglects its most faithful partisans. There never existed a greater folly than that of pretending to found the stability of a state on the zeal of men who offer as a guarantee nothing but their want of a lucrative employment.

"It is not those who wish to be paid that ministers should pretend to satisfy, but those who pay, that is the landed proprietors, the industrious and commercial part of the nation. Those who compose it ask nothing for themselves but their just share in the national liberty; they fill the treasury for the benefit of all other classes. Openly adopt a system that shall satisfy them, and you will have a sure majority within and without the legislature. . . . As power is an indispensable condition of every social state, power will gain in means in the same proportion as society; only to enjoy all the strength arising from the new developement of civilization, this strength must be sought for where it exists, and not where it is no longer, at least exclusively—this is the whole secret of modern governments. . . .

"The union of individuals is scarcely ever any thing else but an assemblage of private treachery; the union of minds is the only good and durable one, and it can only be produced by principles. The *doctrinaires* are those who promulgate principles; statesmen are those who seek their strength in the principles of the state; they do not make them to suit circumstances, but rely on them against the influence of circumstances. But when there are public and private principles in a state, nothing can be done, not even the suppression of other private principles that are held with intentions neither favourable to the nation, the constitution, nor the ministry."

I ought in this place to refute several articles in a work that is in many respects praise-worthy, but which contains several incorrect and false statements; this work is by one M. Lemaire, but not the distinguished scholar. The author often argues with much good sense, and seems to be endowed with moderation and good feelings; we do not perceive any intention of falsifying or exaggerating; but he has been very ill informed concerning a number of facts that he relates in a very incorrect manner, as I can assert as an eye-witness; for instance, the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, my pupils' father, is continually calumniated in the work. The following is one of the

falsehoods he asserts concerning him, which will be sufficient to give one an idea of the rest: he says that the principal cause of *his hatred of the court* arose from the refusal that was made of the hand of Mademoiselle d'Orleans for the Duke of Angouleme. The whole court, and every one, in fact, know that the marriage was fixed upon a short time before the revolution, that the reciprocal promises of both were given, the customary compliments paid, and that the marriage did not take place immediately, solely because the parties had not quite attained the age required by law; they both wanted several months to reach that age; but the interview took place, the event was publicly notified on both sides; and I have already stated that Monsieur, who afterwards became Louis XVIII., did me the honour to write me to ask the place of reader to the princess for a lady who had been attached to his education; for had the princess been married at twelve years of age, she was to have remained at Belle-Chasse till she was sixteen to finish her education; and it was well known that I had the disposal of all the inferior places in the household. The revolution came and broke off every engagement.

In the first volume of this work there are three historical documents given at length, which are

very curious when thus connected together: these are the three speeches pronounced severally by the king, the keeper of the seals, and M. Necker, at the royal sitting of the States General in 1789. I was present at this royal sitting, and remember that I found the speeches very improper; but with the experience I have acquired in the lapse of thirty years, and from all the remarkable events that have occurred in that long period, I still feel the same surprise upon reading these speeches over again, and upon reflecting on the effect they must have produced. The king delivers himself up to the mercy of the revolutionists, authorizes all that he ought to repress, sanctions all that ought to cause him alarm. The keeper of the seals, in his speech, forgets the king's interests; M. Necker, in his, betrays them all. Besides this, his speech, as a specimen of literary or oratorical talent, is very far inferior to what one would expect from his reputation as a writer.

When we reflect upon all the events of the revolution, and place in review before us the whole series of thoughtless conduct on the part of the court, we are not in the least degree astonished at the greater part of the scenes that followed; they were, in fact, nothing but the natural consequences of such a mode of acting.

At the house of M. de Valence, I sometimes

saw M. and Madame d'Argenson, M. Victor de Broglie, (son of Madame d'Argenson by her first husband,) and M. de Chauvelin. I was well acquainted with Madame d'Argenson in her early youth, before she was married; she is the daughter of Madame de Rosen, who was the sister of the Comte d'Harville; she had a most pleasing look, and her person will always be agreeable, for she is of a mild and affectionate temper, gay, and most obligingly polite, and has great natural talents.

M. d'Argenson is very clever,* and his conversation is extremely interesting and lively.

* The Marquis Voyer d'Argenson, was born at Paris in 1771, and entered the army very young; he was aid-de-camp to General Wittgenstein, who commanded a division on the Meuse at the beginning of the revolution. M. d'Argenson left the army soon after, and returned into the interior. He married the widow of the Prince de Broglie, mother of the Duc de Broglie, peer of France, and grand-daughter of Marechal de Rosen. In 1804, he was appointed prefect of the department of the Deux Nèthes, and distinguished himself by his honourable resistance to an illegal order of arrest, given by the emperor's decision, against the mayor and the inhabitants of Antwerp; he was obliged to obey or to retire from his post. He gave in his resignation. He was elected member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1815, and in the same year was re-elected by the department of the Upper Rhine. [M. d'Argenson has been for some years one of the ablest and most influential leaders of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies. *Translator.*]

The talents and learning of the Duc de Broglie* are generally praised; but I could not form my opinion of them, as he speaks very seldom, and this reserve certainly indicates a number of valuable qualities in a person who is universally admitted to possess distinguished talents; but he has something contemptuous and satirical in his looks which I do not like. I never saw such a marked expression of this sneering habit, except in the countenance of the late Vicomte de Custine.

An incident happened to M. de Broglie that made a great deal of noise. He had for some time perceived that in spite of his strict orders to the contrary, the letters, papers, and drafts of speeches that lay upon the desk of his study were always thrown into confusion; they were sometimes displaced, and often whole pages taken from them: he was informed that almost every night a light was seen burning till four or five o'clock in the morning in the rooms of two of his servants.

* The Duc Victor de Broglie, peer of France, was born in 1785, and was only nine years of age when he lost his father, who was condemned by the revolutionary tribunal of Paris. He was appointed auditor to the council of state in 1809, and was afterwards sent upon various important missions to Illyria, Spain, Poland, and Austria. He took his seat in the Chamber of Peers in June, 1814. Madame de Broglie is a daughter of Madame de Staël.—*(Editor.)*

M. de Broglie began to suspect something wrong, and to elucidate the matter, pretended one evening to be rather unwell, and went to bed at ten o'clock; he rose quietly at midnight, and went to his study, where he found all his papers taken away; he went instantly to the rooms of the servants who kept lights burning all night, and found them copying his papers. On this occasion, which would naturally excite in other men a violent burst of passion, M. de Broglie acted with great moderation and coolness; he merely obtained an order to oblige those two wretches (who were Swiss) to leave France immediately, and had the generosity to give them the money requisite for their return to their own country.

Nothing certainly can be more our own than the fruit of our labour and the productions of our mind. Hence the robbery of a manuscript is, if possible, still more criminal than that of money; consequently, I do not think that the utmost license of *espionnage* can go so far as pilfer letters and unpublished papers, that is, by secret means and the assistance of servants; for the servant capable of committing such an offence will make no scruple of stealing money on his own account, and may in a short time go so far as to assassinate his master, or blow him up with gunpowder, as

was done at that time by the valet of the ex-minister of marine. In general, the open employment of force and of authority in stormy times is much less hurtful in its consequences than the use of bribes and secret corruption, which sap the foundations of morality, are unsafe, and when they fail, diminish the respect due to the government. When violence in matters of this kind does not succeed, its boldness at least saves it from contempt; and if it be successful, it acquires a sort of grandeur, which, in the eyes of the vulgar, effaces the feeling of its injustice.

The Marquis de Chauvelin had then the reputation of being too *liberal* to please me; I do not admire *ultras* of any kind, unless it be those who are truly religious; and I call by this name those who are equally Catholic, apostolical, Roman, and *evangelical*—who do not think that the unity of the church is broken by the *Gallican liberties*, since those liberties have been conferred by the supreme heads of the church, by the popes, whom religion ordains us to believe infallible, and consequently always sincere in matters of faith. In short, I call those men sincerely religious who, obeying the precepts of the gospel, (which forbids falsehood of the most trivial kind) do not think it is permitted to do a small evil to bring

about a great good; an admirable precept which condemns the violent and thoughtless zeal that leads to fanaticism! To return to M. de Chauvelin, I thought from his public conduct, that he was fond of violence and noise; and this is a foible of vanity that leads men a long way in factious times, for when they aim at *effect,* they always leave the public good somewhat out of view.

Shortly after the first, a second edition of *Palmyra* was published. The review given of it in the *Journal des Debats,* was again written by M. Dussault, and was extremely favourable; but the writer of the article brought a strange charge against me; he assumed that I had said *that all the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain were given to dissimulation.* In the passage alluded to, it is not said that they are *all* so; and in the second place it is not I who make the charge. At the time spoken of in the work, I was myself one of the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, since I resided in the Rue de Grenelle, in the house of M. de Puisieux, at the Hotel de Sillery. I have placed this satirical phrase in a letter from a man who calls *sensibility* the feeling of a dupe, and *innocence* the feeling of a fool, of a man who never uses, in speaking of the three most virtuous characters of the novel, any other names than hypo-

crites and Tartuffes. Thus, the reproach addressed to me by Dussault was the height of injustice, and if the review had, in other respects, been unfavourable, this charge might have been justly called a calumnious falsehood, particularly as it raised up against me all the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, though they had already read my work with delight; but the phrase of M. Dussault changed their views, and they said that I must have felt the worst intentions, since such a distinguished literary character had given so much praise to the rest of the work, and had spoken so unfavourably of this part; and this is the way the world judges, and that praise bestowed upon me turns to my disadvantage.

I wrote a reply to this article: it was full of mildness, moderation, and respect for the author. I sent it to Maradan to get it inserted in the *Journal des Debats;* but M. Dussault, to whom Maradan showed it, was extremely vexed at the circumstance, and came to request me to make a great many changes. I was tired of all this disagreeable discussion, and told him to make what changes he thought proper.

I reflected afterwards, that if he did not possess the probity I thought he had, (I scarcely knew him personally,) and had been gained over by my

enemies, he might have made my reply so as to have injured me for ever in public estimation, since I had put my signature to it, (though the work remained behind to contradict any thing of the kind.) I was convinced, however, that he was incapable of such perfidy; but I ought at least to have asked to see the changes made in the letter before it was printed. Years and experience have been unable to correct me from being disposed to excessive confidence and openness, which render all my first feelings extremely imprudent; but I had no reason to be dissatisfied on this occasion, for I read my reply in the *Journal des Debats*, two days afterwards. My confidence in the honourable character of M. Dussault was not disappointed ; nothing was changed but two or three expressions which somewhat weakened the force of my reply ; but this I had permitted, and had even authorized much greater alterations, so that I had reason to be fully satisfied with M. Dussault, and the promptness with which he inserted my answer ; it was sufficient to quiet the agitation of the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain. It is singular that these ladies should have been so ready to be displeased with me, when their mothers and grand-mothers endured with so much coldness and indifference the scandalous,

ridiculous, and unfounded descriptions given by Crebillon the younger, Marmontel, and Duclos, of men of the world, of the court, and society.

It is universally admitted that I have successfully refuted these extravagant falsehoods; I have particularly ridiculed them in *Adele and Theodore*, and in my tale called *the Two Reputations*, where I review the pretended moral tales of Marmontel; that literary character was then alive, but made no reply to my remarks, though (as I think I have already stated) he expunged the following phrase from the preface to a new edition of his works he published some years afterwards: *These tales have no merit, if they are not a correct representation of the great world.*

I have the hardihood to believe, that in this respect, my works will remain the sole literary monument that can give a just and perfectly correct idea of the society, the manners, and the habits of the eighteenth century, and of the first twenty years of the present age. I have lived at court, and in the great world; I have been able to observe, and to describe what I have seen without severity, without exaggeration, and with the most rigid impartiality. I have defended the courtiers and society in general from numberless

charges of folly and meanness attributed to them by men of letters; yet these very writers excited no resentment in men of the world, whilst my works have produced a great deal of hostility, resentment, and ridiculous calumnies. True descriptions containing some critical sketches, wound all those who recognize themselves in the picture; this is the reason why the characters of La Bruyère excited so many enemies against the author; his contemporaries loaded him with abuse, but he will always be admired by posterity. The inseparable characteristic of truth is durability.

To return to the injustice of which I have been the victim, not only on the part of literary characters, but of men of the world and of my own rank. I shall terminate this digression by an incident that shows that even personal goodwill cannot hinder people from judging me with this extreme rigour.

A woman of great talent, who has always seemed to feel an affection for me, when conversing about my works a short time ago, spoke very highly of my *Little Emigrants*, and then all at once added: but I am extremely sorry that you have so ill-treated the emigrant nobility. This charge confounded me, for it is altogether extra-

vagant, as I have made every effort in that work to display the virtues, courage, and excellent sentiments of the emigrant nobility, and have not represented one of them as intriguing, envious, or vicious; yet there were some of that kind among so great a number; but what Madame de * * * called *ill-treating the emigrants*, was because I described a lady of the court as talking ridiculously on politics, and spelling badly. I represent this lady in other respects as a very good and honourable person, and contrast with her a royalist full of knowledge, talent, and virtue. Were we to believe some liberals of the present day, every individual of the old court was ignorant, arrogant, and silly; and in giving this fine judgment, they only admit of two or three exceptions. The fact is, that, in general, the higher classes were by no means destitute of knowledge, and that a very small portion of their number could be instanced for their shameful ignorance, but still there were some; and some years before the revolution there was a great deal said in society about the letters of two great ladies, whose spelling was so ridiculous that it became almost proverbial; one of those ladies was travelling in Switzerland, and wrote from Schaffhouse that she

had just seen in the *envi-ronds une belle chute de reins.** The whole of this letter (which is written in the same manner) was shown to several persons and copied.

I often dined with Lord Bristol; I was one day along with Mr. Canning, who seated himself beside me, and highly pleased me by his conversation; he possesses great talent and wisdom, two pleasing and valuable qualities when combined in the same individual.

I was charmed with seeing again the learned and deservedly celebrated traveller, M. de Humboldt; he was at table beside Mr. Canning; I conversed a great deal with him; he has seen so many things, talks of them so well, and has such profound learning and such an excellent disposition, that one is never tired in asking him questions, and in listening to his conversation. He confirmed the account I had read in the works of my friend Dr. Alibert of the fine experiments of M. Mutis on the different kinds of Peruvian bark. M. Mutis, the most indefatigable of botanical explorers, has spent thirty-five years in South America in studying botany, particularly

* The blunder here arises from the similarity of pronunciation between *Rhin* and *reins*, and the phrase *chute des reins (fine shape.)* —(*Translator.*)

the properties of various species of bark. He died a short time since in that country where science had naturalized him. M. de Humboldt also confirmed me in my opinion of the marvellous effects of guaco, that admirable plant, which serves as an antidote to the mortal bite of the most venomous and most formidable of serpents ; if some drops of the juice be taken into the system, one may be bit by the serpent with impunity ; but without it a single bite of the reptile would cause death in a few seconds ; it is with its venom that the savages poison their arrows, the wounds of which cause instant death, if guaco have not been previously employed. These poisoned arrows preserve their murderous properties during a great number of years.

The discovery of this plant is of the very highest importance, and contributes to increase our admiration of providence, which at all times and in all situations, places the antidote beside the disease.

M. de Humboldt asked permission to visit me before his departure for new travels, for he intended to set out immediately for Persia ; this indefatigable traveller has such an excellent constitution, that he has never felt a single attack of fever. This is a gift of heaven very happily bestowed for the interest of botany and the sciences. I wish to boast in this place of the suffrage with

which he honoured my work entitled *Historical and Literary Botany;* I had been informed by several persons that he had spoken highly of it, and had expressed his *astonishment* (that was the word he used) at the prodigious researches that work contains. His approbation, at all times so honourable, was doubly precious to me, as it had not been addressed to me in compliment; and I was extremely satisfied when I found an opportunity of thanking him for his kind indulgence.

At this dinner I also saw a very celebrated character, Sir Sidney Smith; in one of his distant voyages twenty years ago he had saved the life of an Egyptian pacha, who, after the lapse of so many years, remembered the benefit, and recollecting that Sir Sidney Smith was a learned amateur of antiquities, he had at this time sent the great English admiral a very fine remnant of antiquity, that had been found in digging under the ruins of an ancient pagan temple; this consists of two large plates of pure gold, with Greek inscriptions, in perfect preservation, stating that they were deposited in the ground along with the foundations of the temple by Queen Berenice, wife and sister of King Ptolemy the founder; this instructs us in a practice of the ancients, of which we were hitherto ignorant, and which has come down to our days,

since, in laying the foundation-stone of a public building, we always deposit a medal along with it, containing the date and the name of the founder and architect. Sir Sidney Smith had brought these gold plates in his pocket to show them to me; though he had a collection of curiosities, he did not place them in it, but presented them to the British Museum, which is a generous action for an antiquarian. Let us return to literature.

I believe I have well described women in my novels and tales, but I have nowhere given my opinion of them except in a short discourse intended to form an introduction to one of my works. But as it does not form a part of the work, and the opinions expressed seem to want neither originality nor correctness, I cannot resist the temptation of giving it here, but it will be the only repetition that will be found in the whole of my works.

Men of letters have an actually existing superiority over female authors that is perfectly evident and indisputable; all the works of women put into one scale, will not weigh some fine pages of Bossuet or Pascal, some scenes of Corneille, Racine, or Molière; but it must not be concluded from this, that the mental constitution of women is inferior to that of men. Genius is composed of

all the qualities they are admitted to possess, and which they may be endowed with in the highest degree—fancy, sensibility, and elevation of soul. The want of study and education having at all times kept women apart from the career of literature, they have shown their greatness of soul, not by describing historical facts in their writings, or by bringing forth ingenious fictions of fancy, but by real actions; they have done better than describe, they have often by their conduct furnished the models of sublime heroism. No woman in her writings has described the lofty soul of Cornelia; what matters it, since Cornelia is not an imaginary being? Have we not seen in our own days, during the tempests of the revolution, women equal the heroes of old by the energy of their courage, and by their greatness of soul? *Great resolutions spring from the heart;** and from the same source, (where there is no obstacle in the way,) ought to flow the same effects.

To prove the inferiority of women, it is repeatedly asserted, that none of them has written a good tragedy, or a fine epic poem. Numberless men of letters have written tragedies, yet we have only four great tragic poets, and that is a great deal,

* Vauvenargues.

for no other nation can claim so many. We have only one single epic poem, and it must be admitted to be vastly inferior to *Paradise Lost* and *Jerusalem Delivered.* Only five women amongst us have attempted to write tragedies, and not only have none of them, like so many authors, felt the pain of a shameful defeat, but all their tragedies were very successful at their first appearance.* Young men at college are imbued with the writings of the Greeks and Romans, and almost all write poetry; and if they have any portion of talent, they generally form the ambitious desire of writing works for the theatre. It must be admitted, that such an idea would not suggest itself so naturally to the inmate of a convent, or to a young lady about to enter the world. Will it be said, that none of our kings, great captains, or statesmen, have been men of genius, because none of them has written a tragedy, though some of them have been poets? Will it be said that the Swedes, the

* *Arrie et Petus,* by Mademoiselle Barbier, was performed sixteen times; all her other pieces were likewise received with great applause. *Laodamie,* by Mademoiselle Bernard, was performed twenty times. *Brutus,* by the same author, twenty-five times. The *Amazones,* by Madame de Bocage, was likewise very often performed. Her epic poem, the *Columbiade,* was very successful, and was translated into several languages.—(*Note by the Author.*)

Danes, the Russians, the Poles, or the Dutch, these intelligent and polished nations, have a mental constitution inferior to that of the French, the English, the Italians, the Spaniards, or the Germans, because they have produced no great dramatic poets? We cannot obtain excellence in any art until this art be generally cultivated in the nation to which we belong, and in the class of society in which heaven has placed us. The Romans, the most celebrated people in history, had no good tragic poets. Millions of porters, and thousands of nuns and mistresses of a family might have written excellent tragedies, had their situation and education been different. The power of feeling and of admiring what is great and beautiful, and the susceptibility of emotion, are the same in both sexes, so that mental equality is perfect between them.

But if too few women, (for want of study and boldness,) have written tragedies and poems to be be put on an equality with men in this respect, they have often surpassed them in works of another kind. No man has left a collection of private letters that can be compared to the *Letters of Madame de Sevigné*, or those of Madame de Maintenon; the *Princesse de Cleves*, the *Peruvian Letters*, the *Letters of Madame Riccoboni*, the novels

of Madame de Staël, of Madame de Souza, the two last of Madame Cottin, are infinitely superior to all the works of French novelists, without even excepting the novels of Marivaux, and still less the tiresome and voluminous works of the Abbé Prevôst. *Gil Blas* on the other hand, is a work of another kind; it is a picture of the vices and foibles produced by ambition, vanity and cupidity, and not a developement of the natural sentiments of the heart, love, friendship, jealousy, filial piety, or other emotions. The author, so witty, and often so profound in his satirical remarks, had never studied or become acquainted with any characters but those of men of low intrigue, and the ridiculous effects of pride and vanity; when he leaves his satirical vein, he becomes trivial and common; all the episodes of *Gil Blas*, that he attempted to make interesting and affecting, are insipid and badly written.

Madame Deshoulières has no rivals in the line of poetry of which she has left such charming models. Those whose applause marks out the different ranks of literature, since they dispose of its honours, and distribute its high places, from which every woman is excluded, often confer celebrity upon men of very ordinary talents. For instance, had d'Alembert been neither a mathema-

tician nor a member of the Academy, notwithstanding his violence against religion, his contempt for kings and for France, his writings are so cold and destitute of grace, of thoughts and feeling, that he would have been forgotten at the present day. A woman who should have had the misfortune to write the greater part of his academical *eloges*, would have appeared to every one nothing but a *precieuse ridicule, (blue stocking,)* yet the academy received d'Alembert as the most eminent literary character. The author of *Ariane* and the *Comte d'Essex*, brother of the founder of our tragedy and comedy, was not elected till after the death of the great Corneille; but the Marquis de Saint-Aulaire was received for having written a madrigal; while the son of the great Racine, the author of a fine poem, was never admitted into its bosom! The same academy most unjustly criticised the *Cid*, the first masterpiece that honoured the French stage, and went into mourning for Voiture! . . . If an academy of women existed, it may be safely asserted that they might easily conduct themselves with more dignity and judge more correctly.

It is difficult to make the universal opinions entertained respecting women agree together, for they are either contradictory, or void of sense.

It is admitted, that they possess great sensibility; and it is even said to be stronger than that of men, and yet they are not admitted to possess energy; but what is extreme sensibility without energy? that is, a sensibility that renders the individual capable of making every sacrifice, and of feeling the utmost pitch of devotedness? And what is energy, unless that strength of mind, that power of will, which well or ill applied, gives inflexible constancy in struggling for a desired object, which risks every thing, obstacles, perils, and death itself, for the object of a ruling passion? The pertinacity of the will of women for whatever they ardently desire, has become proverbial; so that it is not denied that they possess that kind of energy which requires extreme perseverance. Who would not see in them the energy that requires heroic courage? Did that unfortunate princess want courage,* who rushed into the midst of the flames to save the life of her daughter. Among so many noble victims of faith, among so many martyrs who have persisted in their belief with such sublime energy, in spite of the terror of horrid cruelties, were there not as many women as men? . . . . .

* The Princess of Schwartzenburg.

It is pretended that women by their natural constitution are endowed with a delicacy that men cannot possess: this favourable opinion does not seem to me to be better founded than those to their disadvantage. Several works written by men of letters prove, that this merit is not the exclusive property of women, but it is true that it is one of the principal characteristics of almost all their works. This ought to be the case, because education and the laws of propriety enjoin them to restrain and keep within themselves almost all their feelings, and always to soften their expression: hence arise those delicate modes of expression, this habitual delicacy, that allows one to understand what they dare not openly tell. This is not dissimulation; for that art does not in general consist in concealing what is felt, but on the contrary, its highest perfection is in giving one to understand their meaning without explicit language, or the use of any word that can be remembered afterwards as a positive assertion. Love chiefly renders this distinction ingenious; it gives women an affecting and mysterious language that has something celestial, for it is only formed for the heart and the imagination: the words pronounced are nothing, the secret meaning is every thing, and cannot be fully understood but by the

heart to which it is addressed. Independent of all the principles that render modesty and self-restraint so indispensable to a woman, how many beautiful contrasts spring from this timidity on one side, and from this boldness and ardour on the other—how many graces are possessed by a young and beautiful woman, when she has those qualities she ought to possess! Every thing harmonises in her frame; the delicacy of her features, of her form, and of her language; the modesty of her demeanour and of her flowing dress; the sweetness of her voice and of her disposition; she is not disguised, but is always veiled; whatever she says of an affectionate nature, is infinitely more endearing, because, far from exaggerating what she feels, she ought to express it without violence; her sensibility is more profound than that of a man, because it is more restrained; it is discovered, but does not display itself: in short, to comprehend it fully, it must be imagined. She fascinates by the attractive lure of curiosity as much as by her charms. No taste can be more wretched than that of unveiling all this mystery, of annihilating all these graces, by holding out to us in a novel or a dramatic work, a heroine without modesty, expressing herself with all the violence of the most impetuous lover; yet this is what we have often

seen for some years past. By giving this character to women, the writers thought they gave them energy, but they were mistaken: not only cannot they be despoiled of their natural graces without losing their dignity, but this violent and *impassioned* language takes from them every truly fascinating quality they possess.

If we reflect upon the situations and scenes which produce the greatest effect in works of imagination and upon the stage, we shall always find that their chief effect is produced by partial concealment and repressed sentiments, that is, sentiments that the characters dare not openly express, or would wish to conceal.

When Orosmane says—

"Je ne suis point jaloux; si je l'etois jamais . . . ."

he makes us shudder, because he addresses our imagination, which immediately calls up before us in vague perspective, terrible revenge and unparalleled excesses; but if Orosmane had declared that he would be capable of killing his mistress, he would have made no impression at all.

The fine line respecting the Trojan women—

"Ces farouches soldats, les laissez vous ici?"

makes a strong impression on the mind, merely because the mother trembles for her son, whom she

has just concealed, and dares not openly ask for the removal of the soldiers; she restrains her fear not to betray her secret, and we shudder at her situation, for the spectator who knows it, thinks he reads her heart; he discovers in it a heart-rending anxiety which no language can fully express.

In *Bajazet*, when Roxane says—

"Ecoutez, Bajazet; je sens que je vous aime,"

it produces infinitely more effect than if she had employed the most empassioned language. If she exclaimed, *I adore thee*, the spectators would remain cold and unaffected; but it is seen, that being desirous of intimidating Bajazet, and afraid of arming him against herself, her object is to conceal her passion, and even in the emotion that betrays it, she restrains its expression: this simple expression, particularly in a woman naturally so hasty and violent, *I feel that I love you;* is a thousand times more dramatic than could have been produced by the return, and the most violent transports of love.

In *Phedre*, the interest of the fine scene between Hippolytus and Theseus, is solely founded on the constraint put upon himself by the young prince, who does not wish to defend himself by accusing Phedra.

One of the finest scenes of *Zaïre* is that in which Orosmane wishes to conceal from Zaïre his jealousy and rage.

It would be easy to give instances without number of this kind, proving that restraint and forced concealment of feeling, which on so many occasions give infinite grace to the display of sentiment, can also give them much more energy than the strongest passions, and the most impassioned language. The natural character of women offers all these resources, all these dramatic means; and in addition, presents the most affecting contrast to that of men; hence it is the extreme of folly and mismanagement to spoil these natural feelings, and displays profound ignorance of the art of pleasing and of creating emotion. It is thus that the ancients and the moderns of the ages of taste have never held out women as speaking vehemently, except those capable of committing crimes, or born in rude and uncivilised countries, as Hermione, Phædra, and others. But, how soft is the language employed in the most trying and appalling situations, as those of Andromaque, Iphigénie, Josabet, Zaïre, and many others—how profoundly they loved—how deeply they felt! . . . . . Josabet fears for her religion and for the child she loves with exclusive affection; but what an admirable con-

trast would have been lost, if her language had displayed the force and the vehemence of the high priest!

Men will return to truth and nature; and it is always from want of taste and reflection that they leave their easy paths. Here an objection offers itself: *Are women, whose situation amongst us is so different from what it is among savages—are they really what they were intended by nature to be, or what they ought to be?* Yes, because savages live only in a state of degradation and anarchy. God, who has made nothing in vain, has not given man so many mental powers that these admirable powers should remain useless or concealed. To develope and to extend them, is to fulfil the intentions of nature. Man is evidently made to live in society, to have a fixed religion and laws, and to apply himself to the cultivation of the arts and sciences. Among savages, all the laws of nature are openly broken, every claim of right obtained by chance, because all rules are disregarded; profound reflection, the experience of ages, the unanimous agreement of all civilised nations, have established certain fixed opinions upon the true destination of women, and consequently their station in society.

Women being naturally weaker than men, and destined to the production of children, are unfitted

for warfare or the use of arms; and whoever cannot *defend*, is not fitted to *command*. For the same reason, they have a claim to protection; strength and generosity ought to compensate their inferiority by all the respect and deference of power, refused to them by strict judgment. Many princesses have governed with genius and success, but they would have acquired still more glory had they been men. The graces are so necessary to a being whose real empire is founded on love, that neither morals nor politics will ever prevent women from attaching the greatest importance to this frivolous advantage: perhaps not one would be found of the age of twenty,* who is possessed of dazzling beauty, and would agree to lose it (if the exchange were possible) for the possession of a throne. What pernicious consequences this frivolity may give rise to in a sovereign! It was rivalship in person and accomplishments that led Elizabeth, queen of England, to violate the most sacred rights of hospitality, of justice, and of royalty, in bringing to the scaffold after nineteen years' captivity, the unfortunate queen who had voluntarily put herself into her power, and demanded from her an asylum.

It must then be granted that in general women

* With the exception of nuns.—(*Note by the Author.*)

are not fitted for governing, or for interfering with the important interests of politics. Is it to be concluded from this that eminent talent is a misfortune to them? No, surely, since as wives and mothers, they can make an important use of it by the influence of love and friendship and by maternal authority. In short, why should they be forbidden to write and to become authors? I know all the arguments that can be brought forward against this kind of ambition, and have myself employed them in former times with that feeling of justice that often makes impartiality go the length of exaggeration; now, at the end of my long career, I can speak more freely on the subject, because I am conscious of being perfectly disinterested in a cause that I no longer consider as my own.

The least profound, the most common, and the strongest argument in general opinion against female authors is the following: that the taste of writing, and the desire of celebrity make them careless and disdainful of the simplicity of domestic duties. But, as these duties, in a well ordered household, can never occupy more than an hour each day, the objection is absolutely futile. In an age in which literary characters lead a most dissipated life, in an age in which so few laborious

authors are seen, it is pretended that it is requisite for the cultivation of literature that men should study without intermission from dawn till midnight; persons of active and moderate dispositions without difficulty find the means of making their duties go hand in hand with the prosecution of noble and advantageous studies. If it be necessary that a woman, after having settled her accounts in the morning, and given her orders to her servants, should think of nothing else during the remainder of the day, then must she not only be forbidden to cultivate the arts, but even debarred from reading. It is not sedentary tastes that can lead women away from their duties; they may be allowed to write, if they give up for this amusement the theatre, gaming, balls, and frivolous visits. These are the dangerous modes of dissipation that bring ruin and confusion upon families. The abuse of any thing always throws men into the opposite extreme. It was attempted, at one time, to make every young lady a celebrated artist; at the present day it is held that absolute ignorance suits them best.

We doubt if this method of simplifying educations shed many charms over the interior of a househould; the gifts of nature are so precious, that none of them ought to be rejected; hence,

every real predilection, every evident aptness for a particular art is worthy of being cultivated, because we are then certain of bestowing an accomplishment in all its perfection, that is to say, the noblest of resources in adversity, and the most agreeable and most innocent amusement in every situation of life. Let musical teachers be given to those young ladies only who have a musical voice, an ear and a feeling for music; let drawing be taught to those only who have a taste for the art, and the number of amateurs would be infinitely diminished, and we should no longer meet with that crowd of women with trifling acquirements and high pretensions which throws so much ennui over the surface of society. The same rule may be applied to those pupils who give indications of distinguished talent. Particular care should be bestowed in forming and adorning their memory, and even in teaching them the learned languages. They would probably become authors in more mature life; but, at any rate, they would enter upon this career with the immense advantage arising from a judicious course of study. Ignorant and untalented women would not dare to contend with them with such an evident inequality; they are not compared to men, for they care not for their superiority; but they would fear that of

persons of their own sex, so that the alarming number of female authors would be greatly reduced, and the ridiculous ones would disappear. But women ought to know upon what conditions they are allowed to become authors; first, they ought never to be hasty in publishing their productions; during the whole period of their youth, they should fear every sort of *eclât*, even of the most honourable kind; secondly, all the rules of propriety enjoin them to show in all their writings the utmost reverence for religion, and the principles of the strictest morality; thirdly, they ought not to reply to criticism unless when a false quotation has been made, or the remarks have been founded on an imaginary fact. A woman who should adopt in her reply, the violent tone of anger, or should allow herself to make use of the smallest personal reflection, would act with much more impropriety than a man, because her sex enjoins her more delicacy, modesty, and mildness. I do not advise women to assume the character of victims; on the contrary, I call upon them to seize an immense superiority over modern critics, by a noble and serious manner when irony is ill-founded and by that respect towards others, and that respect for propriety which would be very remarkable in the literary discussions of the present day.

Women, by the keenness of observation with which they are endowed, by the graces and light touches of their style, would themselves become (with study and application) excellent critics of works of fancy; but this branch has, like every other, its peculiar rules, which it will not be uninteresting to notice shortly in this place.

Criticism at the present day is nothing else but a continual system of sneering and ridicule, more or less witty, and more or less worn out; for since the *Provincial Letters*, the model and the master-piece of this kind of criticism, authors have felt such a predilection for ridicule, that they have adopted its manner, even in their own works of fiction. Voltaire and his imitators cannot relate a story without ridiculing their own narrative, their characters, their heroes, and their own principles. This manner may be somewhat graceful in a short narrative; but such a continual shower of irony becomes so monotonous in a long series of tales, that nothing but the wit of Voltaire could have saved it from animadversion.

As it would be equally thoughtless and rude to laugh at a person whom we esteem, it is not more polite nor suitable to adopt this insulting tone in speaking of a valuable work, which we acknowledge as such. Critical remarks ought, in this case,

to be given seriously; severity is not offensive, but ridicule is always so; irony, that is, contemptuous criticism, is never well-founded but when speaking of a work written in a ridiculous manner, which contains dangerous principles, or when the author, in speaking of himself, displays an impudent and shameless arrogance; for, as an ancient writer quoted by Pascal, says, "*Nothing is more due to vanity than contempt.*" With the exception of these three cases, it is unjust and displays very bad taste to add ludicrous remarks to well-founded praise; but critics are desirous of being eternally *piquant,* adopt but one manner, and consequently produce no effect.

With the exception of abusive language, nothing hurts criticism more than a tone of ill-will, and this is always given by irony. The more criticism is delicate and polite, the more does it seem moderate, and the greater effect it produces. The reader goes much farther than the critic, if he thinks he acts fairly and mildly towards the author whom he criticises; a slight shade of exaggeration in the praise given would add still more weight to the authority of the critic, and the criticism would be much more effective if praise and blame were skilfully mingled. I do not advise the adoption of an insidious art, but propose to adopt

in critical writings, the gracefulness, urbanity, and politeness, with which nothing can dispense in society and conversation.

It is singular, that, in a rank of society in which education has been more attended to than in any other, men of respectable birth and distinguished by their talents and learning, should permit themselves in their writings to say what they would blush to do in conversation, and which, in fact, could not be tolerated in good company. If a profession existed in which the liberty might be taken with impunity of publicly abusing every one whom the writer does not like, of attacking without moderation those whom he has no reason to complain of, and of showing a want of respect for every one around him, that profession would be very contemptible; but happily there is none such. The profession of a journalist is very honourable and advantageous to literature, and requires as many moral qualities as literary qualifications. It is even necessary that a journalist should be well acquainted with the world, that he may be able to oppose without rudeness, give his opinion without being dogmatical, and criticise without insulting; he will keep his keenest weapons in reserve to ridicule vice and bad taste, will employ ridicule and scorn against proud and presumptuous

fools, and will find plenty of opportunities of putting them in practice.

Good taste, and the rational principles of literature would suffice to establish among literary characters a respect and delicacy for others which would have great influence over the public feeling; respect for one's self and private interest would adopt them; talents and learning would gain by the practice, and even morality and public manners. The author who is criticised without being insulted, would be forced to reply without ill-will; we should see no more of those vulgar, ridiculous, and scandalous quarrels take place, which give an opportunity of triumph to fools, who are always delighted in being able to persuade themselves that men have neither politeness nor knowledge of the world from the moment they devote themselves to literature.

Among all civilized nations, the power of forms prevails in society almost always over the nature of things. It seems that our modes of action, springing from example and received principles, are less our own than the manners that are peculiar to us. It is thus that gratitude and friendship spring less from benefits than from the manner by which they were accompanied; and for the same reason, it is not criticism that

hurts and irritates us, but the manner in which it is conveyed.

Shall I not dare to speak of the peculiar consideration that literary characters, that *Frenchmen*, owe to those women who have entered upon the same career? Why should I fear to do so? These reflections may be easily made by a person who writes for more than half a century. I ought to be accustomed to the tone of the criticism of which I am the object. I acknowledge with pleasure that I have often had reason to be satisfied with it; so that I shall have no difficulty in leaving myself out of view in the notice I am about to give.

In a journal I read this strange sentence against female authors: that *they are not worthy of any consideration, because, by becoming authors they abjure their sex and renounce all their rights.*

This sentence is the more astonishing that it is formal, unconditional, without softening or exception . . . . . . What! did Madame de la Fayette, Madame de Lambert, Madame de Graffigny, these charming ladies, of such spotless conduct, of such distinguished talents, did they abjure their sex by becoming authors, and become no longer worthy of regard? Men did not think thus in the times in which they lived. What, then, ought those female

authors to expect who have neither their uncommon merits, nor the personal rank they enjoyed? They will surely be persecuted, abused, and held up to scorn, without pity and without relaxation! And what would be the fate of those who should be so unfortunate as to write bad works, or to publish culpable errors? They would in all likelihood be stoned to death.

If we were to say that he who pronounced such a sentence against women, had at that moment abjured his sex and his country, such a rigorous judgment would be approved of by every Frenchman.

A woman who has written nothing but moral and useful works, and obtained popularity, merits all the respect due to her sex, and all the consideration that cannot be refused to worthy writers; a woman who should be led astray by her imagination, and should publish an improper work, would doubtless merit less respect, but even in criticising her writings, it ought always to be recollected that the author is a woman; she would not have abjured her sex, for an error is not an abjuration.

In short, it is endeavoured to show that, from the moment a woman leaves the beaten path that lies before her, even should she do nothing but

what is of the most honourable kind, and preserve all the virtues of her sex, she ought no more to be regarded than a man, and has no claim to particular consideration; so that, Madame Dacier, who translated Homer with such profound erudition, the Marechale de Guébriant, who fulfilled the duties of an ambassador and bore the title, were in fact nothing more than a sort of *monsters!* . . Of all careers, the one that least suits women is assuredly that of arms. Yet the heroes of old thought it their duty to show themselves more magnanimous towards female warriors than towards enemies of their own sex. Hercules, who conquered the Amazons, paid them the highest honours; in the literary contests of our day, we see nothing that has any resemblance—journalists have neither the club of Hercules nor his generosity.

In the age of Louis XIV., in which were seen so many men of eminent talent, in which shone all those sublime geniuses that have given immortal illustration to French literature, in that age in which manners were infinitely graver than they are in our days, there was an infinite number of female authors of every rank and in every branch of composition; and not only did literary men not show hostility to them, or declaim against female

writers, but they delighted in holding up their talents to public admiration and in rendering them the homage of esteem and gallantry. This mode of acting contains nothing that ought to surprize us. At that period, no literary rivalship could spring up between men and women, and it is known that incontestable superiority is always indulgent, and that acknowledged power is always generous.

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